

LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF
SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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What "Light" Stands For.

"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. This position it firmly and consistently maintains. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion—conducted in the spirit of honest, courteous and reverent inquiry—its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light."

But it should be understood that the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the views or opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

For, in the world which is not ours, They said
"Let us make man"; and that which should be man
From that one light no man can look upon
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons,
And all the shadows.

—TENNYSON.

THE LATE DR. GUSTAVE GELEY.

Of the late Dr. Geley we may say with conviction that he was one of the founders of that science which we once described as the Cinderella of the Sciences—*Psychic Science*. He did lasting work not only on the experimental side, but also in generalisation. As Mr. Stanley De Brath pointed out, in his appreciation of the departed savant last week, his book, "From the Conscious to the Unconscious," is perhaps the only philosophical expression of the new science. It is certainly the most comprehensive and coherent, for, as Mr. De Brath also remarks, "It presents all evolutionary phenomena as products of *directed energy*." To us it is the more valuable as representing an assured and important step towards a great ideal—the harmonisation of Religion and Science, which to us is, *par excellence*, "the great Synthesis." Mr. Harry Price, we observe, notes that in Dr. Geley, "Psychic Science has lost one of its ablest researchers and exponents." It has certainly lost him on this side of life, but what of the other? We confidently predict that before long we shall have clear evidence of the continued activity of our French fellow-worker, labouring perhaps under more advantageous conditions and taking with him to the company of those psychical investigators who have passed on, fresh knowledge of the position of the work here and fresh energy to carry it forward.

CRIME AND THE "UNCANNY."

The "Detective Magazine" gave in a recent issue a short article on "The Supernatural in Crime," a

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fertile theme, if all the recorded cases were taken as material, for the "world invisible" has given many tokens of its existence even in the lowest levels of human existence. Usually the uncanny element comes in with an attempt to right some wrong, or bring a felon to justice, as in the oft-quoted case of the murder in the Red Barn. The article referred to mentions but a few cases. Thus there is a brief allusion to the trial of Wainwright, when the boy Stokes deposed that he heard voices bidding him open a parcel which led to the discovery of a terrible crime. The boy was impatiently pulled up by the judge, who naturally did not want to hear nonsense of that sort! "Voices" indeed! True, the boy in obeying the alleged voices, exposed a squalid tragedy, and served the ends of justice. Joan of Arc obeyed "voices" and saved her country, and was burned alive for it. The boy was only snubbed, but, of course, he should have received a term of imprisonment at least. It may be urged that he only imagined the voices. To-day, we have learned enough to know that it may not have been pure fancy.

NO INTERPRETER NEEDED.

Another case dealt with in the article under notice (which quotes instances from Judge Parry's new book, "The Drama of the Law") is that of the murder of Sergeant Davis, an English soldier who remained in Scotland after the battle of Culloden. We commented on the case in these pages some years ago. According to the story, Davis was murdered by two Highland outlaws for his money, and his spirit appeared to a shepherd, one McPherson, and a farm-labourer who was with him, and told its tragic story, which led to the arrest of the murderers. The evidence was strong against them, but the defending counsel was able to ridicule the testimony of the ghost, not only on general principles but on the ground that the persons to whom it appeared spoke no English and that Sergeant Davis had no Gaelic, so how could the story have been understood? But we have gained the solution of that mystery also during the last thirty years or so. Even Mr. H. G. Wells—who, we understand, does not believe in spirits—can produce a book dealing with the inhabitants of a new Utopia who can make themselves perfectly understood by people of whatever nationality. As one of them explains to a bewildered visitor from earth:—

When I think to you, the thought, so far as it finds corresponding ideas and suitable words in your mind, is reflected in your mind. My thought clothes itself in words in your mind, which words you seem to hear—and naturally enough in your own language and your own habitual phrases.

As this is very much what happens when spirits who on earth spoke different tongues converse with one another, we see that another of those terrible problems which confront the inquirer who investigates Spiritualism is on the way to receive adequate explanation.

SOME OLD-TIME GHOST STORIES.

(FROM THE COLLECTION MADE BY MR. T. M. JARVIS AND FIRST
PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE "ACCREDITED GHOST
STORIES" IN 1823.)

[It should be pointed out that these stories are not offered as being all of equal value, and none of them is of the evidential quality required by the standard of the Society for Psychical Research. But they are of interest as examples of the ghost stories current in the days of our forefathers.]

SUPERNATURAL DISTURBANCES IN THE HOUSE OF THE REV. MR. WESLEY.

The following account was drawn up by the celebrated John Wesley, and published by him in the *Arminian Magazine*:—

When I was very young, I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances, which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge. The sum of which was this.

On December 2nd, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids a little before ten at night, in the dining room which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. "It is Mr. Turpine," said Robert: "he has the stone, and uses to groan so." He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated. But still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a hand mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this he said, "Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had but been full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me." When he was in bed, he heard as it were the gobbling of a turkeycock, close to the bedside; and, soon after, the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots, but there were none there: he had left them below. The next day, he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, "What a couple of fools are you! I defy anything to frighten me." After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below; she took the candle and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining room, reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk nightgown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk around her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, "it signifies nothing to run away; for, whatever it is, it can run faster than me." So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her), in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened, she quite made light of it; telling her, "I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what would fright me." Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened downstairs to the hall, where the noise was; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming

on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again; she opened it again, but could see nothing: when she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, "If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge." Soon after, she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard, in the corner of the room, as it were the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said, "Suky, I am ashamed of you: these boys and girls fright one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more." At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room; and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening, while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say Amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not; for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. He vowed he never would cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey (an eminently pious and sensible man), could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said, "Robert Brown came over to me, and told me your father desired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten, a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffries is coming (that was the name of one that died in the house): for I hear the signal.' This they informed me was heard every night, about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw; or rather that of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went upstairs; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room: when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm, and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man!' Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate), as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night." Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbances in his study; but the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study (of which none had any key but himself), when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

OUR PART AND PLACE IN THE SCHEME OF NATURE.

By E. J. ATKINSON.

Though all human beings are built on similar lines of fleshly construction, amenable to the self-same natural laws and functions of the mind and body, yet all do not and cannot think alike; each man, carrying his own individuality, differs as the stars in the firmament differ from the sun and moon.

The fierce rays of the sun burn up disease germs in decaying vegetation, but at the same time those scorching rays may, and often do, injure and even destroy that which is not evil.

The moon differs from the sun, yet though it borrows light from that bright, luminous body, lacking the sun's warmth and fierceness in its soft beams, the moon in cosmological effect upon this earth-planet with its varied inhabitants and natural forces is necessary and beneficent just as the sun is.

The myriad stars, seemingly but glittering points of light, faithfully fulfil their set purpose on this earth and in the cosmogony of the whole Universe; and each sun, or star, functions differently and differs harmoniously.

So it would be foolish and unwise for individuals—who in their bodily functioning represent, more or less, the sun's scorching rays—to assert (as they are so prone to do) that they only and individually are necessary and right for the world's continuation and ultimate regeneration; and that all other individuals who differ from them in thought and action are utterly in the wrong and are quite unnecessary to the world's progress.

Each and every one has his or her set part and place in the great scheme of things created in the Divine Plan of the whole Universe. Every cog, screw, nut, bolt and pin in material mechanism, the tiniest, apparently most seemingly trivial and insignificant pin or screw, is counted among the essentials for perfection and proper functioning of the whole mechanism.

These hot-headed, intolerant, impatient sun-ray individuals though truly filling their place in life, as world regenerators, soul-scourgers, ruthless destroyers of sin and evil, undoubtedly have their use in the world; yet in their egotistical dogmatism they mistakenly consider that their hot, scorching-up method is the best and only method for every one to use. And in their reckless, ruthless, remorseless action would destroy good as well as evil.

On the other hand, the soft moon-ray individuals are rather prone to go to the other extreme; therefore the forces of evil that would surely shrivel and be scorched under the fierce rays of the sun-individual, would be likely to flourish and grow rank under softer sunshine, or the gentle moonbeams; thus would flourish, undisturbed, the evil and good alike.

Therefore as the sun and moon differ in function and effect, so also differs the human soul in thought and idea.

As the sun, moon and stars work in unity (not in opposition) so also should the individual people who, in their natures represent the sun, moon and stars, work together. Each though differing and not fully comprehending the other, each widely apart in thought and idea, yet each being tolerant and forbearing one with the other. Each avoiding that foolish, arrogant attitude towards others, that attitude so often assumed as though the one alone were necessary to the upkeep and continuance of the Universe—as though the one alone were the representative and upholder of good and right; each alone the principal benefactor on the earth, their individual way of thinking or working out the world's regeneration the only, the sole way of working out the soul's upliftment and world regeneration.

These differing individuals are human correspondences of the sun, moon and stars, and should as the veritable sun, moon and other stellar bodies work in harmony, each according to type and order, not considering himself superior to all else, nor deeming another infinitely inferior because he differs in ideas and opinions.

One need not necessarily be wrong simply because one thinks and functions differently from someone else.

In mechanism the nuts, bolts, screws and so forth are not considered in error because they are true to type. The perfect functioning of the whole mechanism depends entirely upon those nuts, bolts, screws being truly fitted for the purpose for which they were made. So is it with man. Each and all fill their places and have their parts in the great plan of the universe.

The sun does not strive to blot out the moon, nor extinguish the stars, neither does the moon strive to eclipse the stars, nor these rise in heated arrogance against the opposing sun and moon. Each has a divinely appointed place and part in Nature's plan and in the great universe. Did these act as people do, and rise in opposition one against the other, soon would they bring utter destruction upon the whole universe. They work not in opposition but in unity and harmony; differing, yet agreeing to differ. Opposite in idea and action, yet not opposing one another. Each functioning separately, according to his particular type, yet each and all in perfect unity and working together for common good and universal development.

The reader should get a good grasp of this, for it is the point especially to note—the point which people usually fail to grasp, where so many err and blunder.

There really is a great distinction and difference between *opposite* and *opposition*, though many people act as though the words were synonyms. They work in harmony by universal law and for universal good.

Sun, moon and stars, each and all fill an appointed place and function diversely in true accordance with their particular type. So, also, in the human order; each to fill and fit the appointed place, each to obey the laws of Nature, and each to function in accordance with the differentiation of their individuality; all working together in peaceful unity and perfect harmony, even though the methods of function seem so different and apparently opposite. Opposite they needs must be, but there is no need for opposition.

(Continued from previous page.)

However, he thrust the door open and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said: "These spirits love darkness: put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak"; she did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said "Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you downstairs; it may be, when I am alone, he will have courage to speak." When she was gone a thought came in, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks and no more." Immediately all was silence; and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered, she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bedhead usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, "Jeffery is coming: it is time to go to sleep." And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, "Hark, Kezzy, Jeffery is knocking above," she would run upstairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which

stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his nightgown, and, hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down: my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast, and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other; and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, "Suky, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen." But, when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. There then was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the fore door. He opened that; but it was still lost labour. After opening first the one and then the other several times, he turned and went up to bed; but the noises were so violent all over the house that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, "No; let the devil flee from me: I will never flee from the devil." But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing so to do when another letter came, informing him the disturbances were over, after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the second of December to the end of January.

(To be continued.)

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

(A PAPER READ BY MRS. KELWAY BAMBER BEFORE THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE).

I have chosen for the subject of my lecture to-night, "Mediums and Mediumship."

It is only possible to consider a few of its aspects in the time at my disposal, so we will discuss some of its difficulties—which, unfortunately, are very numerous—and some of its advantages—which, fortunately, are very great.

To begin with, what is a medium? In its broadest sense, a medium is an individual who is able to get information that is inaccessible to most of us, or to produce phenomena that the majority of us cannot supply. Mediums have; to use a very crude analogy, what we might call X-ray sight and wireless hearing.

Their specially developed senses indicate sights and sounds which we are unaware of. This power, as regards mental phenomena, is latent, in greater or less degree, in everybody, and, in many cases, sporadic instances occur perhaps once or twice in the course of life to prove it.

As a case in point I might mention an experience of my grandfather's. When he was a young man he lived in India. One day, in his office, in the brilliant sunshine of that land, he looked up from his work, and, sitting opposite to him at his desk, he saw his cousin, a woman who had died several years before. She looked so real, so "solid," that as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, he lent across the table and tried to touch her, and she vanished.

Now he was immersed in business at the time and she was far from his thoughts. He was a thoroughly hard-headed, practical man, and in no way a visionary. That was some seventy years ago and before Spiritualism became a popular subject. There were no books nor lectures about it, and he was unable to explain the circumstances.

These isolated instances have occurred in thousands of cases, often without any apparent reason. Whatever the cause may be, latent psychic faculties are active for the time being. The records of mediumship are very old. In the written history of the world they come down through the ages as the story of certain prophets, seers, visionaries, vestal virgins and mystics.

In some ancient civilisation at certain periods, their gifts made these people a power among their brethren.

The book most familiar to us all, the Bible, is full of this evidence. Now it is very well asked, why, in view of its long past, mediumship is not more common nor more dependable than it is. It is said that people get the government they deserve, and, by the same token, I might say they get the mediums they deserve, too.

When in the past they used their mediums legitimately for help and guidance in finding the spiritual way, which is man's road of evolution, all went well, but when the people became decadent and used these powers for evil, they fell into disrepute.

In this country only some two hundred years ago, we burned or drowned as witches people who showed any supernatural quality. This, of course, was not encouraging, and so, no doubt, parents strongly suppressed any tendency of this kind they may have noticed in their children. Coming to our own times, I was told by one of our well-known mediums recently that when she began public Spiritualistic work in Scotland, 30 years ago, she was persecuted to such an extent that her life became a burden to her.

All the various kinds of mediumship are roughly classed under the heading of mental and physical, though physical phenomena are regulated, of course, by mental power. All the objective phenomena, which can be seen or heard by all the sitters present, are classed as physical. These include movement of objects, lights, raps, voices, etherialisations and materialisations. The material used for their production is ectoplasm, a substance drawn from the body of the medium, whose weight decreases during the process from a few ounces up to, I believe, as much as two stone. A little is drawn also from the sitters.

This type of phenomena, being objective, lends itself more readily to scientific investigation, and elaborate experiments have been conducted on the Continent, in their laboratories, by well-known scientists. These generally acknowledge the reality of the phenomena, but are not all prepared to accept the view that the outside intelligence directing them is that of the so-called dead. All our material progress, which is certainly very great and now almost bewilderingly rapid, has been achieved through the triumphs of science. For, scientists have discovered and utilised nature's laws. Her secrets have been disclosed by aid of the many instruments invented and elaborated from time to time. It was the telescope and camera that proved the existence of thousands of unseen stars. The microscope revealed multitudes of microbes and bacilli.

Unfortunately instruments, so essential in other branches of science, help us very little here. They assist to some extent, by recording what occurs. It has been possible to photograph ectoplasm coming from the body of the medium, and to take spirit pictures, and by means of a weighing machine to note the variations in the medium's weight in the course of these séances—but so far no telescope, nor microscope, nor telephone has ever been invented which makes it possible for the ordinary man to hear or see a spirit.

We are entirely dependent on mediums for the necessary power; no phenomena of any kind can be produced without them.

It is this human element that makes it impossible to provide the phenomena at will. In ordinary scientific experiments you can ensure exactly the same results over and over again. If you mix certain chemicals in the right conditions in certain quantities and temperatures you can be sure of the outcome. The same exactitude holds good in mathematics. In psychical experiments you may have the same medium, the same sitters, in the same place and at the same time—and yet, one day you may have an excellent sitting and the next get very little.

The medium, or some of the sitters, may have upset the conditions through fatigue, ill health, or some wrong mental attitude, such as worry.

Mental phenomena vary equally for the same reasons. This form includes all subjective phenomena, which are only obvious to the medium, automatic and inspirational speaking and writing, foreknowledge, trance and normal clairvoyance, and clairaudience, and variations on these. With mental phenomena, in addition to other difficulties, we have to take into consideration how far, if at all, the results obtained are effected by telepathy from the living or by the subconscious mind of either the medium or the sitters.

Those objections can be fairly ruled out, if we get in formation unknown to anyone present, which we subsequently find to be correct, or prophecies are made which eventually prove to be true.

The alternative explanations offered are more difficult and elaborate than the spirit hypothesis. One, for instance, is the "universal memory," in which is registered all that man has ever thought, out of which mass of material the medium chooses the items peculiar and suitable to the sitters.

As we have seen, all phenomena are directly or indirectly mental processes, and several minds are concerned in their production—the medium's, the spirits' and the sitters'.

The entire machinery is therefore human and not mechanical. This is why the ordinary sitter, who is tolerant, even if sceptical, gets better results than the so-called scientific investigator, who approaches the subject in a critical, cold and hostile attitude, for this is immediately sensed both by the medium and the spirits.

A successful sitting necessitates a great deal of trouble on the part of our spirit friends, and, being still human, they are prepared to take it for the sake of love and friendship, but not merely to gratify the curiosity of scientific critics.

The three parties concerned in the phenomena, the spirits, the medium, and the sitters, each have their limitations and their peculiar difficulties.

When the use of the power is limited for each individual spirit, as, for instance, at a public séance, where a medium has to try to give many delineations in a short time, valuable opportunities are lost because we can have no rules to guide us in a general way.

For example (I am speaking still of public séances) spirits invariably try to give a name for purposes of identification, but they do not all give their own names, it would be much easier if they did; some do, others mention the name of the sitter, or of someone else either in their world or ours, who is not present but is the necessary link.

The same uncertainty applies to many other things—say a spirit robe. This may indicate that the wearer died in childhood, or has gone on and is no longer connected with earth or that the individual is not interested in clothes and only too glad to be rid of the trouble of thinking of them. I know a well-known woman in London now who always wears a plain, dark blue serge robe, morning, noon, and, I think, literally night. I can readily imagine when she goes over to the other side she will wear a robe and never change the pattern of it—though probably her friends will persuade her to have a white one as being more suitable to her condition.

Spirits' difficulties arise, first from the fact that they have to "think" themselves as they wish to appear to us, for only this way can they be identified; all traces of age, illness and weariness are obliterated when they pass over, these disabilities being only connected with the physical body. The spirit is ageless.

Some are able to "hold" themselves in thought strongly and so they appear clear to the medium—others, who cannot concentrate in the same way, look hazy and indistinct. The spirits' second difficulty arises from the fact that they do not know how much of what they are saying is getting through to us. It is like talking a long distance over a telephone where there is a buzzing and cross conversations going on. You can only tell how much your friend hears when you get his reply. They judge by our mental response; it may be only by our emotion. If they give us good news they sense our pleasure, if, on the other hand, it is disappointing they feel our depression and so forth.

The sitters' difficulties consist in keeping an open mind, remembering quickly (for people often come whom we have not thought of for years) and using both reason and imagination. If one has imagination enough to realise and allow for the spirit difficulties it makes things easier. Mistakes often arise because the spirit is not held

ing himself in thought correctly. He may think his eyes too light or too dark a colour, or himself too tall or too short, etc. Mr. Staveley Bulford showed me a psychic photograph of his grandmother, who was old when she passed over, it is an excellent likeness of her as she was when she died, and recognised by all who knew her. The one thing he could not understand was that on either side of her face was a bunch of dark curls. At a voice séance she explained that for the purposes of the photograph she was told to think of herself as she was when she left this material world, and she did so; then, without realising that it would register, she began to think of herself as she was when she became engaged, and had dark curls, and these accordingly appeared on the picture, too!

One does not of course want imagination in a sitter untempered by reason. Apropos of this I remember an amusing incident related by a lecturer recently at a ladies' club. He said an Indian peasant was asked if he had seen a thunderbolt and all that was reputed to have come down in his neighbourhood. He replied that indeed he had, and what was more, the thunderbolt had chased him through the jungle for two hours! This was a case of vivid and untempered imagination. To have too little is also unfortunate, because the sitter is unable to be sympathetic and understanding of the medium's point of view. As a case in point I might mention that a friend of mine went as an anonymous sitter to a normal medium on Claude's birthday to speak to him. When I asked her the result of her sitting she said it had been disappointing. The medium merely described Claude and spent the rest of the time talking about other spirits in whom she was not much interested. When I next saw that medium I asked her about it. She said Claude had come to the sitting but, when he was described, the sitter appeared so uninterested that the medium concluded she wished to hear no more about him and had with some difficulty sent him away. Now the sitter had adopted this attitude for fear of "giving anything away." If she had merely said "I am interested, tell me all you care about him," she would have spoilt no evidence and had an excellent sitting.

I have left the medium's difficulties till last. These are the most numerous. First the spirit descriptions. The majority of mankind are average in height, in colour, in temperament. One has only to study a crowd to realise this. Try to describe these people in detail, or yourself, as required on a passport. What shape is your forehead? What type is your nose? How would you describe your mouth, etc? I always feel inclined to sympathise with Humpty Dumpty who said he would never recognise Alice again if he met her, she was so exactly like everyone else. He might have known her, he added, if her nose had been above her eyes or there had been something else original about her.

Both in trance and normal mediumship it is impossible to obliterate records already on the medium's mind—but one can get round them. Sometimes in trance, mistakes occur when some previous record is tapped in descriptions given at later sittings. The account of a motor accident to a friend may be given quite accurately up to a point, and then

entirely wrong. It may be possible to find out that a chance phrase has "tapped" the record of another accident, the account of which was given previously through that medium. In normal clairaudience these records interfere with getting names through very often, if they are unusual. Claude said if he wanted to get an uncommon one through he would go round it. Suppose he wanted to say, "I have seen *Normal*," it would not get through, for as soon as he said "I have seen *Nor*—" the medium's mind would say "man," Norman being a usual name. So he would say, "I have seen that tall thin, fair boy, the eldest son of Henry, who used to live next door to us in the country." Then I would say, "Do you mean *Normal*?" and he would reply, "Yes, *Normal*." After that we should get it through without difficulty.

Symbols are shown occasionally and the medium is left to interpret them. There is no rule on this subject either, so these may easily be misinterpreted. A bunch of violets may be shown. This may mean that the spirit's name is Violet, or that the sitter has at some special time in the past given the spirit, while on earth, violets, or that those flowers may have been put on the grave, or it may mean one of half a dozen other things. Sometimes messages come through curiously worded. The spirit may be speaking of a private matter which he does not want any outsider to understand. Quite a lot of valuable evidence has been lost because notes have not been made at sittings. In many cases things, unrecognised at the time, have proved later to be correct.

It is not the amount of power but its control that makes a medium good or indifferent.

I have often been asked, "What is the use of Spiritism?" This is a question put by people who translate everything into the concrete terms of this world.

It is extremely useful, even judged by those standards. First, it forms a bond of fellowship irrespective of race or creed; second, it gives us a different standard of values, as between things temporal and real; third, it gives us courage. We know, by what they have told us "from the other side," if we "fight the good fight" and try to make a decent thing of life, in spite of trials, difficulties and disillusionment, we do reap the full reward when we go over; fourth, it dispels loneliness. However uncongenial our companionship here, or few our friends, we need never be alone.

In short, this knowledge, if it becomes part of our consciousness, makes life a greater, finer, fuller experience.

I think, without exaggeration, that it lies in the power of mediums to-day to do some of the finest work in the world. They are able to prove to mankind the reality of life after death, and never was the knowledge more needed than now. We should use their wonderful gifts with sympathy, and respect, and help them always to keep a fine ideal in view.

In conclusion I will quote a few words of Emerson's:—

"Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now."

A POET'S FAIRY VISION.

By F. E. LEANING.

It was when Alfred de Musset was convalescent after the enjoyment of "a regular poetical pneumonia," as his physician described it with a smile, that the quaint vision here described came to him. It must be borne in mind that the young man was no ordinary patient, but a creature of such passionate romance that even inflammation of the lungs must proceed with appropriate tragedy and comedy. As a child, his brother tells us, he was consumed with so cruel a hunger of the imagination that he really almost created secret springs and underground passages in the quite simple house which they lived in; and did actually produce a fortress in the drawing-room, approached by a winding staircase of twenty steps. The lowest was a large music-book, the highest a writing desk; a door was made by a big folio which had (one shudders to think) a rope inserted between the binding and the back of the letterpress, to admit of its opening and shutting. As Paul, his brother, was his playmate and abettor in all these things, we cannot have a sounder authority. He was also present when after ten days of sleeplessness, pain, and delirium, Alfred seemed to have come to himself, and to be calm and clear in mind, though of course weak.

It was a fine Spring morning and Paul and his sister Marcelline were sitting by the bedside. Alfred was taking note of his sensations and describing what passed before him, guiding himself by his brother's answers in distinguishing between real and imaginary objects and analysing the latter with curiosity and interest. Paul continues:—

The sunshine fell upon the writing table in the centre of the room, which, for the time being, was covered with phials. In spite of its being thus encumbered, the invalid seemed to see the table just as he had left it the day he took to his bed—that is to say strewn with books and papers, with a writing-desk upon it and pens methodically arranged. Presently four little winged genii snatched up the books, the papers, and the desk; and, when they had cleared the table, they brought on the phials and medicines in the same order in which they had

come from the apothecary's. On the arrival of the famous Venetian potion which M. Chomel (his doctor) had allowed to be tried, the patient saluted it with his hand in the Italian fashion and murmured: "Pagello has saved me once more." The other medicines took their actual places; and for a brief moment, the dream and the reality were identical.

Then from among the army of phials arose a champagne bottle, adorned with its metal stamp. It was borne pathetically upon a litter by two small genii, who assumed for the occasion a subdued and sorrowful attitude. The convoy moved off by an ascending path which wound away into the distance; while by another path a decanter descended wreathed with roses, and surmounted by its crystal stopper. The decanter glided smoothly down the sloping pathway, while the genii scattered flowers before it, and the phials drew themselves up in a double line to receive it, and gave it the place of honour.

After this impressive entrance, the decanter laid aside its wreath, and installed itself modestly upon the mantel. The genii removed the traces of the ceremony, took away the now useless phials, and restored things to their pristine state; so that the recovered poet might find his table in order for work. Each volume and every scrap of paper resumed the place which it had occupied the night before he was taken ill, and the pens arranged themselves symmetrically before the desk. Their duty discharged, the genii departed; but the poet, after inspecting his table, exclaimed, "That is not quite right! There was a little dust in spots, particularly upon that lacquered writing-desk."

The instant that he made this reasonable complaint, he perceived a little man about three inches high, with a perambulating cocoa-seller's urn upon his back. The Lilliputian traversed the desk and books, turning the faucet of his urn whence issued a fine dust, and in a few seconds the desired order reigned on the table. "That is perfect," said the master, drawing the coverlid over his eyes. "Now I can sleep, and I believe that I am cured." And so he was; for when next he woke, his brain had recovered the clearness and tranquillity of its normal condition.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF RUDI SCHNEIDER.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—When on the suggestion of psychic investigators in Vienna, where I had spent a few days, I decided to go to Braunau-am-Inn to visit the wonderful boy medium, Rudi Schneider (younger brother of Willy Schneider), my disappointment can be imagined on finding that he had left, the very day of my arrival, for Munich, to have sittings with Baron von Schrenck-Notzing and other professors there.

At the house of Herr Schneider I met his wife and several of the regular sitters at Rudi's séances, some of them being auxiliary mediums, and they most kindly took me round to the villa in which Kapitan and Frau Kogelnik, an Austrian ex-Naval officer and his charming wife, have their apartment. They have been constant visitors to the Schneider circle, and it was they who brought Willy and his remarkable gifts into scientific and public notice. The Kogelniks begged me to remain until the boy's return the following week, saying they would do all in their power to make the time quickly pass, as indeed they did, overwhelming me with their kindness and hospitality and plans for my entertainment, and many were the afternoons and evenings spent in their pretty flat with much talk of psychic research, in which both are enthusiasts, over an English tea listening to Schubert's music.

Braunau-am-Inn is a small country town on the borders of Austria and Germany, and if one so desired, it is possible to walk across the bridge, which is the frontier, into Bavaria. It has a fine old 15th century church, some shady public gardens, but nothing else of great interest or beauty, therefore its chief attraction for me lay in the fact that its neighbourhood abounds in mediums.

An interesting visit was paid one evening to Mattighofen, a village about an hour distant by train, where, just above the station, resides a most interesting clairvoyante, Frau F—, the wife of the stationmaster. In fact, the whole household, with the exception of the husband, who, though sympathetic to the subject, is a sceptic, seems to be mediumistic, for her housekeeper, Cilli S—, has the same power of seeing in various colours, black, grey or white, the souls or etheric bodies of their sitters, according to their spiritual or psychic development, accompanied often by other spirits. Frau F— has filled over a dozen large volumes with closely written inspirational writing chiefly of a religious or poetical nature, and has also written the words to the religious music composed by her daughter Hilda in a state of trance. The latter not only composes but plays the piano in the style of an experienced musician, which she is utterly unable to do in her normal state. The trance is spontaneous within a few minutes of taking her seat at the piano, and she plays with a master-hand as a man would an organ. I asked her in her waking state to play something to me, and she made a very poor attempt at a waltz, a marked contrast to the facility with which she executed much more difficult music in trance. Her mother told us that when her daughter falls into this state she then sees an old man sitting at the piano, while her daughter's etheric body seems to be standing at his side. I was greatly impressed by the earnestness and sincerity of the whole family who, whatever the causes and ultimate explanation of these strange powers may be, undoubtedly believe themselves to be influenced and controlled by departed spirits.

Another afternoon at the home of Kapitan Kogelnik I met Herr B—, a magnetic healer from Munich, and watched his treatment of a patient who came there to have mental depression removed. This was done by passes made over the head and body. Other mediums I was obliged to leave to another visit, for it was not possible to arrange sittings, so the five days of waiting quickly slipped away until Rudi returned from Munich, and in spite of having given several fatiguing séances there during the week-end, he and his father kindly arranged one for me the evening before I left Braunau. Rudi himself is apparently never too tired for a sitting, and in appearance there could be no one less like a medium. He impressed me very favourably as being a natural, healthy boy, with a nice disposition and good manners. His age is sixteen, but he looks much younger.

At the séance we numbered twelve, all relatives or friends of the family, with the exception of Frau Kogelnik and myself. The room is long and narrow with two windows, and containing, beside other articles of furniture,

two beds. Another smaller room opens out of it. The larger room was used for the séance and a black curtain was hung across a corner by one of the windows to make a cabinet, the medium sitting some distance from it, near the other window, and the rest of us in a semi-circle round it with linked hands. I sat between Frau Kogelnik and Frau R—, who was next to the curtain and who took charge of the various toys and articles used in the séance until they were required. These, which included a bell, shapes in cardboard, pins, elastic-bands, etc., were covered with luminous paint. Karl Schneider, the eldest married son, sat opposite to us and fell into deep trance almost immediately, with heavy stertorous breathing. On his right was a Police Inspector of the town, who controlled Rudi, and sat between him and the window, holding both his hands and feet. Rudi fell into trance a short time later, but Olga, his guide, on being asked if she would kindly produce some telekinesis, levitations and materialisations for the English lady, replied that she knew all about me, but must first have half an hour pause. The lights were therefore turned up and one of the circle played the guitar to which he sang some charming Austrian folk songs. During the sitting one lamp, shaded by red paper, was left burning in the centre of the circle, so though it was too dim to see the sitters, we were not in total darkness. On resuming, Karl and Rudi fell quickly into trance and phenomena started. The small bell was lifted from the floor and waved gracefully in the air, ringing time to the singing (conversations or songs continued throughout the séance). On being put on to my out-

stretched hand by Frau R—, it was taken off it by unseen hands. The curtain blew out into the circle after luminous pins had been attached so that all could see it, and there were often strong cold breezes. A small musical box was heard being wound up and then playing, floating about in space. Two cardboard toys were used in the same way, flying about with much violence, and I was sharply rapped on the knuckles. I was asked by Olga to stretch out both feet and one of my shoes was taken off and flung outside the circle, where we saw it afterwards on one of the beds. A handkerchief I held out was taken from me and then flung back on to my lap. I asked if my hand could be grasped and on holding it out distinctly felt a hand softly drawn over my palm, and then mine was slapped so hard that it almost hurt. The touch felt like that of a man's large hand, and I could feel the skin. Immediately afterwards I felt a touch of some soft material like veiling on my hand and there was an attempt at materialisation. A shadowy grey mass was seen, but did not develop. I was then asked by Olga to cross to Rudi's side of the circle and to control him. I held both his hands and put my feet on his, and loud knocking was heard on the window just at the medium's back. This window was on the second floor of the house and nowhere near the ground. After another interval of about six minutes we sat for levitation, Frau Kogelnik and myself being asked to control the medium. After Rudi fell into trance we put on him shoes with luminous painted soles, luminous pins on his clothes, one on the sleeve of my own dress, and an elastic band round his head. Frau Kogelnik and I stood on our chairs holding his hands, and after some minutes he levitated about three feet from the ground for some seven to ten seconds, his feet waving horizontally in the air.

I give these facts just as they happened, taken from my notes made partly during the séance and partly next day, without any attempt to give an opinion on the phenomena, its causes, its nature, spiritistic or non-spiritistic, or whether it were even all genuine. It is impossible entirely to rule out fraud, as it was not of course a séance under test conditions, being held in almost complete darkness and without that strict control usual with scientists. I can only say that nothing occurred to arouse our suspicions, as for instance, in the Guzik sittings at Warsaw, and that personally I believe Rudi to be a genuine medium of considerable power. I can myself vouch for the levitation control, and I was told by Frau Kogelnik that the Police Inspector, who was the control during the rest of the séance, was a most reliable man. The phenomena, therefore, if they were fraudulent, could only have been produced by confederates in the circle; and it is only right to say that neither the medium nor his family accept any payment whatsoever beyond any personal gift a sitter likes to make to the boy himself. This applies to all the mediums I saw in Braunau, who give freely of their time and their gifts in the interests of Science and humanity.—Yours, etc.,

MAY WALKER.

Tyrol. July 1st, 1924.



RUDI SCHNEIDER.

"SPIRIT WITH SPIRIT CAN MEET."

No more striking instance of the effective introduction of a psychic experience into a work of fiction is probably to be met with than the incident so dramatically narrated towards the close of Charlotte Brontë's masterpiece, "Jane Eyre." Familiar though they are to all who have read the story, it may be of interest to recall the circumstances. Rochester, the man she loves but who is unhappily tied for life to a dangerous lunatic, wants Jane to defy convention and become his mistress. To escape his importunities she has run away from his home, Thornfield Hall, where she was employed as governess to a little girl, his ward, and has for several months been living with her newly-discovered cousins, Diana, Mary, and St. John Rivers. St. John, a young clergyman, who is bent on becoming a missionary, tries to persuade Jane that, in spite of the fact that nothing warmer than a cousinly regard exists between them, it is her duty to marry him in order that she may accompany him out to India and assist him in his work. On the eve of a fortnight's absence from home—he is leaving in the early morning—he repeats his arguments with such force and earnestness that the girl's instinctive scruples are on the point of being overcome. It is late at night, the other members of the household have retired, the candle is dying out, the room is full of moonlight:—

"My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock; but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor; from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited, while the flesh quivered on my bones.

"What have you heard? What do you see?" asked St. John. I saw nothing: but I heard a voice somewhere cry—

"Jane! Jane! Jane!" nothing more.

"O God! What is it?" I gasped.

"I might have said, 'Where is it?' for it did not seem in the room—nor in the house—nor in the garden: it did not come out of the air—nor from under the earth—nor from overhead. I had heard it—where, or whence, for ever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being—a known, loved, well-remembered voice—and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

"I am coming!" I cried. "Wait for me! Oh, I will come!" I flew to the door, and looked into the passage: it was dark. I ran out into the garden: it was void.

"Where are you?" I exclaimed.

"The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back—'Where are you?' I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush."

She breaks away from her cousin, who has followed her, and in the retirement of her chamber falls on her knees. Prayer brings resolve. Next day Jane allows a few hours to elapse after St. John's departure, and then, having told the sisters that she is going away for a few days, starts on her long return journey. Two mornings later she reaches her destination, only to find Thornfield Hall a blackened, deserted shell. Seeking an explanation from the landlord of the neighbouring inn, she is told that one night in the preceding autumn the mad woman, eluding the vigilance of her keeper, had set the place on fire and then leaped to her death from the battlemented roof, and that Rochester, who had vainly tried to save her and had remained in the building till all its inmates had escaped, had been struck down by falling masonry and dreadfully injured. Blind, maimed and helpless, he was now living in the care of two old servants in a desolate grange some thirty miles distant. Thither Jane follows as fast as the landlord's post-chaise can take her—the bearer of new hope and joy to the lonely smitten man. In one of the talks that ensue she learns from Rochester that on the night and at the very hour of her strange experience, as he sat by the open window of his room, his passionate longing for her presence had found utterance in an involuntary cry.

"You will think me superstitious . . . nevertheless this is true—true at least it is that I heard what I now relate.

"As I exclaimed, 'Jane! Jane! Jane!' a voice—I cannot tell whence the voice came, but I know whose voice it was—replied, 'I am coming: wait for me'; and a moment after went whispering on the wind, the words—'Where are you?'"

"I'll tell you, if I can, the idea, the picture these words opened to my mind: yet it is difficult to express what I want to express. Ferndean is buried, as you see, in a heavy wood, where sound falls dull, and dies unreverberating. 'Where are you?' seemed spoken among mountains; for I heard a hill-sent echo repeat the words. Cooler and fresher at the moment the gale seemed to visit my brow. I could have deemed that in some wild, lone scene I and

Jane were meeting. In spirit, I believe we must have met."

In concluding this episode in her autobiography, the supposed author says. "I listened to Mr. Rochester's narrative; but made no disclosure in return. The coincidence struck me as too awful and inexplicable to be communicated or discussed. . . . I kept these things then and pondered them in my heart."

In the presence of so strange an incident set forth in such vivid detail, the question naturally arises: Had Charlotte Brontë herself at some time in her life had an experience similar to that which she ascribes to her heroine?

D. R.

VILLAGE WITCHCRAFT.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—The recent short article in LIGHT on Superstitions, emboldens me to offer you the following narrative of experiences.

I have been having extraordinarily "bad luck" recently. Within one month all these major things happened—one of the ponies bolted, smashed trap and harness to atoms, lamed herself, and threw me down; within a few days I was obliged to have my pet donkey shot, as she was past work; I lost my watch; I had a very bad attack of lumbago, making me utterly helpless; and about ten minor mishaps occurred in the time. One of my neighbours, an elderly Devon peasant woman, has been devotedly looking after me while I was ill with lumbago, and a few days ago, when I exclaimed, "Nothing but bad luck, eh?" she expressed the belief that I had been "witched." She told me various hair-raising stories of witchery in this village, where she has lived for seventy years; and she has declared her intention of finding out a white witch, to take the evil influence off both me and this house. At her request I looked deeply into the ink-pot, in the hopes of seeing the "body as witched I," but I saw nothing. Her difficulty is that for quite twenty-five years she has not heard of a white witch!

About a quarter of a century ago, a famous "man-witch," a white one, lived in one of the cottages down the road. He "made a little fortin" by practising his beneficial art. I know his son well.

When my old friend was a girl at home, fifty years ago, her father was a smallholder, her mother a washerwoman. By some mischance they offended a person capable of black-witchery, and bad luck fell on them. The signs were innumerable; I will quote only a few. The soap wouldn't dry; the flannel clothes would shrink; the money "in the box" (for the rent) grew less by shillings, changing to halfpence. Lastly, "cow her took and went mazed, flying after father when he'd try to milky she," and nothing would settle her; the pigs took fits, and the hens dropped dead from the roosts. This village is about fourteen miles from Crewkerne, but the nearest white witch lived there, and the old people put to the horse (also bewitched, for "twould gamble and pokey-long and rare up, ah! the belly-achinest horse as ever I did drave")—and drove into Crewkerne. The white witch looked in the ink, and said, "for sure" they were bewitched, by a woman, and she wore a certain coat or cloak. They were to go home and say certain words (I am not told what) over the "bucket of water inside house," and presently along would come the black witch. She would be the first to call on their return. "Spake en zivil," they were bidden, and they were to get something from her, some personal belonging. They came home, and "they hadn't scarcely set fut in house" when a neighbour, with whom they were on excellent terms, came in, and "believe me or believe me not, her'd got on the pattern coat chap'd foretold." She came to borrow a milking-stool (I think), and they politely lent it to her, and as she turned away, one of them "cut a snip" out of her "napern." I am not told what use was made of this relic, or how the water over which secret words had been recited was employed. But, joyful to say, cow calmed down at once, pigs got on their legs, horse returned to normal, soap frothed, and so on!

I omitted to mention the butter. The cream was in churn for hours, and butter wouldn't come. The whole family was "wore out" churning. This house from which I write was then an important dairy. The smallholder carried his cream up here, and willing helpers started to churn. Still the butter refused to come. Someone "learned in witchery" then said the cream must be carried across water, so it was taken down the orchard, over the Corrie, and up to Little Hawley, where at last the butter came!

I can vouch for none of this. All was "before my time." But distinctly Gran'ma and Granfer, my informants, believe it, and Gran'ma says she saw it all. Moreover, in this year 1924, here and now, these old people are looking out for a white witch to unwitch me, convinced that nothing will stem my bad luck till the ill influence is "took offen me."—Yours, etc.,

IDA WILD.

Old Larkshayes,
Dalwood,
Kilminster, Devon.

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A LOOK ROUND AND A GLANCE AHEAD.

We have spent, during the last thirty years or so, an immense amount of time in studying all that could be said for and against the evidence for human survival by all kinds of persons, competent and incompetent, experienced and inexperienced. It was dreary work at times; but it was necessary to be fully informed on both sides of the case.

At the outset of our enquiries we made utterly certain of our facts in circumstances where there was no possible explanation of them but the psychic one. The things actually happened. They proved the existence of forces in nature unknown to and unrecognised by the general body of scientists. They brought us at first no intellectual conviction of the reality of human spirits or of a spirit world. True, we had certain interior assurances, certain intuitions. But these things are not scientific; they are not logical; they are not evidence. We could not bring them forward. They were personal convictions—"of no value to anyone but the owner."

In the many years between that period and to-day we saw much that made us doubt and waver in our faith, not in the reality of the phenomena—that remained steadfast as a rock—but in spirit agency as the cause of the phenomena. For we saw, occasionally, manifestations so random and senseless that it was impossible to associate them with any form of intelligence; we saw a great amount of self-delusion; many mis-statements of fact, exaggerations, spurious phenomena greedily accepted and strenuously defended, and genuine phenomena derided and denied. We saw wild and foolish doctrines being put forth and deluded people setting up as prophets and heaven-sent messengers on the faith of supposed spirit messages. In short, we saw every conceivable form of reaction to Spiritualism from contemptuous denial to fanatical belief—with all the stages between.

But the facts were there—we were confident of their reality, and we were content to add our testimony to the rest and assert with obstinate repetition that they really occurred (and still occur), feeling quietly assured that as they were true they would sooner or later have to be recognised and accepted.

Of late years we have seen the phenomena accepted in the highest quarters of Science, and although there have been attempts at explanation by the scientists, somehow we feel that it is the function of Science to discover and report rather than to take up the rôle of interpreter and offer explanations. That seems to be really the province of philosophy, and the scientist quite often proves to be a bungling philosopher, for while his inventions and discoveries may remain valid, his explanations quite frequently turn out to be erroneous and misleading.

Be that as it may, the phenomena of Spiritualism are slowly but surely vindicating their reality; and we

have no fault to find with the progress now being made. The first part of the proposition is being proved true, viz., the phenomena are genuine. The second—the major part—is in many quarters doubted and denied; we mean the theory of human survival. But its ultimate acceptance, we feel, will follow as the night the day. The common man will see it first because he usually knows a good deal more about life at first hand than any scientific specialist can tell him. The scientist will follow. It will not be the first time that the man of learning has had to follow the peasant and learn from the man in the street. After the Scientist perhaps will come the Churchman. It may be a serious matter to have to introduce the Scientist to the idea of man living after the death of his body, as Professor Richet has shown us. But to prove to the Church that life after death is a cold fact and not a mere pious opinion may be an even more formidable task. But it will be done at last and we can bide our time, knowing that what we hold is a truth too plain to be easily perceived, too simple to be quickly understood.

IN A LIBRARY.

[Lady Grey of Fallodon kindly sends us the following poem by her brother, the late Right Hon. George Wyndham, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland and a member of the Cabinet from 1902 to 1905.]

Long rows of books in figured backs
Of gleaming leather, dimly lit;
A ticking clock, whose soft attacks
Upon the silence, deepen it.

No other sound in all the house,
But the low fluttering of the fire,
To stab the stillness, or arouse
The ghosts of anger or desire.

Within the warmth of these four walls
Yields warrant, then, for quiet mirth;
Without, the chasm of night appals,
The full moon shines upon the Earth.

Her frozen signal of decay,
As a dead tree in Summer tells
That the whole universe one day
Shall speak of Death, and nothing else.

And all who wrote these books are dead,
Yet of their laughter and their tears,
We are not disinherited;
These walls have stood a hundred years,

Ancestral legends lichening
The parapets of long ago,
Enchant them with strange dreams that sing
Of deeds our childhood seemed to know.

And from these books departed souls
Shoot out their radiance into mine,
As heat, incarcerated in coals
From suns that ceased long since to shine.

Nor may I well believe that thus
In brute appliances alone
Such souls communicate with us
From darkness, whither they are gone.

But as the virtue of a star
Thrills through the ether to our eyes,
Their love, vibrating from afar
Pierces our night's immensities.

And here, where ancient wit and worth
Have still so much of life to tell,
Like blinder forces of the Earth
Seem also indestructible.

I feel their souls without a sound
Growing and glowing nigh, and nigher,
Within the shadows closing round
The somnolencies of the fire.

Until, possessed by memories
Of men who conquered lust and strife,
I am persuaded that there is
A life persisting after life.

—GEORGE WYNDHAM.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS: IMPORTANT.—It would save much inconvenience and delay if correspondents would note that business communications relating to subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should not be sent to 5, Queen Square, which is solely the editorial office of the paper, but to the publishers of LIGHT, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

NEWS AND VIEWS—CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

A report of an address by the Rev. W. Major Scott in the Garden Suburb Free Church on "The Claims of Spiritualism" is given by the "Golders Green Gazette" of the 11th inst. Commenting on this address in the current notes of the day, the writer says:—

Nevertheless, I was disappointed in his conclusions, and unconvinced by his arguments. He attributed Spiritualistic phenomena, in the main, to "telepathy"—a blessed word. After the reality of the phenomena has been denied for generations, the mass of evidence has become too great to be resisted, and the fashion now is to murmur, "Oh, yes, of course it is telepathy, the sub-conscious self, and all that sort of thing." But these are but words, labels which explain nothing and which involve assumptions more incredible than the hypothesis of actual communion with the departed should be (one would think), to Christian believers at any rate. They adopt a severely scientific attitude to these questions, and yet, curiously enough, they have a very uncritical belief in such doctrines as the immortality of the soul, which cannot be proved by Spiritualism or any other finite means.

The "Yorkshire Telegraph and Star" has on many occasions opened its pages to discussions on Spiritualism and Psychical Phenomena, a recrudescence of which has resulted from public statements of a damaging nature—made by Dr. Hutton. On this occasion the paper, in its "By the Way" paragraphs (July 15th) makes the following reasonable commentary:—

Dr. Hutton, to whose comments reference is being made in this discussion, rather under-estimates the interest which many people feel in assuring themselves by any means which seem possible of the survival of individual personality. Many people would like to believe in this, but cannot accept the evidence offered by exponents of normal religion.

What appears to be the evidence offered by Spiritualists may be misleading, or negligible, but it cannot be denied that these people are attempting to meet a great human need. Hence their efforts should be treated with respect, although in detail this occasionally appears to be somewhat difficult.

If the Press, generally, would only "hold the balances" in this impartial manner, there would be little ground for complaint.

Treating of the subject of Spiritualism, most of the writers adopt a violent *pro* or *con* attitude, but occasionally it is taken in lighter vein. The "Evening Standard" of the 17th ult. adopts the latter course, and tells the tale of a man with a "proprietary ghost" to which he was much attached. The account continues as follows:—

But this summer, being unable to use the cottage himself, he lent it to an acquaintance, a Roman Catholic, who, with strange ingratitude and high-handedness, has secured the services of a Minister of his religion and has had the ghost well and soundly exorcised.

My friend wants to know what he ought to do now. Can he bring an action for damages? The ceremony of exorcism is, if my recollection is correct, recognised by the Church of England, and therefore his plea could not be dismissed by the court as superstitious. But what he would prefer, he says, would be that the court should order the ghost to be replaced or an efficient substitute to be provided. He is ready to accept a substitute, more especially as he can see no way in which the tenant can provide one, except by committing suicide himself.

For my part, I think the action will prove to be a very interesting one, and I hope it will not be settled out of court.

There are many theories extant as to the cause of sex in the unborn child. Mr. J. Dulberg deals with some of them in the "Empire News" of the 20th ult., and after weighing the evidence, for and against, in each case, comes to the conclusion that all are faulty and that the explanation is to be found in the psychical influence of the parents, more especially the mother. He says:—

I am inclined to attach considerable importance to these psychical influences because we are told that in the early embryonic stages of the human individual there is practically no sex differentiation at all, or very little of it, and that the distinct sex is evolved in the course of time by a series of physiological processes.

Why can we not therefore assume that the mind of the mother-to-be is as capable of effecting physical phenomena in this respect as we know it to do in other well-understood respects? For it must not be forgotten that the prenatal period of a child's existence is so intimately

bound up with the material and moral life of its mother as to make of the two beings an indivisible single one to be separated only during the process of birth.

Under the heading of "Faith Healing" the "Daily Mail" of July 20th reports an appeal from the Archbishop of York to the Council of the British Medical Association, to "hold a full and impartial enquiry" into this subject, which was not "a thing which merited their derision or contempt." Referring to the importance of using this means in conjunction with physical skill, the Archbishop says:—

At every stage in history there has always been this strangely potent power, and within the last few months Canada and the United States have seen on a truly remarkable scale revelations of this potency. Explanations may be given of the phenomenon, but the facts cannot be denied.

I venture to say that they have occurred, are occurring, and in the near future will occur on such a scale and over such a wide field that they must be accepted as proving the reliability of at least one great and enduring power among men to relieve or remove disease.

We would hope, ere long, to hear another Church dignitary state the evidential value of communication with departed friends, as well as the ethical value of the Communion of Saints.

"The People," of July 20th, contained an article on "Do you believe in Ghosts?" by Hannen Swaffer, in which the writer discusses the validity of Spiritualism, and although declining to associate himself with the subject, he appears to halt between two opinions, for he says:—

I myself do not believe in Spiritualism, much as I have seen of psychic phenomena difficult to explain. I have heard voices at séances that it would be difficult to identify with trickery. I have been touched by unseen hands at gatherings where all the people, so far as I could tell, were genuine and above suspicion. And, gifted with what is called a psychic sense myself, I have taken down automatic writings, words not in my own mind that I could reason, messages far apart from my conception. These are more or less common experiences; yet few people dare to speak.

I cannot understand why those people who believe in Spiritualism do not insist upon an inquiry into the methods they practise. For, surely, if what they believe is true, they have stumbled across the greatest thing in life since the death of Christ brought a new message to millions of suffering souls.

There is so much quackery mixed up in psychic things that, for their own sakes, Spiritualists should demand a test. Some mediums are frauds, of course, if all of them are not; but so are many doctors and parsons. Hypocrisy and humbug in Harley-street or some fashionable churches does not prove that Christ was wrong or that medicine is all wrong.

Surely sufficient proofs have been given, and if these are not universally convincing, it is because the best evidence is personal, and consequently unconvincing to others. The writer concludes with a very sympathetic review of that remarkable book, "The Heart of a Father."

The "Yorkshire Post" of the 16th ult. contains a commentary on the evidence produced by Mr. Dennis Bradley in support of his belief in survival, and after pointing out that this evidence is of purely individual value, the writer continues:—

Even admitting survival and communication as proved, the questions remain—survival of what and for how long? Why must the communicating voice be that of a spirit? Why should it not, for instance, be that of a surviving but decaying mentality? Even Mr. Bradley's own disembodied Johannes makes a distinction between the survival of the intellect and of the spirit. Would not the theory that some mental part of the dead survives for a time and slowly decays explain the fear and repugnance which is so often the instinctive attitude of sensitive and susceptible minds to the possibility of communication? Would it not also account for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's remarkable statement that "the average spirit is, if anything, rather below the human being in intellect"—which is certainly a general experience?

This suggestion shows the absurdity of offering an ill-digested theory as an explanation. If the mentality survives at all, it is an independent entity, and as such cannot become "nothing," as the theory would imply. A decay is a change of form, not extermination, and would not get the writer out of his difficulty—the necessity to dispose of the surviving entity. In quoting a leading author it is wise to be exact. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said "the average spirit is, if anything, rather below the educated human being in intellect," a very different assertion, and one which rather spoils the application to this theory.

W. W. H.

ON PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM.

By H. E. HUNT.

It is an interesting point to consider of what practical Spiritualism consists and for what it stands, since a little thought may very well put a different aspect upon the matter to the one we ordinarily accept. The Spiritualist who only considers the phenomena in themselves will doubtless align the facts and their significance differently to the psychologist who works from the academic standpoint, and he again will see things otherwise than as the practical psychologist or hypnotist views them: and though the tendency is for investigation to specialise along particular lines—to subsist in watertight compartments as it were—yet the wider and safer view will surely be grounded upon a consideration of the whole facts as seen from the vantage points of the several investigators.

The major claims of Spiritualism are comparatively simple, being first, that man is a spiritual and evolving entity temporarily clad in a physical body; second, that this spiritual part transcends death and continues its individuality through and beyond that change, and third, that intercommunication between the dead and the living is under certain circumstances possible. The latter fundamental must be held to be chiefly valuable as helping to demonstrate the two former.

Once this spiritual view of being is accepted, in contradistinction to the ordinary material conception of life, the whole scheme of values undergoes profound modification. Since progress is the watchword of the universe—progress in an ever-unfolding spiritual development—it becomes obvious that the rational aim must be devoted to such spiritual unfolding, to the acquisition of character rather than the accumulation of wealth or similar pursuits, because the only things we really possess are what we actually are. We came into the world devoid of material things, and so, too, do we go out; all that we can carry with us is the ineffaceable record of our strivings and aspirations, our faults and failings, in the shape of our character, our inexorable judgment book, our most real self.

How do we grow and how do we thus spiritually unfold? We grow by virtue of the accumulation of our thoughts and our experiences. At birth we start with our inherited equipment, whatever it may be, but from thence onwards upon the tablets of mind is inscribed our every thought and emotion, each aspiration and desire, and from these, the gamut of emotion from birth to the present day, is compounded the character, the present self; just as the varied sounds from strings, wind, brass and drums of a modern orchestra are compounded by the magic of the phonograph into one single wavy line on the record. So have we literally become what we thought, for these thoughts are the living component parts of our subconscious equipment, from whence arise our promptings for good or evil, for happiness or pain.

View then the futility of making the mind a mass of money-desire, or appetite-desire, or indeed of any desire at all; consider the exquisite torture of a character chiefly composed of money-desire transported suddenly to a realm where money does not exist, or similarly of desire for any mundane thing. Could irony conceive a punishment more completely fitting the crime? Truly the old religionists were right, there is a Hell and we make it ourselves from the flame of our desires, and we must burn till the heat of our old self dies.

Spiritualism is a philosophy of life, not a phenomena-hunt. Our psychologist friend knows, and rightly, too, that many of the phenomena accepted by the non-critical Spiritualist have naught to do with spirits, being functionings of the larger self within. So much he knows; but of how much this larger self is capable he can as yet but surmise while gradually accumulating his scientific data. When he has definitely ascertained that so much or so far is clearly within his domain, then, too, the Spiritualist will know more surely what is to be regarded as solely his; at present the theories overlap and there are no apparent delimitations. Experiments for phenomena are desirable when undertaken by qualified observers and for the purpose of demonstration, but incessant reduplication of phenomena and constant reliance upon communication and guidance are likely in the long run to disturb that sturdy balance which is necessary for anyone who wishes to achieve a successful life here today, as the indispensable preliminary to a successful one yonder. It is axiomatic that true success yonder cannot be built upon the foundation of real failure here.

Life, then, is a spiritual development, and the quest of character is a creed, while the fact of the inexorable subconscious record of all our doings must go deep down in our consideration of everyday life, it must give us an ideal, and at the same time an overwhelming sense of responsibility. What spiritual development is possible when the passions are rampant and money is the God? Anger, hatred and malice war unceasingly against all that is worthy of our spiritual selves. We cannot serve God and Mammon. We cannot build temples of ourselves both to the Highest and the lowest, but build we must; by virtue of our ability to entertain a thought we are compelled to build, Nature's drive is inexorably on, on for better or for worse. Every bad or evil thought, each hampering desire makes for a temple uninhabitable by spirit, and though these evil

messengers pass from our sight and the hasty word or the shameful action are forgotten, yet they do their direful work none the less surely, and serve to cramp or maim the spirit within that would be free, or torture and suppress it till it grows a puny and a weakly thing.

The life-blood of spirit is love, therein it thrives and grows, and the temple within becomes the dwelling place of God Whose kingdom is our hearts. In a kindly and gentle soul it comes to its perfection, and the habitation of the spirit is an edifice of beauty and proportion. To realise that kingdom of heaven within us is therefore the true work of the spirit, of Spiritualism; and be it remembered ever that it is within each one of us that this kingdom lies, not in this circle nor in that medium, though they may point the way that leads to the realisation thereof.

Practical Spiritualism, then, is the spiritualisation of self as the first step, and likely enough the only step that we may find time for here. Practical Spiritualism does not lie, as might be supposed, in clairvoyance, materialisations, prophecy, or in any one of the many phenomena; one might conceivably remain a materialist though conversant with every phenomena in the catalogue of Spiritualism, just as one might be ignorant of every experiment and yet be in very truth a Spiritualist. All these phenomena are good and have their legitimate place in the scheme, yet they are but the means to the end and not the end itself; this in essence and intention is the spiritualisation of self, and the treading of the eternal path of progress which leads step by step ever nearer and nearer God.

BROADCASTING SPIRIT VOICES.

Mr. R. H. Saunders, who has made a special investigation of that form of mediumship known as the Direct Voice, was responsible for a very interesting experiment carried out at the Hall of the Art Workers' Guild, Queen-square, on Thursday evening, July 24th. In a darkened room in the building next door a séance was held, and the spirit voices there obtained were transmitted by wire to the hall and given out to the audience by means of a loud speaker.

At the Corinthian Hall, Rochester (U.S.A.), on November 14th, 1849, the Fox Sisters produced raps before an audience of some four hundred persons; and at Eastbourne in 1864 Mr. Robert Cooper (author of "Spiritual Experiences, Including Seven Months with the Brothers Davenport") gave a lecture, at the close of which raps and messages were produced through a table on the platform (see Mr. Cooper's book, p. 34).

The broadcasting of spirit voices was an ideal of Dr. Ellis Powell. At the Queen's Hall, on May 22nd, 1922, when presiding over a meeting held under the auspices of the Society of Communion, he said: "At the next meeting of this Society which will be held probably here early in the autumn, we hope to offer you an address from the platform by spirit voices from the other world. That is to say, we hope to have in this hall a machine which will amplify spiritual records obtained by means of the Direct Voice under circumstances absolutely beyond all challenge, in such a way that our friends on the other side will address you from this platform. That will be the first time in history that an audience of this sort will have been addressed directly from the spirit world. Early in the autumn we hope to give you that pleasure." (Reported in *LIGHT*, 1922, p. 348).

To complete the record of anticipations, it may be mentioned that in Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's recent book, "Towards the Stars," we have these words:—

Dr. Barnett (the control) was asked whether, if an instrument (a microphone) were placed in a room at a séance the spirits could use this instrument to speak through instead of the trumpet. This instrument, it was suggested, would aid the sound and would make the whisper of an inexperienced spirit voice loud and distinct.

Dr. Barnett: It would be quite possible for spirits to use this. An experiment should be made.

Well, the experiment was made last week before a large audience, which included many well-known people in the Spiritualist movement, as well as a number who came out of curiosity.

Mr. Saunders, who presided, had beside him a telephone by means of which he kept in touch with the leader of the circle of nine persons, including a medium, in a room in the adjoining house.

The first sound heard through the loud speaker was from a musical box in the séance room. Then came the loud and clear voice of a "control," who, after greetings, added, "What you have advertised has already succeeded." Then, after some pauses, came what claimed to be spirit communications from various people on the other side. For the most part they confined their remarks to expressing pleasure at being thus able to communicate. It is only possible to summarise briefly.

Mr. Brooks, of High Wycombe (Bucks).—Recognised by a lady in the audience.

Mrs. Bentley (Manchester).—A well-known worker in the movement, recently deceased.

Thomas Styles, Senr.—Spoke of his boy at Herne Hill.

Richard Irish—"I am here in full regalia."—Recognised by a lady.

A dog barked. Control said it was called Rush, and belonged to a lady named Ross. Recognised.

James Bardwick.—Said he was related to Percy Beddoe (or Beddoes) for whom (the guide added) there was an urgent message which they would endeavour to get through in two days.

Dr. Ransome (a control) referred to his work in the cure or alleviation of cancer. Two persons in the audience testified to help obtained through him.

Nash.—"My name is Nash. Mother! mother! I was afraid you would not get in," etc. (Laughter.)

Other communicators were said to be David Hartley (late President of the Bournemouth Society); Mr. A. Clegg (formerly organist of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association); J. B. Browning, George Grossmith, Dan Leno, Ruby Owen, Dr. Ellis Powell, and Mr. W. T. Stead.

Dr. Powell expressed his pleasure at the realisation of his pet scheme. "I want to say how delighted I am at the great response—something attempted and, by jingo, something done!" He congratulated Mr. Saunders on the success of his efforts (applause) and added that roughly, within six months, they on the other side hoped to be able to demonstrate not only to gatherings held in the daylight, but also to the whole world. He would welcome co-operation with the Churches in this matter, and hoped to bring them to a clearer understanding.

The most evidential point of the evening occurred in connection with a communicator who gave the name Courtney Veale, who, in seeking recognition, referred to "a tall lady in the centre." This was Mrs. Moger, a well-known member of the L.S.A., who said she knew a person of that name. She was sitting against the middle of the centre aisle of the hall. She is tall in stature.

At the close Mr. Saunders read a letter from the Council Committee of the L.S.A. in which it was asked that Mr. Saunders should make clear that the experiment of that night was made entirely on his own responsibility, without any participation of the body in question.

A very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Saunders was carried.

L. C.

A SOLDIER-SON'S RETURN TO HIS PARENTS.

Mr. Brereton, a Wesleyan Local Preacher, of Worcester, writes:—

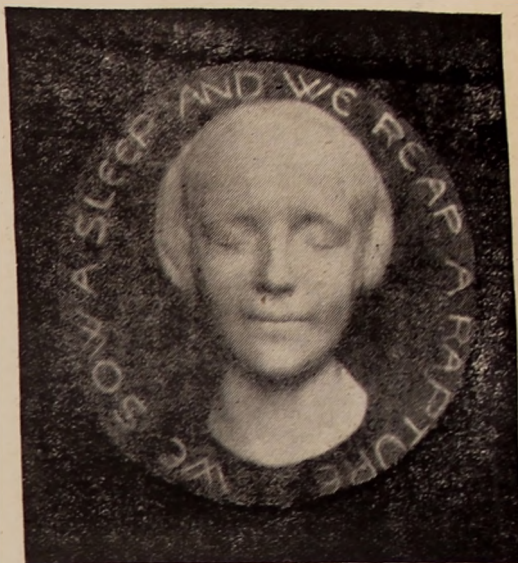
One evening in April, 1923, Mrs. Brereton and I were returning from a walk in Hulham-road, Exmouth, when she said, "I wonder if John [a son killed in the war] ever comes with us for a walk?" and I replied, "I think it is quite likely." She remarked, "I should like to know." The next afternoon we were out again and a little girl named Muriel Searle joined us. She was only twelve years of age and was on a visit to her mother. After a time she said, "We have a companion with us this afternoon: there is a young man walking between you; he is dressed in khaki and is swinging a cane; I think it is your son—yes, it is, because he nodded his head and smiled as though he is so pleased that you know." Well, she left us to go to her mother who was living in one of the shelters. After tea we had a circle with Mrs. Miles Ord, of Bristol. When she had described a minister with me and given a message from him regarding my preaching, she said, "Now I see such a bright soldier boy, and he says"—then followed a rather long message ending with the words, "Now he flashes a light across to his mother [who was on the opposite side of the room] and says, 'I walk between you, I walk between you.'"

It should be mentioned that Mrs. Ord had not been at tea with us, neither was Muriel in the house, so nothing could have been known by the former of what had transpired in the afternoon. Indeed, it was not until Mrs. Brereton was having breakfast the next morning that it flashed into her mind what John in particular meant by the words he had repeated.

THE HUMAN SIDE.

The "great passage" of the world to-day—the movement towards worlds not realised—will in the future be fully described in great tomes by many "learned clerks." They will be most moving and valiant chronicles. Many splendid deeds will be blazoned, many names freshly remembered. It will be a great page in the records of Religion and the annals of Science. But its main interest will be its human one—comedy and tragedy, humour and pathos, courage and cowardice, sense and stupidity, magnanimity and meanness—all the virtues and vices of the human family. It will be a great human epic. The name will not matter much. If it is called Spiritualism we shall be well content. The term has many objectionable associations, but it is at least comprehensive. It will last when many elegant and immaculate little "isms" have had their day and ceased to be.

INTO HIGHER DREAM.



This is a photograph, taken by Mrs. Dora Head, the photographic artist, of the death-mask of a Breton girl found drowned in the Seine. The expression of serenity and happiness on the face suggested to Mrs. Head the sentence printed around the medallion, "We sow a sleep and we reap a rapture," taken from a poem in *LIGHT* of June 2nd, 1923. It is the sleep that, in a poet's phrase, passes into "higher dream."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

"The Philosopher's Stone." By J. Anker Larsen. (Constable, 12/- net.)

This is the novel which won the Danish "Glydendal Competition" of £3,000. The motif is a psychological study of the lives of two men, who possessed a psychical tendency in their childhood, but diverged in their character and methods as they attained manhood. The one, Jens Dahl, cultivated mysticism and the "Yogi" methods, while the other, Christian Barnes, was led into the paths of practical Christianity. Readers will be interested in the sequel. The author is not in sympathy with Church methods, and draws a very marked line between Religion and Theology, expressing this view in the voiced opinions of both of his characters. Thus we find Christian Barnes saying:—

But the Church is a thing fixed and finished once for all; the religious feeling is a living, growing life, and one fine day the Church becomes too narrow, the snake has the choice of crawling out of its slough or being strangled in it. At that moment appear the prophets, who don't always get on with the priests, even though the priests of later times gather the deceased prophets into the Church and thus extend it.

When the Galilean was dead, leaving to the world as his new testament the maxim that God is love, the men who had known him came and said: "The Galilean says that God is love; he who believes this shall be saved," and that is true, because faith becomes an inner act which creates love, and that again increases the power of faith; and they said further: "The Galilean was himself love, the Galilean was God." Now we have Christianity, the religion. A little later this became: "God is love, the Galilean is God; he who does not believe this shall be burnt." That was the Church. The religious feeling, which ought to have been love of God—since one cannot well entertain any feeling for Love but love itself—became love of the Church and hatred of heretics. Religion became Theology.

Jens Dahl, from his different point of view, says:—

I turned religious. I studied theology. Theology drove me out of Christianity. But I still had a soul to be saved. I was seeking for something. I thought it was God. I know now it was myself.

It is a strong book, full of human interest, and a very searching record of human character. No reader will put the book down without having gained by its perusal.

W. H.

The A.B.C. of Spiritualism.
GUIDANCE AND COUNSEL FOR INQUIRERS.
 Conducted by "Lieutenant-Colonel."

INTERVENTION OF PROVIDENCE.

The questions put by materialists often appear more difficult on the surface than they really are, when the question itself is dissected, as well as the implication involved. "In all the pain and suffering of this world, can you show one single intervention?" Intervention by whom? Here the intended idea is undoubtedly that the Deity is morally bound to intervene in such cases, and by some form of miraculous interference to prove His existence, or at least, His omnipotence. The sceptic counts his own value, and his opinion, too highly; not only have pain and suffering their educational uses, more especially to men of his kind, but the comprehensive statement implied in the question is untrue, if the question is taken in its broader meaning.

Whence came that knowledge and skill by which pain is alleviated if not removed? Does the sceptic really believe it came with evolution to the brute mind; that knowledge arose where the very conception of it did not exist? Then indeed he accepts a miracle, he concedes a divinity to the brute which he denies to its Rightful Owner. Or take the fact of "faith healing," a fact he cannot deny in these days of close investigation, unless he is intentionally blind. He may claim that this is not intervention, then let him give the physiological explanation of cures, sometimes immediate, which are physically impossible, but yet happen.

And to come nearer home, when the husband, wife, or parent has lost the one dearer than life itself, and is enduring the greatest suffering that this world can give, a suffering from which death would be a welcome release, is it not an intervention when that loved one's presence is known, when the loved voice is heard, in the old familiar accents, and death has ceased to be the awful separation that it had seemed to be?

He may pooh-poooh this evidence; but whose opinion is of the greater value? That of the man who is expressing an opinion, or that of the man who had no hope, and has been forced not only to hope, but to *know*, for he has seen and heard that in which, of all men, he could not be deceived?

The sceptic may never get evidence of intervention—perhaps he does not deserve it—but he cannot deny that evidence comes to others, however much he may try to do so.

ANIMAL SURVIVAL.

The intention on the part of the inquirer, in this case, is probably not so much to claim the reward for fidelity on the part of the animal, as to disprove the possibility of survival by the fact that the animal cannot aspire to the same position as a man, not an attempt to elevate the animal so much as a desire to degrade the man to the brute level, as among those who perish.

Undoubtedly "the fidelity of a dog" will get its reward. But, apart from all other considerations, would it be equitable that that reward should be equal to that of a man, who can, and often does, give far more than the animal can, even though it be at the cost of life itself.

According to some views, an animal can survive at the desire of his master, and continue as a separate existence until that desire ceases, *viz.*, when the master is called to higher spheres where the animal cannot follow him, and when separation from its master would deprive the animal of the only pleasure of its existence. But this "temporary" survival is not the only possible conclusion. It is only reasonable to suppose that, where an animal has tried to emulate humanity in the higher and more noble forms of self-sacrifice, where it has subjected instinct to something very nearly approaching moral reasoning, it should reap the reward by being given the opportunity of the higher life it has tried to emulate. How, we know not, but then it is little we do know. Still it seems improbable that the spirit of man should be launched into the intricacies of human life, without the possible experience that could be gained in a lower form of existence; while it is equally improbable that the animal-soul should be advanced to the same degree of existence as that for which a human life is considered a necessary preparation.

It is a certainty that an animal reaps the reward which it deserves—but we are certainly not the judges of what that reward should be.

As for the sceptic who raised the question, it would better befit him to ensure his own reward, which is within his own choice, than to dogmatise on the future of those over which he will have no control.

NOTE.—The Editor invites questions of general interest for this page, under the conditions mentioned on page 221 in the issue of April 5th.

SPIRITS REVEAL ORIGIN OF A FIRE.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

The following incident will show to what a remarkable extent our spirit friends follow our actions at times. It is not to be supposed they are with us every moment of the day or night, but they are undoubtedly with us far more than is realised, and cognisant of many things we do, or indeed, think.

Recently a fire occurred at the bottom of my garden, and completely gutted the stables. They were only used for garden tools and poultry food, all of which were entirely destroyed. It happened to be an unusually hot day, with much wind, and the flames were so great and the heat so intense that trees fifty feet away were scorched to sixty feet above ground. I telephoned to the fire brigade, and in a few minutes after arriving they had extinguished the flames. When it was all over the officer in charge of the fire brigade said: "Now, how did this happen?" My neighbour, whose fence had been burnt down, and who had been watching the fire, at once stepped forward and said, "I know; I left a glazed frame leaning against the tarred fence. The sun's rays concentrated on some dried grass, and when that caught alight the fence must have soon gone, and then the stables." "Very likely," said the officer, "the hot sun and the wind together, I expect. Yes, that's it," and he entered it in his notebook accordingly. I could have suggested another theory, but as it involved revealing some carelessness on my part (although in no way invalidating the insurance) and the inspector was quite satisfied with the explanation, I let the matter pass. Within half an hour of the fire my neighbour's wife was due at a direct voice sitting. Neither the medium nor any sitter had any knowledge of the fire, or that the lady had witnessed it, nor did she refer to it until the spirits themselves mentioned it. The guide of the medium said, "I am sorry you have been so disturbed—you had an exciting time at the fire." "Yes," said the lady, "the sun was so hot it set light to the fence and some straw." The reply of the guide considerably astonished her. He said, "We can tell you better than that. Mr. Saunders' son [in spirit life] tells me that his father a short time before put two buckets of hot ashes against the fence. The wind fanned the ashes into a flame and this caught some dried grass, and then the fence, and the wind drove the flames into the stables." Now this is perfectly true, and was a fact known only to myself. The previous day I had a grand bonfire of garden refuse, and as I like to retain the ash for garden use, on the morning of the fire I filled two pails and placed the ashes in a box near the fence. I noticed they felt warm, but never for a moment imagined the retained heat was so great. The spot where this took place was four hundred feet away from the house, hidden by many trees, and I was the only human being there.

Here is an incident, therefore, upon which our know-all critics can sharpen their theories, and tell us "how it is done!" The telepathic theory must be ruled out. I was not at the sitting, and the lady was so certain her husband's suggestion was the right one that she was as much surprised as anyone, and only fully realised the truth when she told me of her experience in the circle, and I then told her what I had done. It proved a capital test, and, incidentally, shows the interest taken in our doings, however trivial they may be.

**PROFESSOR RICHEL: MR. DE BRATH
 EXPLAINS.**

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR.—I recently wrote: Personally I cordially agree with Richet, who says: "As to the reality of the facts I do not need the assistance of journalists. I am no propagandist, and have no anxiety to persuade others; but I am supremely anxious not to be led into error myself."

These words seem to have given offence to some. When I wrote them I was expressing the reasonable attitude of a man of pure science who knows that the only effective witness is he who speaks plain experimental truth, and leaves it to make its way unaided by "propaganda" which, even when honest, are invariably one-sided—the rhetoric of an advocate, not the pronouncements of a judge.

Richet has tested certain facts, long asserted by Spiritualists, in the laboratory and found them true. He has borne most courageous and honest witness to them. He does not, as a man of science, regard any theory yet advanced as quite satisfactory, but his testimony to the facts is of unparalleled value. My own attitude is clear enough from my writings.—Yours, etc.,

S. DE BRATH.

"MAN'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH."—In further reference to the third edition of the Rev. C. L. Tweeddale's book, "Man's Survival After Death," enlarged and with twelve plates, shortly to be issued, we omitted last week to mention that the publisher is Grant Richards. Copies may be obtained from the L.S.A. Book Department.

A CASE OF PRESCIENCE.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR.—The following instance of prescience I lately read in the "Scena Illustrata," of Florence, and it has occurred to me you might think it worth while publishing in LIGHT. The prime mover in the case was Signor Vincenzo Sassaroli, more generally known in the history of music from his having insisted on Verdi reimbursing him for his expenses of journey and living in order to be present at the premiere of the great composer's opera, "La Traviata," at Venice. Sassaroli, who had but lately come to Santeano and was appointed director of the local band, on the occasion of his first rehearsal, almost immediately announced to the players and the priest, who was present, his conviction that within a short period the entire collapse of the house where they were would take place, going so far as to name the day and hour when the event would occur—all of which was received by those present with hilarious incredulity. In fact he was regarded as not quite in his right mind; nevertheless, an engineer was engaged to inspect the whole building, and he pronounced it absolutely sound. Notwithstanding this, Sassaroli persisted in his assertion, declaring that on the fourth day from that of the first meeting with the players the house would fall. A rehearsal was fixed for the fatal day on which the prophecy was to be fulfilled. On the fourth day the musicians assembled as arranged, Sassaroli naturally also duly appearing, but in a state of the greatest agitation, and only to implore them: one and all to leave as soon as possible, which, to calm his excitement, they did. "Go gently, I entreat of you," he urged, "for your weight all together descending the stairs might hasten the fall of the house." All had reached the street in safety when, with a terrific crash, the building collapsed.—Yours, etc.,

CLAUDE TREVOR.

17, Luiz Arno Torregiani,
Florence, Italy.
July, 1924.

THE EDINBURGH PSYCHIC CENTRE.—We regret that in our account in last issue (p. 476) the abbreviation of the report (sent by Mr. G. H. Henderson) led to a little obscurity. The meeting referred to in the paragraph commencing "at our first meeting," was held in Stranraer, and not in Edinburgh, as might be supposed, it being the first meeting in connection with the Edinburgh Centre held in Stranraer last month at a time when Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Falconer were doing propaganda work in Wigtownshire.

Safety First

At some moment everyone must act quickly if a serious accident is to be avoided and unless the muscles of the limbs instantly respond to the messages from the eye, such action is impossible. Movements of this character are produced by what is scientifically known as "Co-ordination," but co-ordination is greatly hindered by accumulation of the waste products of fatigue and food in the body. In order to effectively remove this accumulation a small dose of **Osmos Salts** should be taken daily.

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RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

Whatever may be thought of the meeting on Thursday, 24th ulto., at the hall of the Art Workers' Guild, at which the "Broadcasting of Spirit Voices" was demonstrated, one cannot but be impressed by the courage and public spirit of Mr. R. H. Saunders, who carried out the experiment, devoting to it much time and labour and bearing the expenses involved. It was obviously a risky, and as many thought, a rash enterprise, but Mr. Saunders persisted in the face of discouragement that might well have deterred persons less resolute and earnest.

As to the wisdom of the proceeding, opinions necessarily differ acutely. I have listened to much hot and acrimonious discussion, but detaching the event from all personal considerations and even questions of policy, it is clearly a matter on which the future only will enable us to form a clear judgment. The beginnings of every great discovery and invention are notoriously crude and ungainly, often apparently suspicious and ridiculous. In the present instance we have at least the first attempt to broadcast the direct voice under conditions generally the reverse of favourable. It was very far from critic-proof. There were those who acclaimed it as a great success and those who denounced it as a farce and a fiasco. I prefer to take the long view and look at the thing as a first attempt, doubtless very far from what might have been achieved under better conditions. The medium is notoriously one whose phenomena are very "mixed," and occasionally of an apparently tricky character. But sometimes one gains with him (as I have done) evidences of the strongest kind. That is a commonplace with some forms of mediumship—I have been familiar with it for a great many years, and know the difficulties.

A friend who has had a long experience of mediumship and with whom I discussed the matter, agrees with me that we have yet a great deal to learn regarding the laws of mediumship. We must know much more before we can speak with understanding concerning some of the tricky and dubious matter which "comes through," especially when it is associated with a genuine manifestation of voice-production. The "voice" is real enough, but the identity behind it is sometimes a matter of very grave doubt. My friend likens these things to the "interruptions," "interferences" and "atmospherics" familiar to us in wireless, and the comparison is an apt one.

Let us go ahead, risking mistakes and failures—although we do not want more of these than we can help. The subject will clear itself as we go. Small doubt we shall have to "scrap" some things and change others. That is all in the day's work. The discovery of a new world of life outside of (or rather interior to) our own is too vast a matter to be entirely plain sailing. We have assured ourselves of the reality of human survival and of communication, as central facts enduring every test. We are in contact with the new region, and the work now is not merely to demonstrate it to the world but to perfect the means of communication and understand the science of the matter.

It is a helpful thing in these matters never to forget that we are dealing with a human world on both sides of the way. The next world, or rather that part of it closely adjacent to this, contains countless examples of human frailty. There are enthusiastic blunderers there and people of undeveloped moral character—there are pompous asses and cheerful idiots as well as sensible folk, and they are all mixed up with the work of establishing lines of communication.

If I did not know that superintending the great undertaking are spirits of lofty mind and supreme ability I should have grave doubts about the final results—they would be something like "chaos come again." But I have seen and still see that progress is being made all the time, and that every set-back is usually the prelude to a great step forward.

A correspondent tells me of a clergyman who dislikes this journal, and who says it is mis-named. He would have it called "Darkness." But the suggested change is altogether too revolutionary, and while not overlooking the fact that the objector loves "Darkness" rather than "Light," I propose a less violent alteration. Would "Blight" content him?

D. G.

NOTICE:—Corrections to Authors' proofs should reach the Editorial office by Monday morning, otherwise these corrections cannot be made in time for publication.

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THE BOOK-MARKER.

Bits from Books, Old and New.

READERS are invited to send us for inclusion in this column any striking passages which appeal to them and which have some bearing on the subjects dealt with in "LIGHT." The name of the book and author should be given in each case.

A SAILOR'S CHAPEL.

The chapel was built in the shape of a ship, in dark finish, with low ceiling, ample and inviting. Behind the pulpit an artist hung a painting of a ship in distress, storm-tossed and driven. Taylor called this temple "Bethel," remembering the ladder of Jacob whereon angels ascended and descended in a dream that was also a prayer. And Edward Everett called Taylor himself "a walking Bethel." Two sailor boys stood in front of the chapel one day, and one who could spell proceeded to make out the name over the door: "B-e-t that's beat; H-e-l, that's hell, here's where the old man beats hell, let's go in." And they came in numbers, a wilderness of wild human souls, and the genius of Taylor shone like a beacon in the night. But so many others came that he had to make a rule that the sailor boys should be seated first, and if they filled the seats the rest must stand. Sailor Jack saw the point, and sat on his dignity.—From "The Men's House," by H. L. HAYWOOD.

THE MATERIALIST'S DILEMMA.

It is not necessary for us, then, if this philosophy is sustainable, to cringe to the materialist, humbly begging his tolerant examination of our evidence. We have been too patient. It is time to take our rightful position. Survival is at least as likely as extinction, to put it at its very lowest; and, if so, and if we have evidence claiming to support survival, it is for our opponents to prove that it does not, or confess themselves beaten. If it is "telepathy" (from the living), let them prove it. Let them produce experimental telepathic results—provably telepathic and without spirit help—of the same kind as the evidence in the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research that claims to be due to the action of discarnate minds. It has not been done. . . . Telepathy, either from the living or the dead, is a doubtfully admissible supposition unless it is reasonable to infer that the communication is willed by some mind. In experimental cases it is so willed; in many mediumistic phenomena no willing of the kind on the part of living people is known of or reasonably to be inferred. The willing, if any, then, is on the part of some discarnate mind. . . . And in many cases I believe this to be a fact.—From "Psychical Investigations," by J. ARTHUR HILL.

MAETERLINCK ON THE LIFE OF THE DEAD.

There would be no difference between the living and the dead if we but knew how to remember. There would be no more dead. The best of what they were dwells with us after fate has taken them from us; all their past is ours; and it is wider than the present, more certain than the future. Material presence is not everything in this world; and we can dispense with it without despairing. We do not mourn those who live in lands which we shall never

visit, because we know that it depends on us whether we go to find them. Let it be the same with our dead. Instead of believing that they have disappeared never to return, tell yourselves that they are in a country to which you yourself will assuredly go soon, a country not so very far away. And while waiting for the time when you will go there once and for all, you may visit them in thought as easily as if they were still in a region inhabited by the living. The memory of the dead is even more alive than that of the living, it is as though they were assisting our memory, as though they, on their side, were making a mysterious effort to join hands with us on ours. One feels that they are far more powerful than the absent who continue to breathe as we do.

Try then to recall those whom you have lost, before it is too late, before they have gone too far; and you will see that they will come much closer to your heart, that they will belong to you more truly, that they are as real as when they were in the flesh. In putting off this last, they have but discarded the moments in which they loved us least or in which we did not love at all. Now they are pure; they no longer possess faults, littlenesses, oddities; they can no longer fall away, or deceive themselves, or give us pain. They care for nothing now but to smile upon us, to encompass us with love, to bring us a happiness drawn without stint from a past which they live again beside us.—From "Gleanings from Maeterlinck" (Methuen and Co., Ltd.).

THE ART OF SACRIFICE.

There is a way by which the shadow of the Christ-life may fall on the common life of man, and this is by doing every act as a sacrifice, not for what it will bring to the doer, but for what it will bring to others, and, in the daily common life of small duties, petty actions, narrow interests, by changing the motive and thus changing all. Not one thing in the outer life need necessarily be varied; in any life sacrifice may be offered, amid any surroundings God may be served. Evolving spiritually is not marked by what a man does, but by how he does it; not in the circumstances, but in the attitude of a man towards them, lies the opportunity of growth.—"Esoteric Christianity," by ANNIE BESANT.

TRUTH AND UNITY.

It is in Truth we find Unity, and it is Unity that is the strength behind the whole universe; and as among the components of the universe that Unity is realised, so it unites one with another and is the cause of strength. It is the Unity in the units of a body that makes the body. It is the Unity in the units of a nation that makes a nation. It is the Unity in the strands of a rope that make a rope. It is God realised in the heart of humanity that will make humanity one great united organism, functioning always towards the greater expression of Love, Harmony, and Beauty.—"Towards Unity," by Dr. A. B. SCOTT.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.R.C.—Thanks for your letter. There is certainly room for improvement, but it is not a matter which can be accomplished forthwith, as there are strong obstacles; but we live in hopes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"Royal Magazine," August.
 "Atoms and Rays," By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Ernest Benn, Ltd., 8, Bouverie Street, E.C. 4. (21s. net.)
 "How to Avert Cancer," By H. Reinheimer. Grevelt and Co., Ltd., Ewell Road, Surbiton. (2s. net.)
 "The Mystery of Christ's Divine Humanity." By W. H. Moyes. (1s. or post free, 1s. 14d.) To be obtained from the author, 3, Kenilworth Gardens, Southbourne Grove, Westcliff-on-Sea.

CHILDREN COMMUNICATING FROM THE UNSEEN.

By L. M. BAZETT.

Some of the most interesting and spontaneous communications which I have received have come from children, and it may be that readers of *LIGHT* would be interested in a few remarks in this connection.

My guide, whose work is to find the communicators in spirit-life, has shown considerable skill with children.

I have clairvoyantly seen him, encouraging a little girl to speak to me about her home and her mother, thereby providing useful material for identification, although this was entirely unconscious on the part of the child. The need for identification does not come within the scope of a child's imagination, and a wise spirit-guide is an invaluable help in this direction.

A description of a child's personal appearance is especially useful for purposes of identification, and my guide has been known to suggest to a child that she should sit in a certain chair, and pretend that she was going to be photographed; the attention thus obtained gave me the necessary focus for a clairvoyant observation.

At the opening of this sitting, my recorder had, as usual, taken my temperature and felt my pulse, as records of variation in this direction are taken before and after each sitting, to discover any deviation from the normal as an effect of the exercise of the psychic faculty.

On this occasion, I noticed that the child became suddenly distressed, and cried, on perceiving the thermometer in my mouth. She asked at once, "Is she ill?" and I was aware that her last illness, so recently experienced, was brought to her mind again. I quickly put away the thermometer, and the guide assured her that I was not ill, and that it was nothing but a game.

Similar distress was evidenced by a small boy who was brought to communicate, when the curtains were drawn in the garden-room which is kept exclusively for this work.

I had sensed him as being so full of happiness and joy, and felt the sudden change. The original atmosphere was restored by pulling back the curtains, and inviting him to look out of the window into the garden, as he wished to do.

As when dealing with a child in earth-life, one has to be ready to meet the spontaneity which is so characteristic of childhood, so I have found that this necessity continues after death.

The same little boy mentioned above appeared in the doorway of the room in which I was resting in the afternoon, many hours before the time appointed for the sitting with him. He smiled at me as he sat cross-legged on the floor, and said, "May I talk to you now?" Then, without waiting for permission, he conveyed mental impressions to me, lasting for an hour, so distinct that I had them recorded.

One little girl, whose conversation came rather spasmodically, became far more communicative when a spirit-nurse appeared to fetch her away. I was interested to gain the impression that this nurse was so like her own nurse on earth that the child thought of her as "Nanny's" sister.

It is possible that the success which I have so far had with children is partly due to my having had a good many years of teaching experience, both with boys and girls.

L. M. BAZETT.

Mrs. CANNOCK (73, Ea. V's Court Road, S.W.), who is on a tour in Belgium, will be absent from home until 12th inst.

ERRATUM.—In the paragraph, "Dishonest Belief," in last issue (p. 480), the word "pullatin" in the last sentence should be "pullulation."

HULLIAM HOUSE.—Mrs. Eleanor Gray writes very appreciatively of Dr. Beale and his Home. The House, which is at Exmouth, Devonshire, is situated on high ground, surrounded by gardens and lawns, with extensive views of sea, hill and valley. She speaks highly of the healing work carried on through the mediumship of Miss Harvey, as described in the books by E. M. S., "One Thing I Know," and "Dr. Beale."

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—August 3rd, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. Horace Leaf. Wednesday, August 6th, 8, Mrs. Edey.
 Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—August 3rd, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Miss A. L. Fox.
 Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham, S.E.—August 3rd, 11, open circle; 6.30, Mrs. Filmore. Wednesday, 7.30, Mr. Melton, at 55, Station-road.
 St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—August 3rd, 7, To be arranged. August 4th, 8, Spiritual developing circle. August 7th, 8, Mrs. Bishop Anderson.
 Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—August 3rd, 11, public circle; 7, Rev. E. Nash. Thursday, August 7th, 8, Mr. F. Crook.
 Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—August 3rd, 11.30 and 7, Mrs. Blanche Petz. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. E. Marriott.
 Bowes Park.—Shaftesbury Hall adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—August 3rd, 11, Mr. R. Butcher; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Orłowski.
 Worthing Spiritualist Mission, Mansfield's Hall, Montague-street (entrance Liverpool-road).—August 3rd, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. Harvey.
 Central.—144, High Holborn.—August 1st, 7.30, Mrs. E. Edey. August 3rd, 7, Mrs. N. Melloy.
 St. Paul's Christian Spiritualist Mission.—5a, Dagnell Park, Selhurst, S.E.—August 3rd, 7, Mrs. Barkel. Wednesday, 8, service and clairvoyance.
 St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. August 3rd, 6.30 Service, Holy Communion and Address. Healing Service, Wed., August 6th, 7 p.m.

"THE WITNESS," a book of psychic communications recorded by Jessie Platts (Hutchinson and Co., 5s. net) gives the story of Captain John Carrick Platts ("Jack"), the elder son of the Rev. Charles Platts, formerly Fellow and Junior Dean of Trinity College. Captain Platts was killed in action at Abu Kemal, on March 7th, 1920. His brother, "Tiny," who fell in battle in 1917, was associated in delivery of the messages and assisted in conveying those of his brother in addition to sending communications on his own account. A further notice will appear shortly.

THE DEATH PENALTY FOR MURDER.—Amongst the contributors to a discussion on the question "Should Murderers be Hanged?" in the "Detective Magazine" of the 4th ult., were Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is in favour of the suspension of the death-penalty for ten years as an experiment; Sir E. Marshall Hall, K.C., who does not believe in the present death-penalty, but holds that it should be retained with modifications; the Rev. James Adderley, who is against the infliction of death as a punishment; and Bishop Welldon, who thinks the death-penalty in murder cases should be retained.

Mrs. ANNIE JOHNSON.—We learn that this medium has conducted a most successful four weeks' mission in South Wales. The opening week was in connection with the Gwaun-Cae-Gurven Spiritualist Society, where she did splendid pioneering work amongst the miners. She also spent a fortnight at Swansea Spiritual Church, where she held public services or circles every night. At each meeting the church was full and on Sundays many people failed to get admission. Mrs. Johnson's work ended at the Port Talbot and Aberavon Society. Her clairvoyance is described as remarkable. In many cases she gave the Christian and surname correctly.

THE CAUSE, PREVENTION AND CURE OF CANCER.—Dr. Anderschou has published a book on this subject, and desires assistance in the promulgation of what he believes is of immense importance to a great number of suffering people. Based upon twenty-six years' experience, the book gives definite directions for prevention and cure. It is entitled, "The Crux of Mankind. Cancer—its Cause, Prevention and Cure," published by The C.W. Daniel Co., price 2/6. Dr. Anderschou invites his patients and friends to assist him by subscribing £1 towards the cost of printing, and in return he will forward to each such subscriber nine copies of the book, thus giving one copy free to the subscriber who undertakes to dispose of the other copies. The address is 48, Tavistock-square, London, W.C.1.



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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

No. 2,274.—VOL. XLIV. [Registered as] SATURDAY AUGUST 9, 1924. [a Newspaper.] PRICE FOURPENCE.

What "Light" Stands For.

"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. This position it firmly and consistently maintains. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion—conducted in the spirit of honest, courteous and reverent inquiry—its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light." But it should be understood that the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the views or opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Nor in the west is thine appearance ended,
Neither from dark shall thy renewal be,
Lo, for the firmament in spaces splendid
Lighteth her beacon-fires ablaze for thee.
—F. W. H. MYERS.

INVESTIGATORS AND THEIR WAYS.

Some time ago a gentleman, whose name is well-known to the reading public, was moved to sarcasm over some remarks in *LIGHT* concerning the ignorance of most of our critics regarding the more notable scientific experiments in psychic phenomena which have sufficed to convince the experimenters. Was he required (he asked) on the strength of these things to accept the whole Spiritualistic bag of tricks? We replied in the negative, adding that we would never be so cruel as to make such a demand on his faith. And we pointed out that nobody was asked to accept anything but that which commended itself to his (or her) judgment. Of course standards of evidence vary widely. We meet those droll persons for whom the flimsiest evidence seems to be amply sufficient, just as we find, at the other extreme, those who would not be convinced if the sky rained miracles, being proof against any form of evidence whatever. In this matter we do not "require" an investigator to accept anything. We prefer that he shall convince himself—our own part being simply to afford him what facilities we may. Whether he accepts our facts or not is his own affair. That is our reply to those who seem to think that we ought to grow anxious and excited over their incredulity, and to make strong efforts to convert them. We have a lively recollection of one inquirer who, being offended by some expression of political opinion with which he disagreed, darkly hinted that he would now reconsider his intention to take an interest in Spiritualism. The threat ought to have made us quail. It only made us laugh.

"Light" can be obtained at all Bookstalls
and Newsagents; or by Subscription,
22/- per annum.

A NOTE ON THE OUTLOOK.

Looking over the ranks of our opposition, which appears to be more powerful than intelligent, and more obstinate than consciously resolute, we note the presence of a religious community the leaders of which dread nothing so much as free inquiry, and would fain have the whole world drilled and regimented after their own pattern. A similar ambition has already received a crushing reply in the region of world-politics after a certain nation had sought to dragoon the other nations into its own particular *Kultur*. We expect much the same fate will be the result of "religious" aspirations in a similar direction. When man elects to be free he has always all the powers of Nature at his back. She is yielding up at last the secret of death, and bringing it into the light of day, and there is much disturbance amongst the bats and owls who would prefer to have everything kept dark. So far as our opponents can prevent the too rapid spread of the New Revelation their efforts are not useless, and may be welcomed, but so far as they are directed to the preservation of vested interests in human ignorance and sheep-like docility they are clearly doomed to failure. For a long time no doubt we shall see the spectacle of communities of people who prefer to have their thinking done for them, and to yield their reason to authority. But the "Time Spirit" is against this servility of soul. The mystery of the grave is the last stronghold of those who would keep the human mind in shackles, and when that mystery is dissolved their position will be hopeless indeed. Evidently they know it and their desperate struggles to-day are eloquent of the fact.

DR. GELEY'S GREAT WORK.

The contributions of Mr. Stanley De Brath are always worthy of our best attention; but we desire our readers to make a special study of his article, "The Works of Dr. Geley: An Appreciation," in this issue. And for two reasons: One, because the article itself excellently indicates the value of the work under consideration; the other, because "From the Unconscious to the Conscious" is in remarkable harmony (although of "independent" origin) with the works of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. J. S. Haldane, and Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis. In reading this book, when it was first published, we were deeply impressed by its consonance with the Harmonial Philosophy, being by far the most striking example of this accord in our personal experience. Readers who are acquainted with the work of Wallace or Haldane, but not with that of Davis, may be encouraged to adventures in the realm of the latter. Again, those who know Geley's books, and every psychical student should know them well, are especially prepared to understand and appreciate the works of Davis.

NOTICE:—Corrections to Authors' proofs should reach the Editorial office by Monday morning, otherwise these corrections cannot be made in time for publication.

SOME OLD-TIME GHOST STORIES.

(FROM THE COLLECTION MADE BY MR. T. M. JARVIS AND FIRST
PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE "ACCREDITED GHOST
STORIES" IN 1823.)

APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL TO MRS. BARGRAVE.

(From Drelincourt on Death).

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it: it is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance, though, since this relation, she is calumniated by some people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse, very abruptly, to some impertinence: she was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships: and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books: and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the Custom House at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though, above a twelvemonth of the time, Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half-year has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, one thousand seven hundred and five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard: "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me"; and then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit. At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you; you have been so long a stranger"; but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her; which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, "I am not very well," and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room, within the first; and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow chair,

in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women." "Oh!" says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort, in particular, they received from "Drelincourt's Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject, ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated, written upon death, and several others: but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes upstairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and, when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And, believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state, but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned "Dr. Horneck's Ascetic," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age; for now (says she) there is nothing but frothy vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we ought to do as they did. There was an hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave; "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them"; which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused and waved the thing, saying, "Holding down her head would make it ache"; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring friendship, Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven." She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave; "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it, she thinks, she does), she said to Mrs. Bargrave, "She would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him, she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson."

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow chair she thought would keep her from falling on either side; and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But, for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," said Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman! Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter."

Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink; but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it": which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home: "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see for her; and, by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast market, on a Saturday (which is market day), and stood ready to part, as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her; and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder; and, though she was ill, she put on her hood and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way. For they were, in general, extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac; for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry; and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that"; but Mrs. Veal waved it, and said, "It is no matter, let it alone"; and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr.

Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's book of death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take any thing of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies; but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her deathbed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything; and she said, "No." Now the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then, again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it) I cannot imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest, too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked, too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee. She said she did not remember she did; but she appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make anyone believe it: I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and, had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says, "She had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time." Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me; and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

(To be continued.)

MIND IS THE MASTER.

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

(REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION FROM THE "CLARION").

I don't know who the old reader can be who complains that I am no longer taking an active interest in practical affairs, but he little dreams what he is asking for. Were I to express in cold type my candid opinions of certain social and political problems, or of some of our most freely advertised literary and political heroes, I should raise blisters on the lions in Trafalgar Square and bring down the remaining hairs of our handsome Editor with sorrow to the bow-wows.

No, my friends, let sleeping dogs lie. Besides: is the housing question as important as the question of a future life? If the housing question is so pressing, why don't the builders build some? Is it my job? Am I a member of the Government? No. I thank God. "Then keep a bright lookout forrard and good day to you."

Is it true that "the proper study of mankind is man?" Very well, then. Let us get on with it.

When that I was a little tiny boy, with hey, ho, the wind and the rain, I used to worry the grown-ups with a question: "What do we see with?" The grown-ups told me all about it. They told me how the light rays entered the pupil of the eye and made a picture on the retina, which picture was conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain. Just like a camera, they said.

But I knew that my question had not been answered. Because a camera cannot see. And I knew that human sight begins where the camera leaves off. I can see a picture on the window of the camera, but the camera is blind. So I locked my unanswered question up in my mind where it remained for a lifetime. But at last I think I have got it answered, and the answer is "significant of much."

The first ray of light came to me when I was reading "Death and its Mystery." M. Flammarion says that it is not the brain which sees: "it is the soul that sees and uses the brain as the instrument." So far, so good. We postulate a soul, and that was more than I was equal to at the time.

But later I read a lecture by Mr. Alex. Erskine, who is a professor of Neurology, and I began to get a better grasp of the idea. Mr. Erskine's words carry conviction, because he acts up to the rhymed instruction of Mr. Squeers: "When he knows it he goes and does it." In other words, this great nerve doctor puts his theory to the test of practice: he tells us that the mind controls the body, and he proves it by causing the minds of his patients to cure their ills.

To begin with, let us see what the professor says about the sight. He tells us how the light comes through the pupil and makes a picture on the retina, and how the optic nerve is caused to vibrate by the light, and how the vibration is carried by electric process up to the terminal of the optic nerve centre in the brain. All that we already knew. But this we did not know: "In other words, it rings, as it were, the bell in the brain that instantly attracts the mind's attention and intelligence, which interprets and sees the object reflected on the retina." Then comes the vital sentence: "So we understand scientifically now that the mind is a separate entity, which has power to see."

When in a state of waking consciousness, the mind can only see through the agency of the eye. But in sleep or hypnosis the mind can see without the agency of the eye.

That the mind does under abnormal conditions see without the eye Mr. Erskine says is proved by absolute fact, and he mentions the cases of somnambulists who when asleep have written letters, having first found the necessary materials, though their eyes were shut and their normal consciousness was asleep.

Mr. Erskine is not a metaphysical theorist. He is a practical medical man and a man of science, and he tells us in his lecture in the plainest words: "Mind created the organism of the body, and can restore the body under certain conditions apart from all so-called drugs, and we must allow this in spite of all controversy, by proven and established facts, even at the present day."

"The mind created the organism of the body." That is what Professor Hudson claims in his great book, "The Divine Pedigree of Man." Hudson argues that the unicellular animal, or moneron, had a mind, and that mind existed before brain:—

The second proposition which I desire my readers to bear in mind is that this mental organism began its earthly career millions of years before a brain was evolved in the process of organic evolution. In fact, according to the best authorities, the archilithic period, or primordial epoch, which was the age of skull-less animals, consumed considerably more than one half of all the years that have elapsed since the advent of organic life on our planet.

But Professor Hudson is arguing with us, Mr. Erskine is telling us. Professor Hudson reasons, Mr. Erskine knows. Mr. Erskine has proved the mastery of mind over

the body by practical experiment. The sub-conscious part of the mind controls all reflex action, as the operations of the nerves and the movement of the heart, the lungs and the blood. When there is anything amiss, the neurologist gets the brain asleep and asks the mind to put the wrong right. The brain is the organ of question and of doubt: the mind, in its sub-conscious state, believes and obeys.

Here is an account of a case given to an interviewer:—

A man who had been blind since the battle of the Marne was cured by me, not by any "miracle," but because he had only lost the use of his sight. His eyeballs had been displaced in the socket; and his conscious mind was unable to compel the sub-conscious mind to rectify the damage. I put him into a hypnotic trance and told him to lower his eyeballs. He did so at once, and has been able to see ever since.

According to both Professor Hudson and Professor Erskine, the mind evolved the body, and the mind controls the body. And it is very interesting and wonderful to realise that the brain, because it is ignorant of the powers of the mind, does not appeal to those powers unless as the result of instruction and proof from such physicians as the neurologists. The brain cannot interfere with the course of the blood, nor mend an injured nerve, nor clear a congested gland. But the mind can, for the mind is what M. Flammarion calls the soul.

I used to believe that the personality—the you or the me—was bound up in the structure of the brain. As I have expressed it more than once, that "The brain is the man." Now, if the brain is the man, when the brain dies the man is dead. Memory, conscience, intellect, and emotion being only readjustments of brain cells, it would follow that when, after death, the brain falls into decay, the I and you must cease to exist. That was logical enough. But the reasoning appears to have been founded upon an imperfect knowledge of the facts.

The brain is not the man; it is the instrument that the man uses. Those brain cells are not you and I; they are the tools we need in this brief life to work with. Before we can accept the Materialist theory we used to believe, we must reckon with the subliminal consciousness—the other self. And it appears to be true "beyond a peradventure," as President Wilson would have said, that the sub-self can and does think and feel and act without the brain. That being so, there remains no validity in the claim that the brain is the man.

Nor is there any reason that I can discern why a self which can act and think without the brain could not survive and live without the brain, taking with it into another life the personality it had owned upon the earth. Memory, conscience, emotion, and intuition appear to be attributes of the subliminal consciousness, and I am not aware that any evidence has been given that the subliminal consciousness is mortal, like the brain.

Here we must be cautious. We do not know the nature or the seat of the subliminal consciousness. Is it a material organ like the brain? Is it, perchance, the second lobe of the brain; the dark side of the human moon? The submind has not been located; many of its most marvellous manifestations are more or less in dispute.

Professor Erskine tells us that we have not two minds, but one mind. Sometimes the mind acts through the brain, but sometimes it acts, as it were, "on its own." To me it seems in accordance with the known facts to conclude that the so-called sub-self is the soul; that it is the real self and the only self, and that the brain is a machine it employs for (some of, but not all) its earthly business.

Telepathy is obviously not a function of the brain. Imagination, love, artistic creation, seem to well up out of the soul. They express themselves through the action of the brain. The first essential, as it seems to me, to the establishment of a scientific belief in the soul is a profound and minute study of the nature and powers of the mysterious entity we call the subliminal consciousness.

The reader, I hope, will acquit me of dogmatism. I do not presume to say that the sub-self is the soul. I only suggest that it may be the soul, and that I am almost persuaded to believe it is the soul, and that it is immortal.

But I count for little in such a stupendous argument. I am well aware of my own insignificance. What I am trying for here is to encourage or pique our readers to study the subject in the various books which men of science and learning have written upon it. And the reader will find, as I am finding, that the literature of Spiritualism is not the ephemeral and superficial tissue of plausibilities and surmises it is so generally supposed to be.

One thing which has always strongly influenced me is the change from life to death. When Shakespeare lay dead he was no longer Shakespeare. Every material atom which was a part of him in life remained to his corpse. But he was not there. That mysterious something which loved and longed and sorrowed and rejoiced had evaporated. There was the brain with all its rearranged cells, but not the mind which made a world of its own and peopled it with women and men of its own creation.

When "two thousand pounds of education drops to

a ten rupee jezail" has the gallant soul become the helpless prey of an unwashed, barbarian sniper? Did a clumsy musket-ball annihilate Nelson? It was on the King of Denmark's body, surely, not upon his soul, that his brother's "damned defeat" was made.

I cannot believe that death so cheaply buys these mighty victories.

THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" INVESTIGATION.

By "LIEUTENANT-COLONEL."

A continuation of the account of the investigation of the amateur medium "Margery," by the Committee of the "Scientific American," is given in the August number of that paper, by the Secretary of the Committee, Mr. J. Malcolm Bird.

In the account of last month, Mr. Bird dealt with a summary of the promising results obtained with this medium, and the satisfactory impression she produced on the Committee by her general behaviour and willingness to fall in with any suggestion made to her.

In this number, the account deals with the methods of control, and some of the more important results obtained under these methods; for instance, the medium's hands and feet were always controlled by one or other of the Committee, the same action being taken with her husband, when present, while the members of the Committee kept careful contact with each other, except when one of them was given a roving commission to observe, and if possible, intercept any doubtful action, or increase the control at any one point.

The sittings have hitherto been held at the home of the medium, which, however, has always been open to the closest inspection and scrutiny, while the medium herself has been under close observation during the period while sittings were being held. Nothing suspicious has been observed; in fact the account states that, on occasion, the results were above the power of the medium, even though she had opportunity.

The phenomena have consisted principally of lights, levitation of objects in somewhat varied manner, the objects being marked by luminous bands; disruption of furniture, and lately of vocal sounds in the nature of whistling or a whispered voice.

Speaking of the levitation of a luminous curtain pole, Mr. Bird says:—

I sat down in the space vacated by the cabinet wall [this had been moved in an inexplicable manner, entirely out of the medium's reach, or any member of the circle] and, still gripping Margery's and F.H.'s [her husband] joined hands with my right hand, I grasped his two ankles with my left hand. Dr. McDougall's complete control on his side was unchanged. The pole then went into action in the open space created by the retreat of the table [a previous levitation]. Numerous failures preceded a successful attempt to elevate one end of the pole to Dr. McDougall's knee, the pole tending to fall when half-way up. Then Dr. McDougall was told to hang on to this end with his knees. With his end thus pivoted, the other rose almost vertically, waved about in mid-air, caressed me under the chin, tapped gently the nest of three hands where I had control, etc. "Jones" [one of the investigators], if his right hand were released by F.H., could probably have done all this, so far as range of movement is concerned; but F.H.'s acquiescence in fraud is one of the greatest improbabilities connected with the case. A foot, free in the theatre of action, would doubtless have been equally effective, but when we ask "whose foot?" the position of the table rules out almost any answer that might be given. And whether we assume a hand or a foot, the accuracy of manipulation introduces difficulties which I think are not met by assuming that the phosphorescent pole ends lighted up the scene sufficiently for the purpose. They certainly didn't illuminate it to me.

In the next sitting, one of the wings of the cabinet was torn off, and on two other occasions it was taken off, though on these it had not been verified beforehand that they were tightly screwed on.

On another occasion, Mr. Bird says:—

I was sitting with spread legs, a table leg in sharp contact with each thigh. It became evident to me that the table was struggling to tilt away from the medium. I resisted, trying to learn the point of application of the force. It was too uniform to permit this observation: I felt prepared to entertain the theory that the impulse originated within the table. When I gave it free play, it speedily capsize the table, sending an array of break-

able apparatus off to the floor—everything right side up, without damage.

Mr. Bird then voices the usual complaint of investigators, that it is difficult to prepare for any special phenomena beforehand, as there is no certainty as to what type will be given; but he says:—

There are other, and more obvious, disadvantages in the procedure of "sitting around in the dark and getting struck by an illuminated curtain pole," as I have sometimes put it in informal conversation. If all these difficulties were inherent in the mediumship, we should have to seek some way of avoiding them. But experience indicates that, whenever something brand new in the way of apparatus is provided in the seance-room, Chester [the control] is far more likely to attack it than to avoid it. We are led by this observation to the hope that we may be able to invent something for him to do, on apparatus of our own construction, which will, at one and the same time, solve all our problems.

In regard to the latter point, Mr. Bird is sanguine; previous investigators have had the same idea, and found that each test only led to a further one, for someone always saw a possible evasion, even though it would require a combination of angel-magician to accomplish the result.

It could not be called scientifically impossible, and therefore was "not proven."

The series of tests is continuing, and we are to be given further accounts as they progress.

The present account contains illustrations of apparatus awaiting this, or other unwary mediums, and which should either put the mediums on their mettle, or scare them away for good.

PSYCHIC COLOURS?

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—A friend and myself will be grateful if you can give us an explanation of a curious experience we get at times.

We sit together once, and sometimes twice a week to receive spirit communications by means of combined writing. My friend holds a pencil poised on a large sheet of paper, and I place my right hand firmly but lightly on hers.

For some weeks we have observed that the paper becomes suffused in a greater or less degree by colour; mainly a golden yellow and deep sky blue. On lifting our hands and holding them over the paper, a shadow of them in the colour or colours is thrown upon the paper. The shadow is similar in appearance to an X-ray photograph, except that where the bones show dark in the X-graph, in the shadow they appear transparent, that is the paper shows up white. Except that on different days the quantities of blue, yellow or other colour vary, also as regards the density of colour, we find the appearance is the same no matter where or in what room we sit. One room has buff curtains, but in no room is there any blue, yellow, red or pink that could cast a reflection. *The colour is plainly seen by any other person present.*

Even as I write this in my own house there has just appeared a deep golden glow over the paper, the first time I have observed it except when we have been writing together in my friend's home. Also here in this room we frequently become aware of odours, generally pleasant, sometimes definitely the perfume of some particular flower; sometimes more like the chemical scents of a laboratory. The patch of perfumed air is sometimes stationary in one spot, sometimes moves about the room, sometimes seems attached to me, and moves with me as I move. The odours are also quite perceptible to anyone who happens to be present. They have generally been most noticeable when we have had no flowers or plants in the room. No one in the house ever uses perfume of any kind.

I sign with the joint initials of my friend and myself.—Yours, etc.,

J. H. G.

SYMBIOSIS.—The "British Medical Journal" pointed out on November 18th, 1922: "Throughout the animal and vegetable kingdom we find incessant conflict of two forces, one endeavouring to preserve health, the other attempting to undermine it. In many plants the dispute is settled by the establishment of symbiosis, in which both forces combine to work for the common good. By reflecting on this conflict as it manifests itself through the natural world, and on the possibility of a happy compromise, we shall escape from too narrow an outlook on the question of health and disease." The study in contrasts here implied has occupied my mind for a great number of years. The more I have probed the matter and studied the conflict and its alternative here alluded to, the more I have become convinced that what it discloses is just this: the eternal difference between right and wrong.—H. REINHEIMER, in "Psyche" (July).

A MAGICIAN ON SPIRITUALISM.

By LESLIE CURNOW.

Houdini has written a book,* in some ways an amusing, if impudent book, all about himself, with spirits and Spiritualism and poor, foolish dupes thrown in as a background. It is not the first time that a conjurer or magician has used Spiritualism in order to bask in the limelight. Indeed, it is a familiar trick of this type of showman.

The author goes the whole hog. Spiritualism to him is an entire swindle. All who have testified to the truth of spiritual manifestations are weak, deluded fools of whom some are filling madhouses. (He makes a special point of this "fact.") Mediums, without exception, are impostors. "I, Houdini, prince of magicians [we seem to hear him say] have said so"—and thus the matter is decided.

Is it worth while to examine seriously the outpourings of the perverted imagination of one who poses as a saviour of the world from the infamy which is leading it headlong to destruction? If we could feel that the book is the expression of a genuine belief of the writer, based on adequate data, it might be; but the impression conveyed is that the chief end in view is the glorification of the conjurer himself and his art.

In short, the book does not ring true. There is much pretentious declaration that the author is anxiously seeking for the truth, but the wholesale inaccuracies, coupled with the eager credulity shown in accepting any preposterous explanation that will avoid the spirit hypothesis, exhibit only too clearly the author's mental make-up. He has had, he tells us, twenty-five years of "ardent research and endeavour" to establish the genuineness of spirit manifestations, and he feels it his duty, "for the betterment of humanity to place frankly before the public" the results of his "long investigation of Spiritualism." Had he done so the book would have the interest and value which always attach to honest, first-hand research. But what do we find? There are very brief accounts of his experiences with Martin, the American spirit photographer, with Lady Conan Doyle, with Eva C., and the mere statement that a few other investigations were held. These remarks occupy about a dozen pages or so in a book of 281 pages. The remainder is made up of the views of other sceptics such as Podmore (whom he absurdly describes as a Spiritualist!) and McCabe on the mediumship (or rather lack of it) of the Fox Sisters, D. D. Home, Slade, the Davenport Brothers, Eusapia Palladino, etc., with the author's vaporous comments thereon. So, at the outset, the title of the book, "A Magician Among the Spirits," is a misnomer.

The plan of the book is simple. It is, to call everyone who disagrees from the author's conclusions a fool or misguided zealot, and to collect every sordid story, true or otherwise it matters not, that may throw discredit on the subject which is being attacked. The process is too clumsy and apparent; so little art is shown that the end aimed at is defeated. "You cannot fool all the people all the time," will be the judgment of any impartial reader, even if he knows nothing of the subject.

TRAVESTIES AND MIS-STATEMENTS.

The book is a re-hash of old and familiar travesties and misstatements. The Fox Sisters, we are to believe, were naughty little girls who produced raps by the dislocation of their joints. Fancy meeting that old bogey at this time of day! It is like beating a dead horse to resurrect these ancient controversies, but for the sake of new readers perhaps it may be worth mentioning that in numerous instances with these girls (on precise testimony) correct answers by raps were supplied to mental questions, in some cases where the answer was unknown to the questioner. So apparently, the toe-joints were intelligent and had access to information only to be got by supernatural means! Also at times the raps (or toe-joints!) shook the whole house and sounded like a discharge of artillery (*vide* "The Missing Link," by Leah Underhill, the eldest of the Fox Sisters, p. 33). But the simplest answer to the sceptic is the fact that the noises occurred in the Fox cottage at Hydesville in 1848, when the two girls were absent, and that they were heard in the same dwelling before the Fox family occupied it. Abundant testimony to these facts exists. Wesley, and Glanville, before the Fox Sisters, and thousands upon thousands since have experienced this phenomenon of raps, but why waste time in (to take an apt illustration) discussing colour with the colour-blind?

Houdini, as one would expect, reprints the shameful and pathetic "confession" of Margaret Fox. Like all the tribe of opponents, he has an eager nose for rottenness. He remarks airily that there was a "recantation," but says that he could find no proof of its authenticity. As he boasts, "I doubt if anyone in the world has so complete a library on Modern Spiritualism," he might have taken the trouble to use it. As this truly painful recantation of Margaret Fox appears in no history of Spiritualism, it may be as well to state that it is to be found in that well-known Spiritualist periodical, the "Medium and Daybreak," December

* "A Magician Among the Spirits." By Houdini. Harper and Brothers, 4 dollars.

27th, 1889 (pp. 819-20), and that it is documented in a way that ensures its genuineness.

There is something delightfully *naïf* in the way the phenomena of the celebrated Davenport Brothers are demolished by this modern cleanser of the Augean stables. His "explanation" of the marvels produced by these mediums of the 'sixties and 'seventies, together with that extorted from poor Ira Davenport—who, at the age of seventy-five, with the bait before him of a world-tour with the famous Houdini, said just what he knew the latter wanted him to say—have as much resemblance to what took place as an old "bone-shaker" has to a Rolls Royce. The whole story is childishly absurd. Here is an example. Ira Davenport is made to say (it should be explained that Houdini had discovered the old man in America and questioned him about the early days) that the musical instruments which were heard playing and apparently floating about the hall, never really left the cabinet in which the Davenports were securely bound with ropes. When the author drew Ira's attention to the published statement in a contemporary record that a gentleman in the audience had been struck by a floating instrument, the old medium is reported to have remarked, "Strange, how people imagine things in the dark." Now what are the facts? The correspondent of "The Times," in his account of the séance in question, writes (September 30th, 1864, as quoted in Nichols' "A Biography of the Brothers Davenport," p. 228-9): "I myself had received a blow on the face from a floating guitar, which drew enough blood to necessitate the employment of towel and sponge." And so (the pity of it!) this once wonderful medium in his old age sells his birth-right for a mess of pottage that never materialised, for the tour did not come off.

THE MAN WITH THE MUCK RAKE.

It must be confessed that the author (the man with the muck-rake) has been very diligent. He has collected all that he could of the so-called "exposures" with which the history of Spiritualism (like that of all movements) teems, but he has no knowledge, nor does he care, whether they are true or not. Throw enough mud and some of it will stick, seems to be the method. In the case of D. D. Home he retails the story of Robert Browning (who tarnished his genius by writing "Mr. Sludge the Medium") seizing a materialised head and discovering it to be Home's bare foot. Andrew Lang's comments on this alleged incident should be read ("Historical Mysteries," p. 226), to show on what flimsy testimony it rests. Houdini's vainglorious summing up of the phenomena occurring with Home is that "Every one of them can be duplicated by modern conjurers under the same conditions." Sir William Crookes, in his view, was "beguiled and misled" by this medium. To suppose that intelligent people take the least interest in what Houdini thinks about Sir William Crookes, shows to what lengths his enormous vanity has led him.

The remarks on the famous Report on Spiritualism by the London Dialectical Society are "proof of the author's abysmal ignorance or his wilful distortion of facts. He writes:—

According to Spiritualistic publications the Dialectical Society never made a full report. The reports of sub-committees only were published . . . but such reports were based on *hear-say* evidence taken from Spiritualists. They told their ghost stories to committees and they were believed. There never was a unanimous report or conclusion. The non-spiritual (?) members of the Dialectical Society refused to have anything to do with the investigation. The great majority of the Committee were full-fledged Spiritualists, and the few whom they claimed to have convinced were simply credulous."

It would be hard to pack more errors into a paragraph. In January, 1869, the Dialectical Society appointed a Committee to inquire into and report on "the phenomena alleged to be Spiritual Manifestations." In July, 1870, the Council of the Society formally received the Committee's report and thanked the members. The report states:—

As it appeared to your Committee to be of the greatest importance that they should investigate the phenomena in question by personal experiment and test, they resolved themselves into sub-committees as the best means of doing so. Six sub-committees were accordingly formed. All of these have sent in reports, from which it appears that a large majority of the members of your committee have become actual witnesses to several phases of the phenomena without the aid or presence of any professional medium, although the greater part of them commenced their investigations in an avowedly sceptical spirit."

It is useless to look for accuracy in this reckless book. Of Eusapia Palladino's séances the author says, "Those held with only scientists as observers were under the full control of the medium, and all her conditions were conformed to." Quite the opposite is the fact, as the copious accounts of Richet, Lombroso, Schrenck-Notzing, and many others clearly show. Again, Joseph McCabe is quoted (p. 51) in support of the statement that Zollner, Lombroso and other famous men were "near the end of their lives when they embraced Spiritualism." Now Zollner experimented

with Slade in 1877, and died five years later, in 1882, at the age of forty-eight. Lombroso was converted through séances with Eusapia Palladino begun in 1891, and died eighteen years later, in 1909. The inference sought is, of course, that these men were too old and feeble to form a competent judgment, whereas they were in the prime of life, at the ages of forty-three and fifty-five years respectively. And so one could go on, if it were worth while, exposing the inaccuracy of hundreds of other statements made in the book.

As Spiritualism continues to gather fresh adherents, and to impress its truth more and more on the world, it is inevitable that it will arouse increased antagonism. But let us hope that our opponents—and we welcome them all—will find some less fusty argument than that of conjuring with which to try to refute it.

CONCERNING DEMONS.

By E. W. DUXBURY.

For most of the citations which follow I am indebted to a work published in the year 1895, entitled, "Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism," by Moses Hull. This author demonstrates in an able manner the psychical phenomena with which both the Old and New Testaments are replete, but he also expresses theological views of a much more doubtful character.

The following conclusions appear to emerge from the various authorities quoted:—

(1) The term "demon" was originally used indifferently of spirits, whether good or evil; its modern sinister meaning is doubtless the product of religious superstition.

(2) Many of the distinguished writers of antiquity believed in human survival after bodily death.

(3) They also recognised the reality of phenomena analogous to what we should to-day describe as trance-control and inspirational mediumship, as also did the Great Apostle of the Gentiles.

(4) They believed that human beings were subject to the influence of both good and evil intelligences in the unseen world.

Moses Hull writes:—

I am not sure, but I have before quoted Dr. Campbell, who says:—

"All pagan antiquity affirms that from the days of Titan and Saturn, the poetic progeny of Coelus and Terra, down to Æsculapius, Portius, and Minos, all their gods were the departed spirits of human beings, and were so regarded by the most erudite of the pagans themselves."

Josephus, who certainly understood the theology of the Jews and Romans, informed his readers that demons were spirits of the dead, both good and bad. In his "Wars," book 7, chapter 6, paragraph 3, he says:—

"Yet after all his pains in getting (a certain root) it is only valuable on account of one virtue it hath, that if it be only brought to the sick person, it quickly drives away those called demons, which are none others than the spirits of the wicked that enter into men that are alive, and kill them, unless they can obtain some help against them."

But Josephus and the Jews did not consider the demons all bad. He says in his "Wars of the Jews," book 6, chapter 3, paragraph 5:—

"For what man of virtue is there who does not know that those souls which are severed from the fleshly bodies in battles by the sword are received by the ether, that purest of elements, and joined to that company which are placed among the stars; and that they become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves as such to their posterity afterwards."

Maximus Tyrius says:—

"What the multitude calls death is but the beginning of immortality, and the birth into a future life. The soul, having put off this earthly body, becomes a demon (daimonion), a word which, though employed only in an evil sense in Holy Scriptures, signifies among the Greeks an intermediate being between man and gods and may be either good or evil." (Dissert. 27.)

Thus it seems that the Greeks, from whom the Jews learned the word, used it to signify departed human spirits. The following dissertation on demons I find prepared to my hand. Having examined the principal authorities, I will vouch for its truth in every particular.

"Demon" in the Greek is "daimon," "to know," a god, used like Theos and Thea of individual gods. It is defined and used by scholars, lexicographers and classical writers, thus:—

Jones: "Demon, the spirit of a dead man."

Cudworth: "Demon, a spirit, either angel or fiend."

Grote, the celebrated Grecian historian, declares that "demons and gods were considered the same in Greece."

Lucianus, a Greek writer, born at Samosata, in Syria, used "demon" in the sense of "departed souls."

Archbishop Whately says: "The heathen authors allude to possession by a demon (or by a god, for they employ the two words with little or no distinction) as a thing of no uncommon occurrence."

Alexander Campbell says: "The demons of Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity were spirits of dead men."

Euripides (Hipp. 5, 141) makes the chorus address Phedra:—

"O young girl, a God [demon] possesses thee; it is either Pan, or Hecate, or the venerable Corybantes or Cybelle that agitates thee."

Dr. Lardner writes:—

The notion of demons, or the souls of the dead, having power over living men, was universally prevalent among the heathen of these times, and believed by many Christians."

Philo-Judæus writes (I quote from Yonge's Translation) referring to the departed and immortalised:—

"Which those among the Greeks that studied philosophy call heroes and demons, and which Moses, giving them a more felicitous appellation, calls angels, acting, as they do, the part of ambassadors, and messengers. Therefore if you look upon souls, and demons, and angels, as things differing, indeed, in name, but as meaning in reality one and the same thing, you will thus get rid of the heaviest of all difficulties, superstition. For the people speak of good demons and bad demons. . . . Hence, the Psalmist David speaks of the 'operation of evil angels.'"

Plato, speaking of a certain class of demons, says:—

"They are demons, because prudent and learned. . . . Hence poets say when a good man shall have reached his end, he receives a mighty destiny and honour, and becomes a demon according to the appellation of prudence."

Hesiod, in his "Works and Days," has these lines:—

But when concealed had destiny this race,
Demons there were, called holy upon earth,
Good, ill averters, and of man the guard;

Holy demons by great Jove designed.

Worcester, in his synonyms, says: "Demon is sometimes used in a good sense, as 'The demon of Socrates, or the demon of Tasso,'" and then, to illustrate, quotes from that fine author, Addison: "My good demon, who sat at my right hand during the course of this whole vision," etc.

That learned savant, Cardan, honoured with the friendship of Gregory XIII., says: "No man was ever great in any art or action, that did not have a demon to aid him."

In addition to the above quotations from the work of Moses Hull, I may also mention that the distinguished theologian, Dr. Edersheim, when discussing the subject of the Demonology of the New Testament in his "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," repudiates the accommodation theory of the "Kenotic" school of theology. It may be remarked, incidentally, that such views have always been repelled by the Roman Church. The following extracts are taken from the above-mentioned work of Dr. Edersheim, which was published in the year 1900:—

The fact that in the demonised state a man's identity was not suspended, but controlled, enables us to account for many phenomena, without either confounding demonism with mania, or else imputing to our Lord such accommodation to the notions of the times, as is not only untenable in itself, but forbidden even by the language of the present narrative. . . . No reference is here made to other supernatural spirit-influences of which many in our day speak, and which, despite the lying and imposture probably connected with them, have a background of truth and reality, which, at least in the present writer's experience, cannot be absolutely denied. In the mysterious connection between the sensuous and supersensuous, spirit and matter, there are many things which the vulgar "bread-and-butter philosophy" fails rightly to apportion, or satisfactorily to explain. That, without the intervention of sensuous media, mind can, may, and does affect mind: that even animals, in proportion to their sensitiveness, or in special circumstances, are affected by that which is not, or else not yet, seen, and this quite independently of man; that, in short, there are not a few phenomena "in heaven and earth" of which our philosophy dreams not, these are considerations which, however the superficial sciolist may smile at them, no earnest inquirer would care to dismiss with peremptory denial."

THE VISION OF GENIUS is always altruistic because it interprets Nature. Talent sees through a glass darkly. Genius has the beatific vision and presents Nature according to itself, it is the authentic sign of Deity. The genius puts the Universal into the Particular, casting out the Self-elements from Nature.—E. P. P.

LIGHT.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

SOME SPECULATIONS AND A MORAL.

We have sometimes wondered—it was not perhaps an original speculation—whether anything in the Universe really moved or changed in any way; whether, in short, all the seeming movements and changes were not the outcome simply of the growth of human consciousness and the advance of its powers of feeling and perception.

There would be a natural difficulty in applying the proposition to the physical world with its endless variety of apparent motions and changes, but that difficulty would not, we conjectured, be insuperable. We had only to look at the continual discoveries by Science, especially the recent revolutionary propositions of Einstein, to discover that even in the world of matter things are very far from being what they seem, or, indeed, anything at all resembling what they appear to be.

In the realm of thought and feeling we found the idea more easy of application and naturally so, for these belong more immediately to the province of the soul.

Let us put it baldly in this way and say: Suppose it is found that nothing moves towards us or we towards it, that nothing actually springs up or grows, changes or decays, but that all these apparent phenomena are the result of our changes in point of view and extent of perception. Would this not, in effect, represent a revolution in our thinking vastly more radical than anything which the genius of Einstein accomplished in the realm of mathematical science?

We were led into these rather airy speculations by noting some things in psychic science which it seemed to us might bear explanations rather different from those currently offered.

A lady of remarkable clairvoyant powers residing in London followed with extraordinary accuracy the movements of a friend travelling in Italy, describing some of the episodes of the journey and the places visited, the descriptions being afterwards confirmed by the traveller, who had previously been highly sceptical of such powers, and who thought them amazing, although the feat was much commoner than he supposed, having innumerable parallels in other cases. (That by the way.) The point was that the medium was quite convinced that she gained her knowledge by leaving the body, and most, if not all, students of the matter put this down as an example of "travelling clairvoyance." The medium, in fact, reported that she was conscious of the sensation of travelling in

trance; she felt herself as if moving bodily across the Continent to make her observations.

We had no quarrel with the phrase "travelling clairvoyance." It was a convenient classification for practical purposes, just as convenient and justifiable as to say the sun rises and sets—although we know now that it really does nothing of the sort.

We simply questioned whether in the last analysis it would be found that there was any such transaction as the movement of the medium's vehicle of consciousness in order to achieve the results—whether it was not, in effect, the result merely of a heightened or enlarged degree of perception.

From that simple and perhaps rather commonplace centre we were led to the rather terrific suggestion, put with due tentativeness, with which we commenced this article.

Suppose that the most terrific change of all known to men—the change which takes place at bodily death—means no change whatever of grade, situation or circumstance, but only *another point of view*; that we are just looking at the same thing, only in another way. May it not be so?

We are not disposed to argue it out. The truths that can be established by argument seem to be usually few and always unimportant. Feeling, that is to say emotion, and seeing, and perception, are the channels by which we arrive at the truth about things. Looking at anything from a new point of view rarely fails to be instructive and enlightening. To observe things from the centre of consciousness rather than from the circumference represented by external circumstances might clear up for us many problems which at present seem cloudy and confused.

We make the suggestion as a kind of variant on Shakespeare's great saying, "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

In a world whose thinking is almost wholly governed by mechanical ideas, and which seems to be wedded to the notion that a change of circumstances means a change of soul, the suggestion is at least worth considering. It is, in fact, a plea for vision, not necessarily mystical vision, but clear perception. We have been feeling our way for centuries. Lately we have begun to stumble badly and be sorely bruised—stumbling into war, disease, social chaos. Has not the time come for seeing the way as well as feeling it? Thus may come at last the knowledge that we are conscious of many things that are not really existent, because our consciousness is not truly related to our environment. We must change our point of view.

LIFE IS NOT LONG.

Life is not long—desire and aspiration,
Soul-stabbing pain, clear laughter, bitter tears:
Baubles they seem in age-old contemplation,
When told each amber bead
On Rosary of the Years!

Life is not long—commingled rue and roses,
Sweet-scented hope, deep pathos, golden dreams:
These be our guerdon till the twilight closes,
And from the realms above
Break love's immortal beams!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

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COMING CHANGES IN "LIGHT."

We contemplate shortly making certain changes in LIGHT. They will be only changes in form. Our present cover will disappear, and there may be certain re-arrangements of the contents of the paper; but in all other respects we expect to remain the same. We think it well to make the announcement early so that when the transformation is effected our readers will be prepared for the shock, which we hope and expect will be an agreeable one. The spirit will remain the same, only the dress will be changed. It will be the old paper but in a different form. Frankly we may admit we were never enamoured of the illustrated cover, but its adoption was at the time a necessity of the situation. We do not think its disappearance will be regretted by our readers when they see the alteration.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

NEWS AND VIEWS—CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

A correspondent sends a copy of the Birmingham "Express and Star," which in its "Notes on News" refers to the book "The Heart of a Father," presumed to be written by the Rev. F. C. Spurr, now absent in Canada. The account continues:—

Meanwhile, we note the statement of the Rev. R. H. Coates, who preached from Mr. Spurr's pulpit, that he "deprecated attempts to pierce the veil." He gave the advice to "look upward to the light rather than peer into the shadows of the unknown." We venture to think that many will be left wondering over this statement. Those who are devoting themselves to the study of psychic questions discern not the "shadows of the unknown." They hold that they are really looking "upward to the light." It seems that Mr. Coates would set a limitation on the right to knowledge and liberty of investigation regardless of the absence of authority for such an attitude, not that this would make any difference to the ordinary individual.

Apart from what appears to be the questionable procedure of preaching against a man's views, in his own pulpit, and in his absence, we see the usual intolerance of the churches in the attempt to repress other views than their own, even to the length of mis-statement.

The "Daily Express" has recently published a correspondence from persons who have claimed to see visions of angels in the skies. Past history shows us that great epochs and occasions of religious revival have been signalled by signs and portents of this kind. The following letter, which appeared in the "Daily Express" of 30th ult., is an example of the kind of testimony given:—

My son and I went into the garden a little after midnight to enjoy the perfume of sweet-scented stock, when I was awestricken at the appearance of the sky. It seemed to hang no higher than an ordinary ceiling, and was of indescribable beauty. Banks of fleecy clouds lay across a line of red like the sunset, and facing us was a vision of Our Saviour on the Cross surrounded by angels.

I could not believe the evidence of my eyes, and, when I could speak, asked my son, who is very practical and a hard-headed young fellow, what he saw. In a dazed kind of way he said: "The vision of Christ surrounded by angels!" He also drew my attention to one bright star above—the only one to be seen.

The "Scientific American" for August continues its account of the psychic tests with the medium "Margery." The results have been good, and are dealt with elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Malcolm Bird, as Secretary of the Investigating Committee, after discussing the possibilities and probabilities, says:—

For iron-clad proof of genuineness we should require but one type of manifestation, repeated often enough, under conditions sufficiently rigid and varied to lend certainty that it is neither to be explained on normal grounds nor explained away. But not until the case is far advanced can we pursue such a single-track course; for only by much experiment can we determine which of Margery's phenomena are best adapted for final demonstration. We do not even know, initially, whether one of the spontaneous details will be available or whether we shall have to invent apparatus for Chester to work with and things for him to do.

Precisely. The Committee has only reached the experience gained by other investigators long since. Without wishing to discourage them, what public results do they expect? They may convince themselves, but do they hope to convince others? If so they are asking for disappointment. They will only be added to the public list of "those dotty people who believe in Spiritualism." The time for general acceptance will come—but it is not yet.

We often meet such bitter controversy on the part of organised religious societies, that it is a pleasure to note an occasion when agreed harmony prevails. At the funeral of Mr. Wallace, J.P., a well-known local Presbyterian magistrate, on Sunday, the 13th ult., at Clabby, the service was opened by the rector, the Rev. J. St. Clair Caithness, the lessons being read by Rev. Mr. Boyd, the Presbyterian Minister, the grave-side address being given by Mr. Trimble, J.P., a Spiritualist, and the committal passages read by the rector, who concluded the service. May this occasion be a presage for the future, when all men, of whatever denomination, shall have but one and the same aim

The account of the ceremony in the "Impartial Reporter and Farmer's Journal" states:—

At the graveside an address was delivered by Mr. Trimble, J.P., Enniskillen, in which he referred to the sterling principles of a long-known friend. That friend, though the earthly body lay in the earthen casket, was now living elsewhere according to the will and mercy of God in the place which he had prepared for himself by his life on earth; and Mr. Trimble reminded his hearers that earth was the preparing place for the hereafter—the time to prepare was now, and by daily, hourly practice of what our Lord had enjoined, love towards God and one's neighbour, we were preparing for ourselves the place to which we would go when our summons came. All the more need to do so in our daily lives, not as a matter of precept but of practice; and just as the chrysalis, as of earth, changed into the butterfly that took wings into the higher life, so the human spirit, on the last summons, freed from the earthly covering, soared aloft unto God's aether to be with those for whose company we had prepared ourselves while on earth. What a happy prospect, freed from the gloomy surroundings of an earthly grave! And it was for them and others to take heed in time to try to merit the welcome of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr. Trimble is the editor and proprietor of an Irish journal, and came over from Ireland some years ago to bear testimony to the genuineness of an American medium (Mrs. Brockway) who was prosecuted for fortune-telling.

The question of licensing mediums, or obtaining some kind of control over them, is to the fore again. It is not a new point, and would undoubtedly be advantageous, if only to discourage the fraudulent type, and those who are not as careful of their powers as they should be. Honest mediums would welcome something of this sort, but who are to be the judges? Certainly not the type of journalist who screams for this course of action, for his reasons (when he has any) are too obvious to mislead even a Government official. On the other hand, the State is totally unsuited, and the "Two Worlds" puts the reason for this in a nutshell in its "Current Topics." It says:—

It is easy to talk about investigators licensed by the State, but in heaven's name what does the State (as a State) know about the subject? Are we to have ignoramuses licensed by an ignorant body, while the mass of mediums are to be the victims of their ignorance? Or are we to recognise that a qualified investigator is the product of long experience and deep research? The only persons who answer that qualification to-day are Spiritualists, and mediums themselves know far more of psychical research than 99 per cent. of the psychical researchers. By all means let the experts issue the licenses, but the experts are the Spiritualists, and the history of the last 60 years shows that in the cases in which fraud has been definitely proved, Spiritualists are the people who have accomplished the task.

A correspondent of the "Occult Review," for August, who is a Fellow of the Zoological Society, gives an account of the appearance of a friend, not then known to be deceased (he was killed in France), on an occasion when the writer was fully awake, and, in fact, interested in contemplation of a beautiful sunset. The episode is thus described:—

Whilst engaged, as I have just mentioned, the idea occurred to me: "Beauty is a partial revelation of the hidden meaning of existence. As much of it as we are able to apprehend, quite likely."

"Yes," remarked a voice, "Beauty, and the great gift of cheerfulness. Optimism is near the heart of things. You will agree with this, when you have seen what I have seen."

I turned. There standing by my side I beheld the form of my friend, concerning whose persistence after death I have no doubt whatever. Then, however, I did not know that he was dead.

"This is excellent," I exclaimed, "Why, H—, you have got leave. When did you come?" and I extended my hand to clasp that of my much-esteemed friend who had appeared so mysteriously. My hand closed on empty air. I was speaking to a spirit, intangible to our physical senses.

Before my astonishment had passed, the voice spoke again:—

"This is permanent leave. I have finished for ever with the tyranny of mundane circumstances. The mass of flesh and blood and sinew known as the body was levelled with the dust some weeks ago. This is a grander liberty than that for which we have been fighting." A laugh followed, and a snatch of song, jubilant and care-free as the winds of heaven. It was a song I have never heard before, and I do not remember the words of it.

W. W. H.

THE WORKS OF DR. GELEY: AN APPRECIATION.

By STANLEY DE BRATH.

The lamentable aeroplane accident at Warsaw (July 15th, 1924) has deprived metapsychic science of its most able exponent, and me of an intimate and kindly friend. His international reputation is so little known in this country that only one of his works has been translated into English, and the frequency with which questions that he has solved scientifically are raised shows how little even that work is known to the general public. His first book, "Les Preuves du Transformisme et les Enseignements de la Doctrine évolutionniste," has been translated into Italian, but not into English. His study of the Subconscious, "L'Etre Subconscient," and his last work, "Ectoplasmie et Clairvoyance," in which he gives the detailed experiments on supernormal phenomena that have definitely confirmed their reality under laboratory conditions, are translated into German and Spanish, but not into English, though he gave me authority to arrange for English editions. In the treatise on the Subconscious he develops a higher naturalistic monism which is an answer to many of the vexed questions of the day, and throws a clear light on the subject. It is an explanatory synthesis of the obscure phenomena of normal and abnormal psychology and illustrates in a remarkable manner the constructive bent of his genius. This constructive and synthetic faculty, in contrast with the analytical, is comparatively rare among men of science, and distinguishes his work from many others devoted to the analysis and proof of the facts themselves.

He is best known by his work, "From the Unconscious to the Conscious," which, though entirely original and based on experimental biological data, is in complete harmony with the spiritual concept of the universe as presented by A. R. Wallace, and by so distinguished a biologist as Dr. J. S. Haldane (Oxford), who says: "The material world which has been taken for a world of blind mechanism, is in reality the spiritual world seen very partially. . . . The only real world is the spiritual world." (Qu. by L. P. Jacks, D.D., LL.D., in "A Living Universe," p. 47). Agreeably to the conclusions of physical science that every change, molecular, chemical, or mechanical, is due to the transfer or transformation of Energy, Dr. Geley has shown that living organisms are similarly produced by an omnipresent Energy directed by Immanent Intelligence far above our human modes, to predetermined ends—the production of every specific type of being.

This acts subconsciously, forming the body from the moment of conception, maintaining it from birth to death, repairing injuries and taking charge of all its vital processes—respiratory, nutritive and generative—and of all the subconscious functions of body and mind to produce the complete human being. In this process it makes use of chemical and biological laws and forces that are as yet but little understood. This subconscious creative power, for instance, extracts from food the constituents that are required, forms them into a semi-vitalised emulsion (chyle), passes this into the blood-stream where they are assimilated by its cells, exercises the selective and organising power which transforms these simple cells into each special form required for the re-integration of all the various organs, nerves, bone, and muscle, etc., to meet all the needs of bodily life; thus converting inanimate matter into vital organs according to a definite archetype. This process is manifest in every living creature from the plant-spores up to Man.

He calls this universal cosmic energy a "dynamo-psychism," i.e., an active soul-energy, individualised in each special form of life. In Man it is developed to the point of self-consciousness; in the Cosmos it is the mechanism of Evolution which works towards the Sovereign Consciousness, the Sovereign Justice and the Sovereign Good. It is under the spiritual power of a Directing Idea.

The harmony with the intuitive perceptions of the Greek mind is obvious. Plato considered Man as compact of body, soul, and spirit, the latter being in solidarity with the *Logos*, the Divine Reason that creates the world. Aristotle explained growth as an "entelechy"—realisation as contrasted with power or potentiality: "the modern idea follows naturally on modern physical discovery that presents Energy as the proximate cause of motion and change, but needing the Directive Power to enable it to produce organic forms."

This is also in complete accord with religious concepts of the Immanent "Power that makes for Righteousness" in Whom we live and move and have our being—"God"

* This is nearly the same as Energy; the only difference is that *entelechy* implies a more perfect realisation. Frequently, it is true, Aristotle fails to draw any strict line of demarcation between *entelechy* and *energy*; but in theory at least, the two are definitely separated from each other. Entelechy is the realisation which contains the end of a process, the complete expression of some function—the last stage in the process from potentiality to reality. (E. Wallace, "Aristotle's Psychology," p. xliii.).

under the creative aspect. The universe is vibrant with that Immanent Intelligence and Power.

In Man the subconscious directed energy has also well-defined mental functions. It is the basis of Intuition.

"The data of intuition lie beyond facts, experiences and reflection, and surpass them all. Intuition is the very essence of subconsciousness. Outlined in the animal where it appears as instincts, it acquires in Man the higher aspect of genius." "Finally, all the foundations of our being, that which is the principal part of the Self, innate capacities, good and bad dispositions, character—all that makes the essential difference between one mind and another—all that is not the result of personal effort, of education or of surrounding examples, are modes of subconsciousness." ("From the Unconscious to the Conscious," p. 88.).

There is constant interchange between the sub-conscious and the conscious modes of mind. We acquire knowledge and skill—mechanical, artistic, musical, mathematical, or any other—by conscious effort; it is then put to use and gradually becomes subconscious faculty. This is true also of that general acquirement that we call experience of life. It is also true of moral character, which is built up of small daily actions and inhibitions, till they become habitual, i.e., subconscious.

When the direction of the central controlling consciousness is kept in abeyance by hypnotism or otherwise, other faculties of the subconscious rise to the surface and are manifest as supernormal functions. Healing can be produced by suggestive direction of its creative powers; in normal sleep it produces that ripening and co-ordination of ideas with which all thinkers are familiar. The latent impeccable memory can be evoked. Independence of space and time becomes apparent. The subconscious shows itself to be affiliated to the cosmic power, but it cannot force things to become other than conformable to the law of their being; it is a part of the cosmic plan and cannot go outside it.

Evolutionary philosophy in one form or another must in future always influence profoundly the form of religious beliefs; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that no beliefs can hold that are irreconcilable with supernormal and evolutionary facts. The great merit of Dr. Geley's work is, that without making any definite reference to Religion except to show that the mediæval representation of an external Creator is untenable, he has not only brought the supernormal facts into relation with biologic science by showing a new line of causation, but in doing so has harmonised them with existing philosophic systems in a manner that is fundamentally religious.

It would be well, if instead of proving over and over again phenomena that have been established far more effectively than unskilled experimenters with very moderate mediumship at their disposal are likely to be able to do, they would study what has already been effectively done, and realise its bearing on the personal and social problems of the day. They would then perceive that though survival may be an experimental fact, *persistence* depends on the fundamental difference between the personality and the true Self. The former (of which we are conscious) is the mere physical adaptation of the Self to surrounding conditions in which we grow up; the latter is the real being that so adapts itself. The development of this essential Self to make it fit to enter on its new life is the purpose of human evolution, and the realisation of this would change the whole basis of habitual thought. And because all natural law is harmonious, that normal process is the one that would give peace, harmony, and happiness, here and now.

They would realise that no great improvement in social conditions can come about till individual minds are firmly convinced of the supreme Reality of that Cosmic Power that makes the world in, for, and by Righteousness, and of their power of access thereto, and would understand that strife, cruelty, selfishness, luxury, and ill-will are violations of fundamental evolutionary law and must inevitably lead to disaster in this life and distress in the next.

THE BIRTH OF AN ERA.

By MAJOR R. P. MORRISON.

The seething unrest, everywhere apparent in the world of to-day, can be likened to the dreadful pangs that herald the birth of a soul into external conditions of life.

Mothers and fathers have wondered at Nature's apparent cruelty. Why should such well-nigh unbearable torture accompany the noblest task that the body can perform—the creation of self-consciousness in a new state of life?

The answer is to be found in what Swedenborg designated "correspondences." The Angels themselves witness with wonder and awe the birth of a Spirit into external embodied conditions. It may be likened to the foundation-stone of the Universe. The power and happiness of the heavens rest upon it.

The greatest honour in life is reserved for the mothers of the race. There is no sense in debating the equality of men and women. They represent opposite poles of the great life-force. Science has shown that the physical basis of all life is electricity.

If the terms "greatest" and "least" can be employed

where all are really one, then, undoubtedly, women have the right to claim, not equality, but superiority. Man's dominance was based upon the illusions of materialism; but the necessity for such illusions no longer exists and so, gradually but surely, the Light spreads and the lesson is learned that material power is but an appearance and can achieve nothing of more than relative value.

THE LESSON OF THE WAR.

This is the true lesson of the great war. How often is the comment heard: "What did we get out of it? We were told we fought the great fight for humanity; that the world would be better and saner when the victory was won; that the heroes who survived would be gratefully installed in a country fit for heroes to live in! And how has it all panned out? We can't even get work to keep our wives and families out of the gutter. Heroes on the dole! The great war to end war; and there has been nothing but fighting and bickering ever since the last gun was fired."

Small wonder that the spirits of unrest and bitter dissatisfaction stalk abroad in the land to-day. Small wonder that the despairing cries of poor tortured spirits in embodied states rend the very atmosphere of Heaven itself. And the hosts of heaven hasten to answer that terrible cry of distress.

These post-war years are the most momentous that this world has seen since the dawn of time. Signs and wonders are thronging; but, as yet, there are few with eyes and ears that can read and understand these signs.

THE MINISTRY OF CONSOLATION.

Witness the marvellous rapidity with which so-called Spiritualism, that, a few short years ago, was considered the cult of hysterical and unbalanced minds, is spreading its comforting arms to embrace all sorts and conditions of men.

Witness the wonderful advance that science has made in so short a time. Giant strides indeed.

Wireless telegraphy; the atomic theory; the theory of relativity. Pause for a moment, in the frenzied hunt for pleasure and excitement, to consider the marvels that are constantly related in the newspapers of to-day; the miracles of faith healing, and so-called "auto-suggestion." The wonderful discoveries about the healing qualities of the sun. Many greater marvels are shortly to be revealed concerning the sun and its relationship to this earth and the other planets of the solar system.

The prophecies of old are in course of fulfilment. The teaching of 2,000 years ago will be read, for the first time, with understanding. To-day the Angel stretches forth the hand of brotherhood to man.

The great war brought no material gains to any nation engaged therein. It was merely the outward and visible sign of a great spiritual victory; the overthrow of material power.

THE POURING OUT OF THE SPIRIT.

These are the days when the Spirit comes to claim its Kingdom on earth. Hitherto the body has been the master; henceforth it must occupy its real position as servant. Once the eyes of the spirit are opened in the embodied personality, this great truth can be read in letters of fire across the horizon.

The so-called weak ones of earth are rising to claim their due equality in the world of spirit. Those who have been oppressed throughout the centuries are throwing off their shackles.

The evidence in support of this statement is overwhelming, but it has not been read aright. Consider woman's rapid rise to power. The decline of the so-called governing classes, and the unprecedented way in which the labouring classes, are filling the seats of the mighty in the most conservative country in Europe.

Schoolmasters and parents alike bemoan the undisciplined behaviour of modern childhood. Many theories are advanced to account for this sad state of affairs. It is a sign of the times. The children but give blind expression to the mighty urgings of the Spirit of Freedom. The Angel has stirred the pool and the mud of centuries must rise to the surface before the water can be cleansed.

On all sides can be heard the agonised cry: "What has gone wrong with the world?" There is nothing wrong with the world. In fact, never in its long history have things been so right! The world is in travail. But, just as the birth pangs are forgotten, save as they minister to the exquisite joy with which a mother clasps her new-born babe in her arms, so will the present world pangs be forgotten as the glorious Spirit of Truth is clasped to each weary heart.

THE VISION OF THE HILLS.

A MEDITATION.

There is a strange elusive charm about the prospect of a distant range of hills. They are full of suggestions of beauty and mystery and surprise. They catch the glow and colour of sunrise and sunset. Early spring paints them with vivid green, mingled with the dim blues and greys of wood and copse in the first stages of budding leafage. Summer robes them in a rich drapery of foliage, heavy and luxuriant, dapples their glowing expanse of down with the shadows of slow-sailing clouds, and etches their outlines vividly against a background of shining blue.

Autumn mantles them in mists and purple shadows full of hints and promises of concealed wonders, at times deepening the mystery by swathing them with a low-hung cloud. Even the winter brings enchantment, clothing them with snow as with white samite, turning the naked branches of their trees to a delicate lace, tinging them with the deep crimson of its sunsets, or hanging above them a garland of frosty stars.

But while even in themselves they are a pageant of endless beauty, they never lose their suggestion of being a veil or barrier to something secret and wonderful on the other side. In this aspect they are a constant challenge to the imagination, bringing to the mind some of the feeling that lurks in Keats' wonderful lines about "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn." Even a knowledge of the region beyond the hill-tops does not break the spell for those in whom the sense of wonder has not died out. The mind refuses to be cheated with crude realities, and imagines an enchanted land of its own as lying "on the other side of the range." And so the hills preserve their eternal lure, and remain the walls of dreamland.

At times when gazing at a line of far-off peaks, especially at evening, when they are suffused with the wistful light of sunset, one has a sense of impending revelation. Watching the distant hills at such a time one sees a dim, white shape rising slowly from behind them—but it is only a great cloud. Or it may be a light, vague and mysterious, which discloses itself at last as the face of the rising moon. They are not the revelations for which our imagination waited, but they are none the less full of the eternal messages of loveliness.

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help," sang the poet-king, inspired by the same feeling. Hills are a part of the fabric of inspiration. They stand for spiritual as well as physical exaltation. They are more than the vague outreaching of the imaginative faculty of the soul. The hills have from time immemorial been the abode of natural seers and clairvoyants. The pure rarefied air of the heights, free from the heavy exhalations of the plains and the turbid magnetism of crowded cities, has furnished the best environment for the psychic life, and influenced, in some dim fashion, by the fact, the meditative dweller in the plains has seen in the far-off hills a vision of strength and mystical beauty. It is a vision that has inspired the thought-life of seer, prophet, and poet all through the ages, whether on Christian or on heathen ground. Carmel and Athos, Olivet and Ida, Tabor and Parnassus—sacred and classic lore is thronged with the names of hills.

Hills of the world of sense, and hills of the world of soul—both have their parts in the great legend. We once heard a secularist orator take scornful objection to the story of Jesus being taken by the devil "up into an exceeding high mountain." Where was this "high mountain"? the critic inquired. Certainly nowhere in Palestine. It was clearly futile to suggest to the objector that some passages of Scripture (as of poetry) have to be read in an allegorical sense—that the "high mountain" had a purely spiritual significance. He would not have understood—or, at least, he would not have suffered his point to be ruined in that way!

Spiritually or politically, as reformers or teachers, or even plain men and women cherishing some homely ideal, we are all to-day looking towards the hills. At times they glow with "the light that never was on land or sea," and, as we watch for the vision or the message that never comes—never, at least, in the shape that we expect—we are tempted now and then to wonder what is on the other side. If haply we ascend the hills, our expectation is unfulfilled. There is but more of the same country that we have known—and another range of hills beyond! And, doubtful and perplexed, we are inclined to think the quest an unending one, and to ask with a modern poet—

Is it fashioned wisely,

To help us or to blind us.

That at each height we gain, we turn, and behold a heaven behind us?

* We think, after all, it is "fashioned wisely," for so we learn the lesson of looking within and finding the hills and their secret in the compass of our own souls.

One range of hills we shall assuredly pass and find on the other side a change, if not in the surroundings at least in ourselves. At some time—late or soon—we shall "cross the valley" and mount the heights and know for the first time in full reality what lies beyond. And then—disillusion? Not so, unless by our folly and neglect we have suffered the spirit for the time to lose its creative power, and have dulled and warped its vision. Of that will come disappointment and perplexity—even the pains of Tantalus. But those who have kept their faith undimmed, who have seen and heeded the signals of those others who from the heights watch and wait for our coming—to these will be the prize of attainment, the fulfilment of hope. For them the new country beyond the hills will glow with richness and wonder, even though it be no longer far away. Meantime let us welcome such messengers as may reach us from thence. For truly, "beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

EUGENIUS.

The A.B.C. of Spiritualism.
GUIDANCE AND COUNSEL FOR INQUIRERS.
 Conducted by "Lieutenant-Colonel."

CHILD MEDIUMS.

Many readers of *LIGHT*, and Spiritualists in general, have been disturbed by the tales of child mediums, which have appeared in certain papers; stories of immature boys and girls who are stated to have been trained to use their psychic powers to the permanent detriment of their minds and bodies. These stories emanated from a Roman Catholic source, and were broadcasted by the usual type of busy-body to different parts of the country. The reason for this action was obvious, for this Church has always claimed exclusive rights to all legitimate exercise of psychical faculty and has denounced everything which happened outside the Church as "of the devil."

It was one of their leading men who made the statement that if he had the training of the children, he would trust the grown-up people to look after themselves; then what more natural than to try and compass the destruction of Spiritualist Lyceums, and so destroy the movement at its root, knowing that without a supply of adherents from the rising generation, it must wither and die?

But these attackers reckoned without their host; their attack acted as a boomerang, drawing attention to their own methods, which, if the light of publicity was too strongly given to them, would not increase the popularity of their Church. The attack stopped as mysteriously as it had begun.

But a story of this kind, once started, dies a slow death; in some form or other it will crop up for some time to come, and long after its falsehood has been exposed. The latest method seems to be to drop the question of Lyceums, and concentrate upon "child mediums." It is probably only a "silly season" topic, to provide sensational reading for the subscribers, and anyhow, Spiritualism is considered fair game by a certain journalistic type, for its followers have no legal remedy, they cannot bring an action for libel or slander, for the law does not recognise psychic faculties. Hence the implication that children are cajoled or forced into becoming instruments for the amusement or interest of those who wish to enquire into metaphysical or psychic phenomena. Obviously it is impossible to say that this has never happened in obscure cases, for there are always people who will go to extremes in anything they undertake, but to imply that this course is authorised by any recognised body of Spiritualists is either to speak without knowledge or in contradiction to known facts.

But some will reply that there are known child mediums. That is a very different matter. There are musical prodigies, lightning calculators, and even juvenile scholars who outstrip lads by far their senior in age by their remarkable ability to acquire and retain knowledge. There is no "forcing" in the matter either in the child medium or the child prodigy, in fact they are but types of the same kind of thing. We may all play, calculate, or learn, in varying degree, and similarly we are all psychic, more or less; but occasionally a child outstrips us in each or any of these matters. Then the cause of offence shifts to the fact that we actually observe and study the child and examine its powers. Is there considered to be any fault in observing the powers of the child-prodigy, or in permitting the scholar to go for examination and showing interest in his capabilities? Where could the line be drawn? Who is to define the age at which a scholarship examination may not be taken on account of youth? Who would dare to define the age at which a child may not be psychic? Your children often see more than you think they do, and many a child has been driven to keep its knowledge to itself by its elders rebuking it for telling lies, because they themselves had lost touch with the unseen world, and possibly belief as well. If a child is gifted in any way, that gift should be nurtured and not destroyed by repression. Extremes should be avoided in either direction. But the *reductio ad absurdum* of the statement that harm can come to a child by interest in his powers is seen in a poltergeist case, where a child is often the innocent cause, and by this showing, the greater and more interested the number of observers, the more injury is caused to the child, although, like the result in "The Jackdaw of Rheims"—"nobody seemed a penny the worse."

NOTE.—The Editor invites questions of general interest for this page, under the conditions mentioned on page 221 in the issue of April 5th.

ENDS AND ENDINGS.

By ETHEL KNOTT.

There is a queer assortment of ends sprinkled untidily about this interesting dust heap called the World; ends that are not ends in themselves, but just left-overs, without any seeming reference to each other. There is even a business for the collection of ends.

A roly-poly pudding has two ends; also a middle; thing complete in itself, until divided in its little round of usefulness.

There are odds as well as ends to be found in the pockets of the stripling male; string, pencils, cigarette ends, birds' eggs; all useful things to the young mind; incomplete, but linked up to the Big Things—mainly Ideas and Dreams, and related to the Great Whole. These are the needs of youth, seemingly content with scraps cast carelessly aside by those of stater age, who wisely smile upon these foolish needs of immaturity; having lost their significance in larger needs they strive to comfort with ends perhaps as futile and as trivial as those belonging to youth and youth's enthusiasms.

Ends are sometimes sad things. There are songs that falter wistfully of some sweet circumstance that has reached its close. The transient trappings that went to its setting may never be recaptured in that same measure, and so its ending becomes a variation of regrets that haunt and hurt us just enough to give us pleasure.

There is the evening, which is the day's end; that stretch of hours between the dawn and dark that we call day. Does each one join its fellows in the vast bosom of illimitable Time, to become one again with all That Is?

A dog's tail is one end by which he communicates the friendliness that palpitates between the two ends that constitute his being; the aggregate of properties which bestow upon him the mystery of his individuality.

Ends mostly seem to be the divergence of some distinct thing into new channels and new forms, which demand ever fresh settings for the development of further personalities, and so are just as truly beginnings. Perhaps ends are merely a demarcation—a measuring-off of relationships. The chapters of our little lives might seem to have each its end; but out of this apparent haphazard handful of circumstances, forced upon us without our yea or nay, we act in wisdom or in folly, led by reason or emotion, and perhaps by some divine instinct in our best actions; and thus are shaped and strengthened the mental and physical tendencies that become character; to be transmitted down the ages, to future generations and national life, having laid aside earthly individuality in the sea of human attribute, to which the noblest and the meanest contribute.

There is that end that men called Death; surely a blessed thing indeed if it were a definite and final cessation from the interminable toil—the search for that we know not of, the weariness of repeated failure, and the irony of a jesting Fate. But Death is simply one of the pausing-places in the Universal Plan, where the experiences of earth life are gathered up to be used for further effort in some less limited state by a Self made richer by such experiences. Life therefore is simply continuous, without halt or waste—opening up fresh scope of further advancement, until the great Source of Life is reached, wherein lies Heart's Desire and Happiness—that which our human language calls God.

Which are the ends, and which the beginnings? Are not all conclusions and changes, fresh beginnings rather than ends?

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY.

Down here personality is everything. The tyrannical ego predominates. It is the sign of our inferiority, the unconscious proof of our selfishness. Our present condition being so limited, it is logical that all our acts centre upon our own personality. We are always referred to that ego which means the identity of the being in its inferior stages of evolution amid the fluctuations of space and the changes of time.

In the higher spiritual sphere it is quite different. Evolution there follows more ethereal lines—lines which at a certain height mean combination, association, and what we can only describe as a co-operative unity of being.

The higher a member mounts and progresses in the infinite hierarchy, the more the angles of his personality disappear, while his individuality spreads out and widens in the universal life under the law of harmony and love. The identity of the being of course remains, but his actions co-operate more and more in the general activity, that is to say, in the divine plan which that general activity represents. . . . There is a law of solidarity in the Universe by which the higher spirits draw upwards towards themselves the younger or less developed ones. Thus a great magnetic chain connects the whole immensity of the cosmos, and binds all souls and all worlds into a single unity.—From "What Were Her Voices?" in "Joan of Arc," by LEON DENIS (translated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle).

A CRITIC WELL ANSWERED.

Dr. Ellis T. Powell—who, it is well to remember, was not only a remarkably gifted writer upon Spiritualism and subjects connected therewith, but was also equally well-known as a writer of outstanding ability in the world of journalism and of finance—gave some pertinent and effective replies to questions put by a member of the Society of Authors in a letter to a London evening newspaper a few years ago. Dr. Powell, after remarking that “to one or two queries of the absurd type I have replied by counter-questions equally farcical,” then proceeded to give the gentleman’s questions, and answered them *seriatim*. We quote the following:—

“What really is a spirit? How is it possible to know one and to understand whether it is the real thing or not?”—A spirit is an individuated personality conscious of its own existence. It may be incarnate (like mine while I am “alive”) or discarnate (like the spirits of the “dead”). It is recognised in the same way as other personalities, by visible signs or, where there is no visibility, by other methods of identification.

“How is it possible to tell bad spirits from good spirits?”—By their fruits ye shall know them.

“Has a spirit a conscience and a soul?”—Yes, it has both.

“What is the difference between a spirit and a ghost?”—Ghost is the old English word for spirit, as in the ancient expression, “the Holy Ghost.”

“Why should it be necessary to get into communication with spirits through mediums, more especially when these are mostly anything but well educated? Why must spirits and mediums have darkness? Why can’t spirits appear and deliver messages in the light? How is it possible to know an honest medium from a dishonest one?”—Why is it necessary to develop the photographic plate in non-actinic light? Why cannot we drink strychnine as a beverage?

“Why do spirits as a rule require tambourines, etc., to play with?”—Why do medical men, as a rule, stand on their heads while being consulted by their patients?

“Why do spirits have similar foods and drinks to those on earth? How are these obtained?”—They don’t. But they can, for newcomers, make foods and drinks apparently similar, by the creative power of thought.

“How is it that spirits never have any communications to make that will benefit and advance mankind? Therefore, as spirits are of no practical use or benefit to mankind or the earth, why should we wish to get in touch with them?”—How is it that doctors, astronomers, biologists, and geologists never have any communication that will benefit and advance mankind? The question is less absurd than that propounded by my questioner.

“Why do spirits always talk about themselves and their mundane lives?”—They do not “always” talk in that way. When they do, they have the same reason as we would have when meeting an old friend for talking over the good old days and “auld lang syne.”

“Why, in the spirit world, judging from the conversations reported, should costermongers still be costermongers. Red Indians still Red Indians, and village idiots still village idiots, and so on?”—Because survival involves continued personal identity. There are no idiots in the spirit world.

“Why should spirits, according to revelations, live what is practically an imitation of mundane existences? Why be permitted a memory of this world and the life here?”—How can there be survival of personality without memory? It is the essence thereof.

“Has any nation or race ever adopted Spiritualism as a religion, or part of its religion, with success?”—Yes, the British people have adopted a religion based upon the survival of the human personality after death. It has inspired immeasurable devotion and boundless sacrifice. Spiritualism itself is not a religion, but a science.

“If Christianity accepted Spiritualism as part of its religion, what benefits would this confer on this world, apart from helping hordes of charlatans to prosper?”—The doctrine of survival is the essence of Christianity. There is no “if” about it.

It would be almost impertinent, as it is unnecessary, to comment on the above, but one cannot refrain from expressing regret that no record was available of the feelings of the questioner when he read Dr. Powell’s trenchant replies—so full are they of that power of “gentle irony, and sweet reasonableness” which rebukes and teaches at the same time.

L. H.

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RAY'S AND REFLECTIONS.

I was writing lately in this column of the American lady claiming to be a medium, whose speciality it was to produce etherisations of departed members of European royalty—Czars, Kaisers, Crown Princes, Grand Dukes, and so forth. I remarked that her séances were reported as very disappointing; I never heard of any sitters who saw anything. They were of course not imaginative enough! And yet it was a little surprising. Because there is in all communities a certain proportion of persons who can always be relied upon to see "something that isn't there," if they are told (in a firm voice) that it is there. That is to say, they are highly sensitive and suggestible.

I fear not many of us have much to boast about on this score. We are always liable to be taken off our guard in some weak moment—quite frequently it happens that this fatal moment is when we are most confident that we are too clever to be taken in.

I have known some very wary men of the world to be deceived by some plausible tale, or some cunning impostor, and afterwards to wonder how they could possibly have been bamboozled—they, of all people! "I have never had my pocket picked, yet," said a seasoned Londoner to me one day. And lo, in the same week, on emerging from a tube train, he discovered that his purse had disappeared during the few seconds in which he was fighting his way out of the crowded car, trying as he did so to protect his valuables.

I recall a story told by an old Fleet-street-journalist of a visit paid to him at his office by a most affable stranger whose sole business was to borrow five pounds! Lend £5 to a complete stranger? Was there ever a more unlikely or more impudent proposal? And yet, according to the narrator of the story, there was something about his visitor, so engaging, so compelling that, said he, "the only thing that prevented me lending the money, was that I had not such a sum on me."

What does it all come to? The power of mind over mind. All relations between man and man seem, in the main, to come down to that. Even the pickpocket selects by some instinct the precise instant when his victim is off his guard, and may even unconsciously exert some hypnotic influence to produce that condition. The "smart" man is reasonably safe until he meets someone who is just a little bit smarter. I have heard it lamented that in this world the good people should be so often the victims of the bad ones. But these terms "good" and "bad" are very loosely used and very relative. If the "bad" people get the better of the "good," it clearly means that the good people are in one respect not so good as the bad ones! In other words, if we are to be as "harmless as doves" we are adjured also to be as "wise as serpents." When Jesus lamented that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light," I think that is probably what He meant.

The identity of the author of "The Heart of a Father" is now definitely settled, for I see that the "British Weekly," in a review of the book, clearly recognises the Rev. F. C. Spurr as the bereaved father, in view of the description given of the death of his son.

The reviewer of the book remarks, "It will be read with respectful sympathy, even by those who are most firmly convinced of the dangers of Spiritualistic practices." Well, I for one am convinced of the dangers of Spiritualistic practices, but then also I am convinced of the dangers of religious practices, of scientific practices, of literary practices and athletic practices. I am also convinced of the dangers of railway travelling and even of crossing Oxford-street and the Strand.

I will go further and say that even beds have their dangers. I have known lazy persons whose health was seriously impaired by lying in bed and shirking exercise and fresh air. There seems to be a good deal of poltroonery amongst some of the religious opponents of "Spiritualistic practices."

D. G.

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THE BOOK-MARKER.

Bits from Books, Old and New.

READERS are invited to send us for inclusion in this column any striking passages which appeal to them and which have some bearing on the subjects dealt with in "LIGHT." The name of the book and author should be given in each case.

THE WARRIOR MAID OF FRANCE.

The sacrifice of Joan of Arc had an immense effect. In politics, it brought about the unity of France. Before her time we were a country which was dislocated and torn by faction. After her time there existed a solid France. Joan had gone down to her death, but through her inspiring soul the national unity had been attained.

Every work of salvation is carried through by sacrifice, the greater the sacrifice the more supreme and imposing the work. Every mission of redemption is finished and crowned by a martyrdom. It is the great law of history. It was with Joan as it was with Christ. It is through this that one's life carries the divine seal. God, the sovereign Artist, reveals Himself by incontestable and sublime signs.

The sacrifice of Joan had another, even vaster, meaning. It will remain a sign and example for generations and centuries to come. God has His object in putting such lessons before humanity. It is always to these great martyr figures that the thoughts of all those who suffer, and of all those who bend under the burden of sorrow, must turn. They are so many furnaces of energy and of moral beauty, where souls frozen by the chill of adversity may warm themselves once more. Across the centuries they throw a luminous trail, a track which leads and guides us towards regions of glory. Such souls have come upon earth in order to make us realise the other world. Their death has been the nurse of life and their memory has comforted thousands of the sad and needy.—From "The Mystery of Joan of Arc," by LEON DENIS. Translated by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THOUGHT, MATTER AND TELEPATHY.

Thought, with the manifestation of every other force in Nature, is a transmutation of vibrations of the ether at a certain rate into vibrations of a more rapid rate, through the working of that marvellous mill, the brain. What is called dense matter, scientists now tell us, is vibratory ether differentiated, more or less, by the rapidity of its vibration, the electrons of negative electricity in conjunction with a nucleus of positive electricity being the "brick" from which all degrees of dense matter are raised. The brain stimulated into action by outside forces or by man's will, in generating thought actually consumes the physical tissues, necessitating a re-stoking of the fires within. . . . How then is it possible to regard thought as an imponderable obstruction when so much of so-called dense matter is absorbed in its generation? And the vibrations one brain can generate, another can absorb, or respond to—and does. The expression "the thing is in the air" is familiar to all of us, when some opinion, started apparently from nowhere, spreads with astonishing rapidity, gaining force as it goes, unless suddenly checked by another opinion equally forceful and directly adverse. Brains are unceasingly assimilating unconsciously vibrations from other brains, sufficiently penetrating and forceful to have eaten up physical tissues in their generation.—"The Mind of a Woman," by Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

ing unconsciously vibrations from other brains, sufficiently penetrating and forceful to have eaten up physical tissues in their generation.—"The Mind of a Woman," by Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

A GRADUAL UNFOLDING.

I know well how great is the temptation to press forward. Nevertheless, go slowly, it is never wise to hurry, for thus many joys are missed, as well as instructive experiences and golden opportunities. By and by, look back at the rough places you have already surmounted. As you look, maybe you will see some other soul struggling, facing perhaps a very rock of difficulty; then, if so, go quickly to his aid. If he is tired and weak, hold out the hand of friendship and say: "I will pilot you, for I have passed this way before." Turning back to help another does not retard your own journey; it only brings you to another peak of blessed experience, and opens another valley to your view. Thus may we, too, like the unseen Helpers, be guides to the aspiring searchers at the entrance of the path of spiritual attainment.

It is unwise to try physical methods said to aid initiation, such as special breathings and other exercises, particularly fasting, without first seeking advice from those who have had longer experience, and thus are able to give that careful guidance which is so necessary.

Have patience with your slow unfolding. Count this as one of the first steps or trials on the path of your initiation.—From "Healing Thoughts," by HEATHER B.

"ENVIRONMENT" AND "HEREDITY."

We hear much said of "environment." We need to realise that environment should never be allowed to make the man, but that man should always, and always can, condition the environment. When we realise this we will find that many times it is not necessary to take ourselves out of any particular environment, because we may yet have a work to do there; but by the very force we carry with us we can so affect and change matters that we will have an entirely new set of conditions in an old environment.

The same is true in regard to "hereditary" traits and influences. We sometimes hear the question asked, "Can they be overcome?" Only the one who doesn't yet know himself can ask a question such as this. If we entertain and live in the belief that they cannot be overcome, then the chances are that they will always remain. The moment, however, that we come into a realisation of our true selves, and so of the tremendous powers and forces within, the powers and forces of the mind and spirit, hereditary traits and influences that are harmful in nature will begin to lessen, and will disappear with a rapidity directly in proportion to the completeness of this realisation.—From "In Tune with the Infinite," by RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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IN MEMORIAM, 1914-1918.

The present week marks the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Great War, a period when England was true to her honour, casting the "scrap of paper" statement back in the teeth of those who dared to offer it to her, and who would have made the world a shambles, ruled by brute force alone.

Creeds were forgotten, and Spiritualists joined with Materialists and Churchmen to save, what is indeed true Spiritualism, the freedom of mankind.

Whether the tales of visible angelic help were actual facts, or seen only with the inner vision, there can be no doubt that, as character survives, the "bowmen" were with us, giving our soldiers spiritual, if not material, aid; and as Good is ever greater than Evil, those that were with us were more than those that were against us.

Nearly a million British lives were given for this great cause, and "their name liveth for ever." But we also know that they live for ever, and we shall have to account to them for the use we have made of their sacrifice.

We are told that those who have passed over have wider views than ours, but they must always stand for honour and truth, and if England to herself be true, we need have no fear that those who laid down their lives for justice and right, will fail us should the need arise.

W. W. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"Scientific American." August.
 "Pearson's Magazine." August.
 "Theosophy." August.
 "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." July.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. F. C. HONORE.—Thank you for the extract, which we will use.

H. KENNETH.—Thanks for your letter, but we have already published a full account of John Ruskin's inquiries into Spiritualism.

T. HARTLEY.—Your proposal that Spiritualists should wear a badge is by no means new. Several attempts have been made in the past to popularise badges, but every attempt has failed, and we don't see that a fresh effort is likely to be more successful, in view of the obstacles to gaining a general recognition of one particular badge. There are already several which are worn by Spiritualists.

H. CROWTHER.—If you prefer anybody's opinions about "the finally impenitent," "the second death," with ultimate destruction of individuality, to the plain teaching of the principles of Nature and enlightened reason, we have nothing to say against your freedom of choice. If an omniscient and omnipotent Being brought into existence the vast universe of material forms that thereby the Universal Spirit should be individualised, surely nothing whatsoever can defeat the divine ends of the Almighty.

A MYSTERY OF BREATHING.

If we carefully attend to profound thoughts, we shall find that when we draw breath a host of ideas rush from beneath as through an open door in the sphere of thought; whereas, when we hold the breath and slowly let it out, we doubly keep the while in the tenor of our thought, and communicate as it were with the higher faculty of the soul—as I have observed in my own person times without number. Retaining or holding back the breath is equivalent to having intercourse with the soul; attracting or drawing it amounts to intercourse with the body. I was first accustomed to breathe in this way in infancy when at my morning and evening prayers; then at times afterwards, when I was exploring the agreements of the heart and the lungs, especially when I was writing from inner thought what I published on these subjects, and this during several years. At this time I noticed frequently that there was a tacit respiration, scarcely sensible, about which it was given me afterwards to think and then to write. In this way for many years from infancy I was introduced to such breathing, especially through intense speculation, in which the (ordinary) breathing subsided; otherwise, no intense speculation of truth can be given. Then afterwards, when heaven was opened, so that I spoke with spirits, I breathed so completely in this way that I did not take in a (common) breath for the space of an hour, only just enough air being drawn to enable me to think.

—From SWEDENBORG'S "Spiritual Diary."

DECEASE OF MR. ANDREW MACKELLAR.—We learn with regret of the passing of our old friend, Mr. Andrew MacKellar, of Ardnadam, Argyllshire. Mr. MacKellar was for some years associated with the movement in Glasgow. He was a man of fine character, great kindness of heart, energetic, and singularly alert of mind. He passed away on Friday, the 25th ult., at his home at Ardnadam, of heart failure, at the age of sixty-six.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—August 10th, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. Edey. Wednesday, August 13th, 8, Mr. Melton.

Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—August 10th, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mrs. Julie E. Scholey.

Camberwell, S.E.—The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham.—August 10th, 11, open circle; 6.30, Mrs. Worthington. Wednesday, 7.30, —, at 55, Station-road.

St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—August 10th, 7, Mr. G. R. Symons. August 11th, 8, spiritual developing circle.

August 14th, 8, Mrs. Collins.

Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—August 10th, 11, public circle; 7, Mr. Peters. Thursday, August 14th, 8, Rev. E. Nash.

Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—August 10th, 7, Mr. C. J. Williams, address; Mrs. F. Tyler, clairvoyance. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. E. Clements.

Bowes Park.—Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—August 10th, 11, Miss Edith Challis; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Redfern; August 13th, Mrs. Elliott.

Worthing Spiritualist Mission, Mansfield's Hall, Montague-street (entrance Liverpool-road).—August 10th, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. Gladys Davies.

Central.—144, High Holborn.—August 8th, 7.30, Mrs. F. Tyler. August 10th, 7, Mrs. Elliott.

St. Paul's Christian Spiritualist Mission.—58, Dagwell Park, Selhurst, S.E.—August 10th, 7, Mr. Hooker. Wednesday, 8, service and clairvoyance.

St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. August 10th, 6.30, Service, Holy Communion and Address. Healing Service, Wednesday, August 13th, 7 p.m.

FLAMMARION AND THE FOLLY OF WAR.

The chemists of the world are searching for a gas that will inflict a cruel death on millions of Christian people. The Christian Power which first discovers the longed-for secret will be so full of Christian love and brotherhood that it will probably provoke a war and massacre some millions of its neighbours in the Christian desire to get its blow in first.

Such Christian conduct does not compare favourably with the sentiments of a famous French Spiritualist, M. Flammarion, who writes thus upon the subject of war:—

Mankind as a whole does not believe in the sphere of the spirit . . . in fact our earthly humankind is not wholly intelligent. It is not ruled by pure reason; it is still a little barbarous, a little animal; we might say, General Berthant, a man of great mental vigour and wide erudition, wrote to me one day: "Yes, this humankind of ours, supposedly logical, is stupid. I can still see Colonel de la Tour d'Auvergne, standing, in 1870, on the field of battle. Crossing his arms as death mowed down all those about him, he cried: 'Good God! How silly it all is!'"

With two or three exceptions out of every thousand human beings, we must acknowledge that we are living on a planet of brutes. Our earthly race, far from having reached an age of reason, is hardly more than four or five years old. People are children, unconsciously ferocious; they find amusement in cutting the heads off flies, in making innocent animals suffer; they think that war, which is infamous and the heritage of the beasts, is a divine institution and will endure for ever. Yes, it will endure as long as men are fools.

M. Flammarion is severe. But what can one say in view of the chemists of the world and their benevolent search? Did ever Dean Swift paint a picture more bitterly sardonic? The chemists of the world feverishly searching for a gas which shall be perfectly murderous and the Christian Powers acquiring the waterbrash in the eagerness of their desire to have the first chance of a comprehensive massacre.

—ROBERT BLATCHFORD in "The Clarion."

We are asked to state that "The Beacon" has suspended publication for July and August, but subscriptions will be adjusted when publication is resumed next month.

"Hope" calls the attention of "Glenshesk" who wrote recently on the subject of "The Evolution of Consciousness" to a cycle of fourteen lectures on the "Theosophy of the Rosicrucians." The lectures are to be obtained by members from the secretary of the Anthroposophical Society, 46, Gloucester Place, London, W.1.



REQUISITES FOR PERSONAL RESEARCH

The following sent post free with instructions:

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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF
SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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What "Light" Stands For.

"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. This position it firmly and consistently maintains. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion—conducted in the spirit of honest, courteous and reverent inquiry—its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light." But it should be understood that the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the views or opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

DIVINE philosophy by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right;
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.
—JUVENAL.

THE "DEVIL" ARGUMENT.

We have grown more than weary—we have grown impatient and contemptuous of the Devil argument. It is so much in line with the babble about bogies which belongs to the age of childhood that we rather wonder at the mentality of the grown men and women who still believe (or think they believe) in this theological fantasy. When it is applied as an argument against Spiritualism it is little less than amazing; we are asked to suppose that it is a devil-inspired movement which is destroying materialism and enabling man to realise himself as a spiritual being in a spiritual Universe. Here would be Satan casting out Satan indeed! But "the world is very evil"—there are diabolical iniquities abroad, there are monsters of crime and devilry. Of course there are, but it is not necessary to invent a Devil to account for them. The very fact that the Universe contains such unthinkable possibilities of good—of Love, Beauty and Wisdom—is sufficient to explain why. The great evil-power is simply the great good-power turned awry, inverted and perverted. The greatest sinners may become the greatest saints. God to us is the great Unity, not a portion of the Unity which has to have an opposite pole—a great opponent. But anyway the Devil argument against Spiritualism is so silly that it defeats itself all the time. It is the argument of adlepaters and lackwits.

MOTIVES AND METHODS.

Purity of motive is a great asset in all forms of work for humanity—Spiritualism amongst them—but soundness of method is quite as important. All institutions of this kind, therefore, should, in our view,

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and Newsagents; or by Subscription,
22/- per annum.

while aiming at being uncommercial ventures, avoid the extreme of being anti-commercial. We have seen clumsy, antiquated and generally slipshod methods employed in the administration of humanitarian enterprises, and when the deficiencies were pointed out the shallow excuse was raised, "Oh, but this is not a commercial business!" No, indeed, any business organisation run in such a way would have been in the Bankruptcy Court in a few months. The defence offered was simply a shuffling plea for apathy and stupidity. One may conduct an organisation without commercial aims, and yet profit abundantly by the study of commercial methods of efficiency—organisation, competent service, the economy of means to ends. Some of the greatest mystics and spiritual teachers were men of practical mind and clear judgment. Just as Spurgeon said that he did not see, in the matter of hymns, why the devil should have all the best tunes, so may we say, that we do not see why purely mundane concerns should monopolise all the best methods of carrying on any public enterprise. In our journey "towards simplicity" we do not advance by the process of becoming simpletons.

PRINCIPLES AND PERSONS.

The tendency to "personify"—to give the powers of Nature a personal form—is one of the most conspicuous tendencies of the working of the human mind in all ages. We can see countless examples of it in mythology and folk-lore. Principles, intuitively seen by primitive minds, are made definite and given that personal form in which alone they can be easily grasped. So we get the gods of ancient days. The beneficent, generous element in life is turned into Jupiter or Jove, mentality into Mercury, the combative impulse into Mars, cold justice into Saturn, and so on. So we get our terms jovial, mercurial, martial, saturnine, each packed with more meaning than could be expressed in a dozen other words. Astrology contains a whole philosophy of the subject. Each of the great ideas, in Byron's words, "names itself a star." Our common speech is full of this starry symbolism. Take the one word "disaster" and its Latin root—the word star (*astrum*). These things are the coins or counters of thought. They have a representative value rather than an intrinsic one, like a bank-note. They point to the spiritual quality in life, vaguely shadowed forth in material forms!

Ah, Love! ah, fair god Love! it wearyeth me
To think how many work to do thee ill,—
How many in this grey sad world there be
That strive alway Thy gracious power to kill,
And hinder those that do thy gentle will!
Forsooth, it is great wonder that away
From earth thou hast not fled this many a day.
—JOHN PATRICK.

NOTICE:—Corrections to Authors' proofs should reach the Editorial office by Monday morning, otherwise these corrections cannot be made in time for publication.

SOME OLD-TIME GHOST STORIES.

(FROM THE COLLECTION MADE BY MR. T. M. JARVIS AND FIRST
PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE "ACCREDITED GHOST
STORIES" IN 1823.)

[It should be pointed out that these stories are not offered as being all of equal value, and none of them is of the evidential quality required by the standard of the Society for Psychical Research. But they are of interest as examples of the ghost stories current in the days of our forefathers.]

APPARITION OF THE CHEVALIER DE SAXE, RAISED BY SCHREPFER.

The man who exhibited at Dresden this extraordinary proof of his art, for such it must, in every case, be esteemed, was a person of the name of Schrepfer; who originally resided at Leipsic, of which city he was a native, and where he kept a coffee-house. But, his business not producing him either as much profit, or as much distinction as he aspired to possess, he pretended to study magic, and to have acquired many secrets or powers connected with that imaginary science. He boldly asserted that he had intercourse with, and a control over, spirits, whom he could summon, command, and cause to disappear, if not altogether at his pleasure, yet by the force of his invocations. These agents he had the ingenuity and effrontery to divide into three classes, the friendly, the evil, and the neutral; all of whom he knew how to distinguish at their approach, or on their appearance, by the sounds or noises which preceded and attended them. Whenever he affected to exert his magical powers, he always began by calling to his assistance the benevolent spirits; in order, as he said, to defend him against the attacks of the malignant ones. Pretensions so extraordinary, sustained by some exhibitions which impressed the spectators with astonishment, soon procured him no little reputation.

Schrepfer, about this time, while he still resided at Leipsic, had given offence to Prince Charles of Saxony, by some expressions relative to him, of an unbecoming or insolent nature. The prince, irritated at such conduct, ordered an officer belonging to his household to repair to Leipsic, and there to inflict on Schrepfer, in his name, personal chastisement. His orders were exactly executed: but Schrepfer, though he attempted no other resistance, running into a corner of the room, threw himself on his knees, and loudly invoked his invisible allies to come to his assistance. Their visible appearance or interposition were, however, unnecessary, in order to rescue him from further violence: the officer, it is asserted, having been so much alarmed at the invocation and its possible consequences, as to quit the chamber with the utmost precipitation.

A circumstance of such notoriety, as well as so degrading in itself to Schrepfer, induced him to leave Leipsic. After an absence of some time, he appeared at Dresden, where he assumed a fictitious name, and announced that he was a colonel in the service of France. In that quality he even made an attempt to be presented to the elector; but Monsieur de Marbois, who acted as Charge d'Affaires in the absence of the French envoy, refused to carry him to court. His real name soon became known; and his pretences to skill in magic attracting many followers, his reputation speedily reached Prince Charles. It was accompanied with such extraordinary accounts of Schrepfer's powers as to induce that prince to make every exertion for obliterating the recollection of the indignity lately offered him. As one step towards it, he did not hesitate to go in person to the "Hôtel de Pologne," an inn where Schrepfer lodged; and in presence of various witnesses, to ask his pardon for the blows given him, as well as to offer every amends that the nature of the affront admitted. Schrepfer, flattered by such a condescension, having accepted the apologies, the prince then requested to see some proofs of his supernatural art. It is pretended that he exhibited many; all of which only tended to augment the prince's admiration, and to stimulate his curiosity for further specimens.

But, the most difficult or sublime operation of magic in all ages had been to raise departed spirits from the tomb; a prodigy which Schrepfer made no secret of his ability to perform. Prince Charles having earnestly, as well as repeatedly, besought it of him; after many refusals, real or affected, obtained at length a reluctant promise to present before his eyes an apparition: for Schrepfer artfully professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the act, as being perilous to himself, and attended with various circumstances of horror. The promise thus obtained, it only remained, therefore to fix on the spirit to be summoned from the tomb. After long consideration,

the Chevalier de Saxe was named, and Schrepfer undertook to present his ghost in a visible form before a select company. The place chosen for making the experiment was Prince Charles's palace in Dresden. But as it was well known that the elector, having the misfortune to be neither credulous, nor inclined to permit such exhibitions in his capital, might disapprove and prohibit it, the strictest secrecy was observed previous to the affair.

The Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marshal Count Saxe, as they were sprung from different mothers. In right of his, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious popish family, the chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew, Prince Charles, who became his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated, that money was concealed somewhere in the palace; but no person pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear by magic power, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure prompted Prince Charles, as it is supposed, to name his uncle, for the object of the experiment.

Schrepfer naturally preferring darkness, as not only more private in itself, but every way better calculated for the effect of incantations; the company assembled on the appointed night. They were nineteen in number; of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of Prince Charles's palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so; and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform would demand all their firmness; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them (indeed, as I believe, all except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious), very readily followed it; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined to profit by the advice. "I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all, or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put anything within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if anyone attempted to open or to force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where, kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed; during which interval, he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of antiquity. At length, a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses than anything else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed in his incantation. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, as he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part of them, electrified with amazement or petrified with horror; and of course fully prepared for every object or appearance which could be presented to their view. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same manner, it would seem, that Coreggio or Anni-

bale Caracci have represented Jupiter appearing to Semele. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles, what would thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

Language is inadequate to describe the consternation produced among the assembled spectators at so awful a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld was spiritual and intangible; or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it; they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The prince, whose imprudent curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself, far from manifesting self-possession, or attempting any reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on Heaven for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing to gratify them, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene protest that near an hour elapsed before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it; at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers.

Having thus related as seriously and circumstantially as I am able, the principal facts relative to the affair in question, it is natural to ask my own opinion of the story; and to demand whether I can explain or account for it in any rational manner. To such inquiries I must frankly reply, that I can neither give any satisfactory solution to it, nor have I heard any attempted, except the obvious and general one of human credulity and terror, operated upon by imposture and deception. But, the manner in which so wonderful an illusion was produced, I am, in common with every person here, at a loss to understand. I believe, no man has yet clearly explained how the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood is performed; though, out of Naples, I imagine few persons attribute it to miraculous or supernatural interposition. We know from experience, how prodigious are the deceptions practised in and upon optics. Nineteen men, met together for the avowed purpose of seeing an apparition, and believing that it is in human power to render a departed spirit visible, are already half subduced to any imposition, however gross: Night, darkness, and the imposing solemnity of magic invocations, bereave the strongest minds of their self-possession. A bold and artful impostor might then trample on their reason, and present to their eyes some hideous figure properly accounted for the occasion. It must, however, always excite some astonishment and more regret, that among near twenty persons, not one should have endeavoured to lay hands on the spectre. Its second appearance is likewise a circumstance very difficult to account for, as it was unnecessary in order to produce conviction, which had been fully effected. That it was a deception, no man of sound understanding will doubt; but *how* it was managed or produced, the persons who were duped have either not yet discovered, or they do not think proper to disclose. They are all, or nearly all, still alive in this country, and they by no means boast of their adventure, or derive from it any sort of vanity. On the contrary, independent of the ridicule annexed to it, they all feel and express the utmost repugnance to relating, or even to recollecting a scene, which has impressed on their imagination so much horror. Their friends dread and deprecate a renewal of the images then presented to those who were present; and a lady earnestly besought of me, not to press her husband on a subject, of which he could never think or converse without passing a sleepless night. We must be content, therefore, I believe, to resolve it into German credulity or superstition, and congratulate ourselves on our superiority to such puerile terrors.

The story no sooner spread through Dresden than the elector expressed his disapprobation of such scenes, and issued his peremptory injunctions not to repeat them. Schrepfer soon retired to his native city, Leipsic, where his fame accompanied him, and drew after him a crowd of disciples or votaries. To them he continued to give, as is confidently asserted here, numerous and astonishing proofs of his supernatural power, some of which I have heard related; but after the specimen that I have detailed, all others would be at once tedious and superfluous. Schrepfer did not long enjoy his celebrity, and his death is not the least extraordinary part of his history. Three gentlemen, whom he had in some measure initiated into his mysteries, for he professed to instruct in the science, were promised by him an exhibition more wonderful than any at which they had yet assisted. For this purpose they attended him

into the wood of Rosendaal, which is at a small distance without the gates of Leipsic. It was in summer, before the sun rose, between three and four o'clock in the morning. When they came to a certain part of the grove, he desired them to remain there a little, while he went on one side, to make the requisite invocations. After waiting a few minutes, they heard the report of a pistol. Hastening to the spot, they found that he had shot himself, and was already without sense. He soon afterwards expired. All those who believe him to have had intercourse with evil spirits, affirm that he was tormented by them perpetually, which, rendering his life miserable, induced him to have recourse to a pistol. I imagine, however, you will think with Horace, that it is not necessary to call in supernatural interference, in order to account for the violent end of such a man. He has left behind him many proselytes; but, I believe, no one who pretends to equal knowledge of his secrets.

(To be continued.)

EVIDENCE FROM SCENT.

By Miss M. C. WALKER.

In reading the story of the Empress Eugenie in *LIGHT*, (p. 459), and how she found the grave of her son by the trail of a scent of violets, it occurs to me that the following experiences of my own may not be out of place. The first happened several years ago in London, during a séance with that remarkable physical medium, Craddock. Many materialised faces had appeared to those present, including one which purported to be that of a dear woman friend of mine who had passed on a few months previously. I did not recognise the face, though I could tell it was that of a woman; the sitting was in darkness, and the luminous slate that made visible the faces was held under it only a second. I addressed her by the name by which she was known to me and to all her family and friends. This was "Kitty." A few minutes afterwards I noticed an intensely delicious scent of lilies, and I exclaimed, "What a lovely smell of lilies of the valley!" thinking everyone else also noticed it. To my surprise my left-hand neighbour, Mrs. D—J—, announced that she smelt nothing; nor apparently did anyone else in the circle. Whereupon Joey, Craddock's jocular and often witty and amusing control, replied, "Oh no, Mrs. D—J—, that was not meant for you, it was for Miss Walker, as a symbol from her friend." The curious part of this story is that my friend's real name was Lily, though it was never used. Occasionally she signed her letters by it, and I remembered having commented on more than one occasion on her having a name for use totally unlike her real one. At that moment the other was far from my thought, so that until Joey's remark drew my attention to it I did not associate in any way the scent of lilies with her name. I thought of her always as Kitty. Neither did the medium nor any member of the circle know me; they did not know of my friend's recent death nor what her real name was. To explain this away by fraud or cryptesthesia one would have to assume that Craddock or some accomplice impersonated the control Joey, caused his voice, and made the faces to appear—one of them, that of "Sister Amy," so beautiful that I believe it to be beyond human impersonation—also read in my unconscious mind (for it was not in my conscious mind at that time) the real name of my friend, I having just previously addressed her by another; further, that I was then hypnotised into imagining a scent of lilies. I consider this explanation so far-fetched that the simple one of assuming my friend's ability to give me the scent as evidence of her presence and survival is to me the more reasonable—until another reasonable hypothesis for these curious occurrences can be found.

The other more recent instance was in May of this year. I was in bed reading, about 11 p.m., in my room at the Hotel Savoy, Gardone Riviera, on Lake Garda, when I suddenly became aware of a familiar odour of chemicals that was associated always with an intimate friend, a medical doctor, who had passed over suddenly after an operation last October. It was so unmistakably the same as I had often experienced in his own consulting-room, that I felt startlingly aware of his presence close to me, at the same time feeling the shiver down my spine that I invariably have when I seem to detect the presence of unseen intelligences. This may be imagination, but the odour itself was no hallucination, and I cannot account for it in any other way. I was not thinking of my friend at the moment. I was deep in my book or paper and the odour lasted only a few seconds, so could hardly have come from any other room or person. I may mention that this friend was a strong materialist during his life, and had no belief at all in survival, but he promised me that should he find himself still existing after death he would do his best to find some way of communicating with me. As I do not think he liked or trusted mediums, being of an extremely sceptical nature, it is the more likely that he would attempt direct means of making his presence known to me.

"DR. BEALE" AND HIS NURSING HOME.

THE TESTIMONY OF A MEDICAL MAN.

[Readers of LIGHT may be interested in the following testimony lately given by a medical man who visited Hulham House, interviewed some of the patients and conversed with "Dr. Beale" on more than one occasion, discussing with him not only patients in the Home, but also some of his own patients.]

In a picturesque part of Devon, not many miles from the south coast, is a beautiful garden filled with every kind of flower native to the south-west of England, especially is it noted for the beauty of its roses.

In the centre of this spot stands a well-built house which I think must be unique, for it is a nursing home controlled by a "spirit doctor," Dr. Beale.

At present there are about eighteen patients who pay what they can afford from 7/6 to 7 guineas a week, mostly those who have tired of consulting earth-doctors.

Such cases as disseminated sclerosis, rheumatoid arthritis and cancer, as well as nerve cases of all kinds, are all treated here. The staff consists of a lady medium who is controlled by Dr. Beale, a trained sister and a nurse. The treatment given is massage, baths of all kinds, medicines, chiefly herbal, and diet—and these vary with each case.

I understand that the patient on arrival is brought into Dr. Beale's room. The doctor then controls "Miss Rose" (the medium), diagnoses the case, and gives directions as to diet and treatment to "Sister Mercia."

I paid a personal visit to the Home and was taken all over it. It is perfect in all up-to-date arrangements; the rooms are light and airy, and there is a great feeling of comfort and no evidence of its being a money-making concern. After tea Miss Rose went into a trance and Dr. Beale took control. This lady in her normal condition is refined and gentle in her manner and conversation, but on yielding up her body to the spirit doctor her whole physique seemed to change, her voice became loud and deep, her facial features man-like, her female figure stiff and unbending, and she jumped up from her seat and said: "How do you do, Dr. Worth? I am Dr. Beale; I am very glad to see you and have a chat."

He then sat down and we conversed very pleasantly for half-an-hour. One requires a stenographer to report a long conversation, but I clearly remember the following details. He said that his treatment consisted of diet and some drugs (he specially mentioned digitalis); massage given sometimes by himself, sometimes by the nurse, and magnetic treatment given by himself psychically. This latter might continue all night long.

This led me to ask if there was night and day in his world. He replied: "To most of us, including myself, there is no night and no need to sleep, but some new-comers seem to want rest and so darkness is arranged for them."

Acid tincture of lobelia is one of the medicines used by Dr. Beale, and a year or two ago a medical paper stated that it could not be made. I asked Dr. Beale about it and he said it was in the "Pharmacopeia": as a matter of fact my druggist made me some two days ago—it is on my desk now and is labelled B. P. 1885.

Dr. Beale's treatment of early cancer is as follows. He keeps the patient without food or water sometimes for three weeks, and then gradually feeds him with fruit or vegetables, giving him magnetic treatment frequently day and night. He pointed out that no doctor on the earth-plane could carry out treatment in this way. I enquired if he could cure two patients of mine with advanced carcinoma. He said, "No, he was only a little more advanced than we earth doctors—was not all-powerful." He said he would not even care to perform an operation. He could not be quite sure of keeping a complete control of his medium's hand all the time. He told me that my father, who died thirty years ago was present in the room, and gave me the most perfect description of him I have ever received. After a few more remarks, he cordially shook my hand and departed. Miss Rose gave a sigh; her features relaxed; her figure once more resumed the female appearance and she woke up and enquired if I had talked with Dr. Beale. She never knows what happens on these occasions.

One old patient of Dr. Beale's informed me that she consulted a London specialist who diagnosed her case as tubercular disease of the larynx. This was confirmed by examination of the sputum, and an X-ray photograph showed patches on the lung. Dr. Beale took her in hand, ordered complete rest for her throat for three months (she was not even allowed to whisper), applied poultices to the throat and chest each night gave magnetic treatment through Miss Rose and finally, a course of twenty-six vapour baths, during which the voice returned. The result was a complete cure; she got fat and has remained well for four years. The specialist was amazed and stated that the vocal cords were perfectly normal.

Many other remarkable cures were told me, but second-hand evidence is seldom worth repeating.

There is in the Home at present a patient suffering from rheumatoid arthritis whom I saw and conversed with. She told me that when she came in four months before she

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We are all spirits, but at present chained to this earth by our bodies. We are in the schooldays only of our life, and it would be well for all of us if we grasped this important point; for we are surely preparing ourselves for our first condition in the next world, and as we sow we shall surely reap.

Medical men have always been ready, after proper evidence has been produced, to reconsider their opinions, and if they will approach this subject *de novo*, and in a humble manner, and seek information for themselves, they will be surprised at the facts to be obtained as to a future existence. They have the advantage over parsons, inasmuch as their minds are not saturated with theological ideas and creeds.

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July, 1924.

MR. DENNIS BRADLEY AND MR. A. V. PETERS.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR.—Like other Spiritualists, I have been reading with great interest Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's book, "Towards the Stars." Mr. Bradley writes with the enthusiasm of the convert, which is always welcome, but he has the defects of his qualities. The seamy side of his fervour is a tendency to disparage those mediums with whom he has not had successful sittings. Amongst these is Mr. Vout Peters, and as a matter of justice I would ask for the hospitality of your pages to tell my experience with him.

The first time I saw Mr. Peters was at a public meeting in Putney, held by him and Miss Estelle Stead in November, 1921. The hall was over-crowded, it was a-buzz with electric light, the conditions could hardly have been more unfavourable; yet Mr. Peters gave a number of descriptions, every one of which was recognised. I will narrate only my own experience.

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(My son was never in the Air Force, but he had worked for a year with Mr. A. V. Roe, when that gentleman was still in the experimental stage of his aviation work.)

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(I understood then. My son was killed in October, 1917. His birthday was "a bit ahead"—in January.)

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(I had been far from well the previous week, and Thursday night had been wakeful. The combination of ill-health and sleeplessness had indeed led to depression and worry.)

V. P.: The name "William" is written over your head. Who is "William"?

(William is my younger son, who was invalided out of the army, and whose health had since then caused me considerable anxiety.)

V. P.: Don't worry about William. He will be all right. (He is now quite strong.)

As I have said, I had never even seen Mr. Vout Peters until that evening. He knew nothing about me. Yet he gave the details I have quoted, details which were unknown to anyone present except myself. I think this may be considered as evidential as anything given by Mr. Bradley. I do not think that gentleman realises, although in some passages of his book he admits it, that a certain sympathy is needed between medium and sitter; I would even go farther, and say between the medium and the spirit friend. I have sometimes gone to mediums, who I was assured by those who had visited them were "splendid," and come empty away. The fault was neither mine nor theirs. It was simply that we were not *en rapport*, and I should not feel justified in speaking of any of them in the slighting tone which Mr. Bradley indulges in.—Yours, etc.,

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SPIRITUALISM, SOCIALISM, AND COMMUNISM.

There are many varying definitions of these three terms, depending largely on the standpoint or personal bias of the speaker or writer. Some of these have no basis except in the imagination of their originator.

While Spiritualism is synonymous with Socialism, using the latter word in its true, and not its mis-applied sense, Socialism, on the other hand, has little, if any, connection with Communism; in fact if there be any connection, it is only with the Communism of the altruistic and impracticable type.

It should be realised that Socialism does not imply equality, but rather the opposite, for the intention of Socialism—equality of opportunity—is that those who make use of opportunity shall not be on an equal level with those who neglect to do so.

The reward for perseverance is the attainment of a higher grade, not necessarily in material position—this would be but a temporary result—but in spiritual rank which will count permanently.

An enforced equality, independent of effort and attainment, would be a farce, for there would be no spur to betterment; the world would sink to a dead level, where each person avoided any effort that was not a necessity for personal existence; in fact it would be a descent to the lowest animal conditions.

Spiritualism claims the "Brotherhood of man" as one of its tenets, but brotherhood does not imply equality; an elder brother is, or should be, the more experienced, and therefore the more responsible, and responsibility carries position as a necessity; or the responsibility may arise from a greater mental capacity with its resultant higher position, when the stipulation of equality would be obviously absurd. To take extreme cases, who in his sober senses would claim equality for the sage and the idiot, the industrious worker and the wastrel, or even the governor and the governed? For, if only temporarily, the governor must have powers of control which are denied to those he has to govern.

The very essence of evolution is that there can be no dead level, but that all are graded according to their degree of evolution, otherwise man would have no right to claim superiority to the animal, vegetable, or even the primeval germ from whence he sprang.

Again, "brotherhood" implies care of, and responsibility towards the other "brothers," and it would be unreasonable to demand the same responsibility from all, for some have not the gifts or opportunity to contribute a share equal to that of their better-endowed comrades.

The disciples of the "equality" doctrine only apply this idea to a share of benefits, and carefully avoid any question of the provision of these benefits; from the nature of things, everyone could not give equally, but everyone is to share equally, which in itself is a denial of equality at the very source. Equality is not a practical possibility until mankind is physically, mentally, and constitutionally equal, and such a condition would be an unbearable monotony, which would not tend to the betterment of the race.

Socialism also implies a just social system, a condition, unfortunately, unattainable under any system of law, for any attempt to embody the spirit in the letter of the law, is bound to fail, and provides the clever-witted with opportunities of evasion, while binding the honest man, to his comparative disadvantage. The ideal system would be a rule of equity, but as this could only be administered by the "perfect man," it is also impracticable in our present state of existence.

It is an imperfect world, and there is no royal road to a perfect system; man has to feel his way forward painfully, and learn by mistakes, while any attempt to run always results in a bad fall, and must do so until we can see our way clearly, and advance with less faltering steps.

In an ideal social system, the amount of material benefit would count for little; man has to live in a material world, and therefore his surroundings are of importance to him, but the degree of importance will vary with each man, for men are not of the same type; there will always be the "artist" and the "practical" man, the "enthusiast" and the "plodder," and it is evident that equality between these is impossible, for an amount that would be wealth to one would be poverty to the other; the very attempt to enforce equality would accentuate the inequality.

But there is no reason why, under ideal social conditions, each one should not be supplied according to his necessity, provided he has deserved that supply. This would be a moral equality, and far more just than any attempt at material equality.

And what about the next stage of life? From all we can learn, conditions in the next stage of life are largely moulded on those of this side, except that there opportunity is free to all, and dependent on no system of caste or social favour. But it will not mean "equality"—we shall, none of us, become "angels" in a moment, as the old orthodox creed taught; we shall be what we have made ourselves during this life, good, bad or indifferent, and shall perforce take our natural level.

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our own chosen conditions; each man will gravitate to the level for which he has fitted himself; there will be no possible camouflage, either of rank or possessions.

Yet opportunity is open to all over there. There is nothing that cannot be remedied, no harm that cannot be undone, no wasted time that cannot be recalled, but all at a price, and the justice of it is, that we ourselves decide the price, and still more wonderful, that we decide justly, for only by a just decision can we attain progression.

That is true Spiritualism, it is also true Socialism.

Communism is, on the other hand, a demand for equality for all, independent of circumstances or desert. Everyone must share alike, though only the few may have borne the burden of the day. None may have responsibility for another, for the other has a claim to do as he will without question of interference. Such a creed would be practicable only in a world where every man was born with a similar nature and existed in a precisely similar environment. In fact man would have to be reduced to a mechanical existence, where his needs being similar, it would be possible to supply those needs by similar means.

Even if this were possible, would it tend to happiness, could anyone look forward to a future without effort as a desirable goal, and look back on a past with pleasure, however perfect that past might be, if it were but a replica of every other man's record?

Finally, and it is the point which is most important to a Spiritualist, a Communist must needs be an atheist, for he cannot accept the idea of God, who must be, from the only possible conception of Him, infinitely superior to the man, both in capacity and position. The idea of God is necessarily one of superiority, and it would be unthinkable to suppose Him separated by such a vast chasm from a uniform level of humanity, and with no intermediaries to bridge the chasm, nothing in all existence superior to the imperfect and feeble incarnate human being.

If such a malicious being as the Devil existed, Communism would be his most efficacious system of teaching for bringing about human destruction.

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W. E. B., a valued scientific contributor, writes:—

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I do not quite like being one of "the herd," but that isn't as bad as being a black sheep, or even as bad as being the one that strayed from the hundred, either because of its not liking to be one of a "herd" or because of a streak of the Scotch breed with its passion for travelling. I am, however, content to eat from an H. D. B. trough gaily painted deep orange colour—a new sort of "yellow-back"—and the bark is much worse than the bite.

Mr. Bradley's book is worth far more than the price of it. Even if the book is regarded as unconvincing its vigour and wit will stop the abusive mouths of some and unstop the ears of others, and ultimately perhaps assist in giving sight to the blind. One hundred years ago nobody had heard of a steam railway, photography, telegraphy, telephony, electric traction or electric lighting, and would not have believed in these things if they had. At the present rate of progress, in less than a century we may be "listening-in" to the voices of our departed friends. All the "herd" may not be ready for it, but doubtless the Chancellor of the Exchequer will!

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mechanical psychology is useless and far worse than useless: it is paralysing to human effort. And it flies in the face of fundamental and obvious facts. The most fundamental fact about human life is that from moment to moment each one of us is constantly engaged in striving to bring about, to realise, to make actual, that which he conceives as possible and desires to achieve, whether it is only the securing of his next meal, the control of his temper, or the realisation of a great ideal. Man is fundamentally a purposive, striving creature. He looks before and after and longs for what is not. And he does not merely long; he strives to achieve that which he longs for, to bring about what is not yet, what he judges and desires should be. . . . In proportion as psychology resigns its pretensions to be an exact science based on mechanical principles and frankly accepts purposive strivings as a fundamental category, in just such proportion will it gain recognition as the indispensable basis of all the social sciences.—DR. WILLIAM McDOWGALL in "The Fundamentals of Psychology" ("Psyche," July, 1924).

"DR. BEALE" AND HIS NURSING HOME.

THE TESTIMONY OF A MEDICAL MAN.

[Readers of *LIGHT* may be interested in the following testimony lately given by a medical man who visited Hulham House, interviewed some of the patients and conversed with "Dr. Beale" on more than one occasion, discussing with him not only patients in the Home, but also some of his own patients.]

In a picturesque part of Devon, not many miles from the south coast, is a beautiful garden filled with every kind of flower native to the south-west of England, especially is it noted for the beauty of its roses.

In the centre of this spot stands a well-built house which I think must be unique, for it is a nursing home controlled by a "spirit doctor," Dr. Beale.

At present there are about eighteen patients who pay what they can afford from 7/6 to 7 guineas a week, mostly those who have tired of consulting earth-doctors.

Such cases as disseminated sclerosis, rheumatoid arthritis and cancer, as well as nerve cases of all kinds, are all treated here. The staff consists of a lady medium who is controlled by Dr. Beale, a trained sister and a nurse. The treatment given is massage, baths of all kinds, medicines, chiefly herbal, and diet—and these vary with each case.

I understand that the patient on arrival is brought into Dr. Beale's room. The doctor then controls "Miss Rose" (the medium), diagnoses the case, and gives directions as to diet and treatment to "Sister Mercia."

I paid a personal visit to the Home and was taken all over it. It is perfect in all up-to-date arrangements; the rooms are light and airy, and there is a great feeling of comfort and no evidence of its being a money-making concern. After tea Miss Rose went into a trance and Dr. Beale took control. This lady in her normal condition is refined and gentle in her manner and conversation, but on yielding up her body to the spirit doctor her whole physique seemed to change, her voice became loud and deep, her facial features man-like, her female figure stiff and unbending, and she jumped up from her seat and said: "How do you do, Dr. Worth? I am Dr. Beale; I am very glad to see you and have a chat."

He then sat down and we conversed very pleasantly for half-an-hour. One requires a stenographer to report a long conversation, but I clearly remember the following details. He said that his treatment consisted of diet and some drugs (he specially mentioned digitalis); massage given sometimes by himself, sometimes by the nurse, and magnetic treatment given by himself psychically. This latter might continue all night long.

This led me to ask if there was night and day in his world. He replied: "To most of us, including myself, there is no night and no need to sleep, but some new-comers seem to want rest and so darkness is arranged for them."

Acid tincture of lobelia is one of the medicines used by Dr. Beale, and a year or two ago a medical paper stated that it could not be made. I asked Dr. Beale about it and he said it was in the "Pharmacopoeia": as a matter of fact my druggist made me some two days ago—it is on my desk now and is labelled B. P. 1885.

Dr. Beale's treatment of early cancer is as follows. He keeps the patient without food or water sometimes for three weeks, and then gradually feeds him with fruit or vegetables, giving him magnetic treatment frequently day and night. He pointed out that no doctor on the earth-plane could carry out treatment in this way. I enquired if he could cure two patients of mine with advanced carcinoma. He said, "No, he was only a little more advanced than we earth doctors—was not all-powerful." He said he would not even care to perform an operation. He could not be quite sure of keeping a complete control of his medium's hand all the time. He told me that my father, who died thirty years ago, was present in the room, and gave me the most perfect description of him I have ever received. After a few more remarks, he cordially shook my hand and departed. Miss Rose gave a sigh; her features relaxed; her figure once more resumed the female appearance and she woke up and enquired if I had talked with Dr. Beale. She never knows what happens on these occasions.

One old patient of Dr. Beale's informed me that she consulted a London specialist who diagnosed her case as tubercular disease of the larynx. This was confirmed by examination of the sputum, and an X-ray photograph showed patches on the lung. Dr. Beale took her in hand, ordered complete rest for her throat for three months (she was not even allowed to whisper), applied poultices to the throat and chest each night gave magnetic treatment through Miss Rose and finally, a course of twenty-six vapour baths, during which the voice returned. The result was a complete cure; she got fat and has remained well for four years. The specialist was amazed and stated that the vocal cords were perfectly normal.

Many other remarkable cures were told me, but second-hand evidence is seldom worth repeating.

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could not walk nor bend her wrists. Now she can run and her wrists, though slightly swollen, are quite flexible. I am informed that Dr. Beale often brings eminent medical men, now in the spirit world, to help him in his work, and he has stated that lately, amongst others, Sir Victor Horsley and Sir Morell Mackenzie have given him their advice.

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Mr. Bradley's book is worth far more than the price of it. Even if the book is regarded as unconvincing its vigour and wit will stop the abusive mouths of some and unstop the ears of others, and ultimately perhaps assist in giving sight to the blind. One hundred years ago nobody had heard of a steam railway, photography, telegraphy, telephony, electric traction or electric lighting, and would not have believed in these things if they had. At the present rate of progress, in less than a century we may be "listening-in" to the voices of our departed friends. All the "herd" may not be ready for it, but doubtless the Chancellor of the Exchequer will!

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mechanical psychology is useless and far worse than useless: it is paralysing to human effort. And it flies in the face of fundamental and obvious facts. The most fundamental fact about human life is that from moment to moment each one of us is constantly engaged in striving to bring about, to realise, to make actual, that which he conceives as possible and desires to achieve, whether it is only the securing of his next meal, the control of his temper, or the realisation of a great ideal. Man is fundamentally a purposive, striving creature. He looks before and after and longs for what is not. And he does not merely long; he strives to achieve that which he longs for, to bring about what is not yet, what he judges and desires should be. . . . In proportion as psychology resigns its pretensions to be an exact science based on mechanical principles and frankly accepts purposive strivings as a fundamental category, in just such proportion will it gain recognition as the indispensable basis of all the social sciences.—DR. WILLIAM McDUGALL in "The Fundamentals of Psychology" ("Psyche," July, 1924).

A CASE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING.

By E. W. DUXBURY.

In the "Acts of the Apostles" many instances are cited of spiritual healing, that is, of healing by means of spiritual power in the unseen world. There do not appear to be any conclusive reasons for denying, on theoretical grounds, the possibility of similar healing influences to-day, and this possibility is raised to a probability when confirmed by similar evidences to that in the case here presented.

From the purely critical standpoint full regard must be given to the possibilities of hetero-suggestion and auto-suggestion, as expounded by the new Nancy school of therapeutic psychology. If, however, these fail to give an adequate explanation of the facts, it may be more rational to adopt the explanation of definite spirit-intervention. This is the more feasible when it concerns one who, in the prophetic strain of the dying, gave expression to this sublime utterance: "I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth."

The case is quoted from the English Translation of the Biography of "Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux," by the Catholic Editor, the Rev. T. N. Taylor.

Stress should be laid on the evidential character of the medical testimony and on the possibility of the dynamic effect of prayer as an essential element in the problem.

In the Allocution relative to "Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux," the following words were uttered by Pope Benedict XV.:-

"Soeur Thérèse, shortly before her death, promised to 'spend her Heaven in doing good upon earth.' We know that she has kept her word, for the favours obtained through her intercession are innumerable. We, ourselves, particularly during the dark days of the recent war, were the recipient of numerous letters from French soldiers and officers, who attributed to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus their preservation from imminent danger of death. These letters were the more sincere as they frequently told of a 'change of life,' a pledge of gratitude towards their Heavenly Benefactress."

From statements made in Catholic journals it would appear that these interventions often took the form of visions on the battlefield of St. Joan of Arc accompanied by the Blessed Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux.

A CURE OF CANCER.

On August 27th, 1909, Mrs. Dorans, of the parish of Our Lady and St. Margaret's, Glasgow, was suddenly and completely cured of a cancerous tumour. The disease had so far progressed that her doctor, a Protestant, had said on the eve of her cure that she would in all probability die on the following day. In the morning he found the cancer gone. "If this is going to be permanent," he remarked when he had recovered from his stupefaction, "it is nothing short of a miracle." "It is a good thing," he added, "for professional men like us to know that these things are in a Higher Hand. After all, I believe that there is a God."

A number of years ago Mrs. Dorans, the widowed mother of a large family, began to suffer from continual pain in the left side of the abdomen. She persevered, in spite of it, to attend to her household duties. The suffering was the effect of a tumour which gradually increased in size until, for three years before its disappearance, she scarcely had a moment's respite. Her nights were practically sleepless, as she could not rest for more than seven or eight minutes at a time. By the month of April, 1909, the gravity of her state was such that her doctor, Dr. Carmichael, advised her to enter one of the Glasgow Infirmarys in order to undergo an operation. Examination of the tumour by Professor Gemmell and others made it clear that any attempt at an operation would be certainly fatal, a conclusion which the Professor insisted upon with considerable emphasis. Consequently, about the middle of May, after a couple of weeks in the Infirmary, she returned home to die.

Gradually the poor sufferer grew weaker. There were also dangerous internal complications, and the pain became very acute. For ten weeks the stomach was unable to retain anything in the form of food; even the taking of ice or soda-water resulted in severe vomiting attacks.

All this time her friends had been storming Heaven for her recovery, and novena after novena had been made, particularly to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of Lourdes. The invalid nevertheless sank rapidly. Finally, on August 22nd, a Sister of Mercy, aware of the dying woman's intense faith, proposed a novena to the Little Flower of Jesus, "a saint not yet canonized." Mrs. Dorans consented on condition that the Sacred Heart and Our Lady were included; so it was arranged between them that the holy Carmelite should "ask the Blessed Virgin to take her to the Sacred Heart, and that she, the Little Flower, should ask for the cure from our loving Lord." A beginning was made that day, Sunday.

For four days she continued to sink and on the Thursday the watchers hardly expected her to live till morning. She could now see things only very indistinctly, and her agony was intense. Her confessor proposed again to

administer the Last Sacraments but, confident she would survive a few hours longer, she begged to have them on the morrow as an immediate preparation for going before God, and they were in consequence delayed.

About 11 p.m. the poor creature, having taken a small piece of ice, had another dreadful attack of vomiting which quite exhausted her. After this she fell asleep. Her daughter watching by her side, worn out with nursing, soon followed her example. The invalid slept on quietly. It was her first real repose for several years. About half-past five on Friday morning Mrs. Dorans was aroused by a gentle pressure on each shoulder, as if someone were leaning over her. At the same time she felt a sweet, warm breath upon her face and knew that an invisible presence was beside her bed. Opening her eyes, she found that she could distinguish clearly the objects in the room. All pain had left her, and she enjoyed a sense of well-being that was an indescribable relief after the years of torture. She made a most fervent act of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, whose picture hung opposite the bed. Then scarcely realising the favour vouchsafed her, she fell asleep once more, this time for the space of twenty minutes. On awaking she ventured to feel the tumour, only to discover with delight that it had disappeared, together with the huge swelling which accompanied it.

Mrs. Dorans next awoke her daughter. She assured her that she felt refreshed and, after drinking a tumbler of soda-water, slept again for half-an-hour. After this she felt so well and hungry that she begged for a roll and a cup of tea.

As yet she had not acquainted her family with what had happened, and they thought the request a dying person's whim. To their amazement their mother thoroughly enjoyed the cup of tea, the first for three months. A little later she asked that Dr. Carmichael might be sent for immediately. The family now feared the worst, and the doctor came in haste expecting to find his patient in her death agony or already dead.

His astonishment was great on finding the invalid bright and full of life. Asking what had happened, he was told smilingly: "That was for him to find out." After a prolonged examination he called the eldest daughter into the room, and in presence of both declared that "assuredly the patient was better, and every organ of the body was now working properly. The swelling had gone and the only trace of the tumour was a tiny lump less than the size of a marble." It may be added that this lump had disappeared by the next day.

The cancer itself was a hard tumour situated in the left lumbar region and was of the size of an orange on its anterior surface, but it did not project above the skin. It was almost immobile, and seemed to adhere to the structure below the skin. No suppuration had taken place, nor was there any evidence of the liver having been affected. The patient was very much emaciated.

The effect upon Dr. Carmichael was one of bewilderment, and he begged for an explanation. Mrs. Dorans told him of the prayers that had been offered up to the little wonder-worker of Lisieux. He then asserted that if any other physician were brought in and told in what state the patient had been a few hours before, he would refuse point blank to credit it. Mrs. Dorans had been beyond the power of medical skill, and a Higher Hand had been here. Later on he gave a certificate which witnesses to the diagnosis of cancer, the state of extreme weakness of his patient, his intense surprise at the change which took place on August 27th, 1909, the absence of all the old symptoms on the occasion of an examination made July 10th, 1910. About the same time an X-ray photograph, by Dr. Riddell, did not reveal anything abnormal. The patient gradually recovered her full strength, and was able once again to return to her heavy household work, and even to devote herself occasionally to the night and day nursing of sick friends.

CERTIFICATE OF DR. COLVIN, M.D., J.P., CONCERNING THE CURE OF MRS. DORANS.

I hereby certify that I carefully examined Mrs. Dorans, June 21st, 1910. I found her in excellent health. All her organs were sound and free from disease or any tendency to disease. I made a special examination of the abdomen and found it normal. There was not the slightest trace of any tumour, or any growth, or any abnormality, to be made out either in the left lumbar region, or in the left iliac region, or in any region of the abdomen.

I was asked to carefully and closely examine, as a Catholic physician, the evidence in support of the fact that Mrs. Dorans had a tumour prior to the 27th August, 1909, and that the said tumour disappeared in a miraculous manner on the 27th August, 1909, without its having returned up to the present time, and without there being the slightest probability of its reappearance. I examined the proofs without bias. Indeed, I assumed a sceptical attitude towards them, so as to test whether a miracle had actually taken place. I dealt with objective facts only, and took nothing for granted that could not be proved. The conclusion I came to was that it was beyond the shadow of a doubt that a tumour was

present in Mrs. Dorans' abdomen prior to the 27th August, 1909. It was felt not only by Dr. Carmichael, her medical attendant, but also by Professor Gemmell and other doctors. The Professor's own words are that it "was a large, tender, almost immobile tumour."

It is an equally incontestable fact that the tumour has disappeared and no longer exists. The reason of its disappearance cannot be accounted for by natural means. The tumour was diagnosed as a cancerous tumour by Professor Gemmell and Dr. Carmichael, and all the signs and symptoms pointed in that direction. The pain for a long period of time, the chronic intestinal catarrh, the distension of the abdomen, the swelling of the legs, and especially of the left leg, the side on which the tumour was, the passage of blood and the emaciation, the sickness and vomiting, all confirmed the diagnosis of a cancerous tumour. A cancerous tumour invariably kills the patient sooner or later, and why this cancerous tumour did not kill Mrs. Dorans, but on the contrary entirely disappeared, leaving no trace of its existence, is beyond the ken of medical science.

THOMAS COLVIN.

Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery of the University of Glasgow. Late Resident Physician to the City of London Hospital for Chest Diseases. Late Physician to the Glasgow Victoria Infirmary Dispensary, etc. Justice of Peace for the City of Glasgow.

Marielea, Crosshill, Glasgow.

July 14th, 1910.

On Sunday, May 26th, 1912, Dr. Colvin read a paper at the Annual Conference of the Young Men's Society, held at Plymouth. His subject was: "Miracles, and a Modern Glasgow Miracle," and he treated at length of the cure of Mrs. Dorans. The paper is given in full in the Annual Report of the Society. The following extract brings the above narrative up to date:—

I next asked Professor Gemmell, in whose ward Mrs. Dorans was a patient in the Glasgow Western Infirmary, to allow me to examine the report in the ward journal. This was granted by the Professor, who is the leading medical consultant in the west of Scotland and occupies the Chair of Medicine in the University of Glasgow. The diagnosis of Mrs. Dorans' condition was given as: "Carcinoma of the sigmoid flexure of the colon."

In August of last year Mrs. Dorans was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Tribunal convened by His Lordship the Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux in view of the Beatification of Soeur Thérèse, "The Little Flower of Jesus." A searching physical examination of Mrs. Dorans was made by Drs. La Néelle and de Cornière. Both reported that the abdomen was normal.

She was again examined on May 17th, 1912, by Dr. Alex. Rankin, and Dr. Carmichael (both non-catholic) and myself. I subjoin our report:—

"We hereby certify, on soul and conscience, that we have carefully examined Mrs. Dorans, and find her in good health, and able to go about and perform her household duties. There is no evidence of a tumour in her abdomen. Two facts about her impressed us. One was the truthfulness and constancy of her statements of her illness under cross-examination, and the other was that she had the facial expression, or 'cancerous cachexy,' of one who had suffered from a grave, malignant disease."

"Signed. ALEXANDER RANKIN.
"GEORGE CARMICHAEL.
"THOMAS COLVIN."

BEHAVIOURISM AND OTHER MATTERS.

SOME NOTES ON THE CURRENT ISSUE OF "PSYCHE."

By F. E. LEANING.

There does not seem much connection, at first sight, between the increase of cancer and the "newest" psychology named Behaviourism, but Mr. H. Reinheimer treats of the one in his article on "The Origin of Malignancy" in such a fashion as indirectly to reinforce the attack on the other in the controversy between Dr. J. B. Watson and Professor McDougall. There is between these latter two, indeed, a fine logical clatter and bang, with hardly any philosophical dust of unfamiliar terms to confuse the on-looker as to what it is all about. Dr. Watson, in his nervous incisive style, hurls, as he says, a few behaviouristic words at you; which means, to put it even more briefly than he does, that he wants to study the man without any nonsense as to an invisible soul, or even a state of consciousness, or anything whatever less tangible than his actions and his words. These useless, misleading ideas were imported ages ago by the first lazy primitive man who found that it was easier to sit down and "think," than to work with his hands and join in the chase. As a Behaviourist, he will ignore everything but behaviour; that is, actions, which can be observed from the outside,

and will have nothing to do with them as observed from the inside, after the introspective methods of the "old" psychology.

To this McDougall replies at length with a delightful flow of trenchant wit, though one catches here and there the deep undertone of the dignity which properly invests the defence. And without using any technical terms at all (and in fact using certain colloquial expressions, such as not talking through his hat, asking Dr. Watson to put certain facts in his pipe and smoke them, and inviting his hearers generally to pity his antagonist if he continues "to butt his poor nose against the hard facts of human nature") the Professor amply carries the verdict to his own side, claiming that he is himself the Arch-behaviourist and the chief begetter of that reformed psychology which embraced both the internal and external expression of human conduct and character. That there are actions of men and animals which require a psychic explanation is inferred, also, in some of the examples, and a footnote states that by his twenty years' connection with the S.P.R., he "publicly and shamelessly avowed his leanings towards 'superstition.'"

Mr. Reinheimer's article, as powerful and profitable, if less amusing than the other, deals as his readers would expect with the "behaviour" of plants, animals, insects, and the cells in human tissue, on symbiotic lines. If cancer is the nemesis of a meat-eating race, then we may see in it the grim teaching that whoso is treacherous to the law of life by the taking of life, shall suffer the sapping of his own life by a like treachery in his own organism. "The more I study the interaction of life, the more I become convinced that affinities of this kind (i.e., the love of roast beef) tend to alienate the organism from the powers for good implicit in the universe." This is rather a strong saying, and however true it may seem to be we cannot help remembering that the great cathedrals were built, the great books written, the great strokes for justice all delivered in an age when as a race we were far more carnivorous than we are now. And the growth of cancer, said to be so alarming, has gone hand in hand with the spread of temperance, the increase of vegetarianism, and conscientious objections generally to taking any kind of risk; which hardly looks as if symbiosis were having it all its own way after all. But all great new hypotheses are fascinating, and some day we shall know whether "cuttle fish are odd and ugly" because they are predatory and therefore "bad organisms," and why the lion, which is also predatory, is not "aesthetically repulsive," but, in fact, considered good enough to have become our national emblem. Perhaps Mr. Reinheimer deals with some of these and similar points in his new book, "Evolution at the Crossways," which is noticed also in this number of "Psyche."

A LETTER FROM LAGOS.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—The enclosed cutting came from "The Western Weekly News," which paper I have read since 1877. I have taken LIGHT since 1899, and it is the first time I have seen an article in one paper that might very well have come from the other—a sign of the changing attitude of the public to our belief.

For the past twenty-five years, wherever I have been (I am a public works navy) I have always managed to get my LIGHT, and I would as soon go without my whisky as my LIGHT, and that is saying a lot for a "West Coaster," for this is not a health resort. One may feel a bit queer at breakfast, not "make his number" at mid-day "Chop," and that evening his mates are turning out their boxes to find that black tie for the evening ceremony!

At Larkhill Camp, Salisbury Plain, in 1917, the 3rd Australian Division was in training for some months. In the way of business I became acquainted with an Australian engineer officer who was a fine chap. Visiting my quarters one evening he noticed several copies of LIGHT on my desk. He said, "Great Scot! Who reads that paper here?" "I do," I said. "You! well I'm blessed!" After that we were friends for the remainder of our stay at Larkhill. The morning before the Division left for France he came to say good-bye. "So long, F—, old man. I am afraid I shall not see you again—not this side anyway." I said, "Get out. You don't want to get that into your head." He replied, "I know I am going 'Over the Downs,' as they say here, and it's no good worrying." Twelve days after that I saw his name in the "Killed" column of the "Derby Telegraph." He had been blown to pieces by a shell whilst repairing a bridge!—Yours, etc.,

FRED WILLIAMS.

Lagos, British Nigeria, West Africa.

July 13th, 1924.

*. The cutting referred to in our correspondent's letter contains a pleasing little sketch in which an old lady of 70 who was sufficiently athletic to ride a bicycle, meets with a fatal accident and awakes on the other side of death to find herself "cycling swiftly, easily, with no shortness of breath, up a winding hill, radiant in its beauty." Here she meets her mother and discovers that she is no longer on earth.

LIGHT.

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WHIMPERERS AND BUSYBODIES.

Amongst the mob of dullards who would try their best to burke inquiry into those regions of life which lie beyond their dull senses we note two prevalent types—the Whiner and the Busybody.

We know them both only too well.

Let us deal first with the white-livered variety which whimpers, usually in a clerical voice, about the dangers of investigation.

Hear his unctuous snuffle—it usually runs something like this:—

Dear brethren, it behoves us to consider carefully the perils of tampering with the veil that hides the Seen from the Unseen. It is a course fraught with grave dangers to the Christian believer. Who knows what agencies of the Evil One may be at work in these strange new paths to which we are being directed even by those whose opinions we respect. Let us reflect on the dangers of necromancy against which we are so solemnly warned in the sacred pages of Holy Writ.

It used to be Evolution, Mesmerism, Chloroform, the Steam-engine, Aviation—to mention but a few things. Now it is communication with the so-called dead who are found to be very much alive in a natural world, proceeding along the orderly course of a Divine Evolution of the race. The whimperer has never been trained to think and he is a coward in grain. Necromancy! Necro-fiddlesticks! Corpses are no concern of ours, however much the poltroons of Theology may pin their ideas of a future life to decaying cadavers.

These chicken-hearted people with their whines and snuffles about "dangers" make us tired—they are such a reproach to the race of men. Their hearts are in their boots at the least hint of anything which to them is new and strange. Partly it is due to mental apathy. They are the sluggards who, wishing to lie a-bed, try to excuse themselves by proclaiming that there is a lion in the streets. They are hardly worth answering, because the whole genius of the race is against them. Cowards are not esteemed anywhere. They excite pity and contempt—usually unspoken, possibly because as a rule the loathing for the coward and the skulker is too deep to find adequate expression.

When that pitiful specimen of humanity, the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, complained with a whine that old Mr. Weller's sentiments "made a vessel's heart bleed," Mr. Weller was heard to mutter something about making a vessel's nose bleed. We can quite understand the feeling—a very healthy and natural repulsion from sanctimonious snuffling.

And then there are the Busybodies, usually hum-

bugs, although sometimes belonging to that class of Puritans of whom it was said that Hell to them would be a place where they could not interfere in the affairs of other people.

These people, to use a vulgar phrase, have a "job" against Spiritualists just as others of their class have a grudge against some particular form of religion, politics, literature, philosophy, or what not.

They try one expedient after another only to fail miserably, not so much because of the defence offered by the people attacked, as because there is in the public mind a kind of fundamental common-sense and a deep sense of justice. It may be started for a time, by wily exploiters, on a quest for a mare's nest, but it soon discovers the cheat and pays no further attention to the alarmists.

There was a time when a Spiritualist was depicted by the Busybody (who is also an ass) as a weird and uncanny creature with rolling eyes who discoursed with devils in dark cellars and muttered to himself as he went. We did not dispute the picture. We endorsed it and added a few picturesque touches of our own, as for instance that he twined straws in his hair and when he spoke fire came out of his mouth! This was flippant, of course, but really, how can you answer an ass in his own language without imitating his bray?

We have learned recently on the authority of persons with a plentiful lack of knowledge, that it is the fashion for Spiritualists to carry on the "human vivisection" of young people and to subject them to mental tortures of a barbarous kind. The accuser forgot to mention that the children are also impaled on spikes and afterwards roasted and eaten.

This trick of trying to fool the public with trumped-up charges, the hollowness of which is apparent to every sensible observer, is a very cheap one. It could only be launched by those who were ignorant of or who ignored the fact that Spiritualists as a body include many people of the highest reputation and integrity in all the professions, including the Church, Law, Literature, Journalism and the Drama.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHILD.

Thou from Whom all beauty flows,
God of wonder and delight,
Mystic lily, radiant rose,
Vales of earth and heavens bright—
Sweetest flower of all is this,
Wakened by Thy kiss!

Planted here in earthly mould,
Child of heavenly light and air,
Love shall nourish and unfold
All her spirit's promise fair;
Harmony and fragrance twined
Lap her heart and mind.

She shall never walk alone—
Help us, Lord, our debt to pay!—
Ministers unseen, unknown,
Still attend her, work and pray
That the coming race may be
Nearer Love and Thee!

—W. H. ANDREW (President, Alloa
Spiritualist Association).

COMING CHANGES IN "LIGHT."

We contemplate shortly making certain changes in LIGHT. They will be only changes in form. Our present cover will disappear, and there may be certain re-arrangements of the contents of the paper; but in all other respects we expect to remain the same. We think it well to make the announcement early so that when the transformation is effected our readers will be prepared for the shock, which we hope and expect will be an agreeable one. The spirit will remain the same, only the dress will be changed. It will be the old paper but in a different form. Frankly we may admit we were never enamoured of the illustrated cover, but its adoption was at the time a necessity of the situation. We do not think its disappearance will be regretted by our readers when they see the alteration.

THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

NEWS AND VIEWS—CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

A correspondent of the "Daily Express" writes to that paper to give his experience of and evidence for the "spirit body." He says:—

No one seems yet to have realised that man has not only a spirit, but a spirit body.

As disclosed all through the Bible itself, what was seen and heard by man through his supernatural faculties had a clearly objective existence.

I have seen spirit bodies, and, stranger than this, I once even saw my own spiritual body, and was able to pass at will from my conscious body to that of the spiritual.

I am neither a Spiritualist nor abnormal, and consequently hope that the experience will never be repeated. But I can still say I believe in the resurrection of the (spirit) body.

He is evidently not a reader of Spiritualist literature, or he would know that the claim for survival includes the existence of a "spirit body," through which the personality survives. Also, while disclaiming the attitude of a Spiritualist, he states that he believes in the most vital point of that creed. After all, the belief is more than the name!

The "Evening News" of the 5th inst. gives an account of a "ghostly drummer" who is heard at a house at Ledaig, near Oban. Apparently it is necessary for other music to be playing, when the "drummer" joins in. The account says:—

Presently the piper, in response to the company's request, began to play. Before he had got very far a drum accompaniment was heard; and when the piper had finished, a voice—apparently that of the ghost—asked that he should play, "The Wearin' o' the Green."

The piper responded, and the ghost kept time.

Another night an accordion was played, and again the unseen warrior drummed an accompaniment.

This drummer is supposed to be an Irishman who fell in the Egyptian campaign at Tel-el-Kebir. It is not the first time we have heard of psychic phenomena at Ledaig. Some strange manifestations at a cottage there were the theme of much newspaper comment at the beginning of last year.

Theology can be as material in its dogmas and ideas as the average materialist. Take the "crowns and harps," the "streets of gold," and the winged angels, which are still implicitly believed in by many Christians. But perhaps the most material conception is that of the resurrection of the physical body. It is therefore welcome to read a confutation of this idea from a leading Church dignitary. In the "Times" of the 2nd inst., while writing on the subject of "cremation," Bishop Gore says:—

That phraseology of the Nicene Creed bore the impress of the fact that intelligent persons, even in those very unscientific days, perceived that the idea of the resurrection by the re-collection of the material flesh was an impossible one, and desired to emphasise that it was no part of the Christian creed. He believed with a passionate devotion in the resurrection of the body—that was to say, that he felt sure that the great idea that the spirit was embodied in its perfect state, as in its imperfect state, was the true one; but it in no kind of way meant the preservation or reconstruction or recovery of the material particles of our present body. The Roman Catholic Church, he believed, still prohibited cremation, but had carefully excluded the idea that it did so on theological grounds. It did so out of reverence for past custom.

One of the favourite materialist theories for explaining away psychic evidence—a theory which was annexed from psychic literature, and recast to suit their own purposes—is that of the "subliminal consciousness." But to employ your opponent's weapons is often a dangerous experiment, for they often turn in the hand that is trying to use them. That this is so in this case is shown by Mr. Blatchford, in the "Clarion" of the 8th inst., where he says:—

What is the subliminal consciousness? Where is it? How does it operate? How does it happen that it is awake and active while the brain is asleep. The brain needs sleep in order to recuperate. Apparently the submind does not need recuperation. That surely suggests that it is not composed of brain matter. Of what, then,

can it be composed? Memory is supposed to be stored in the brain cells. But the subconsciousness which remembers everything, and never forgets either, has no brain cells or has brain cells which never tire, never wear out, and never need rest or renovation.

The submind is, I believe, the same that M. Flammarion speaks of as the soul. The submind sees without eyes and thinks without words.

Thus we see that the theory used to disprove the existence of the soul, provides strong evidence in favour of its existence.

In a late issue of the same paper "A Scot" attempted to prove the improbability of psychical phenomena on the plea that the folly and knavery of mankind was a more likely explanation, and because "wittingly or unwittingly, all men are liars." Mr. Blatchford shows that the explanation does not explain, for, as he points out, it assumes that the well-known men who vouched for the records of "Katie King" were all liars, rather an untenable assumption. He then continues:—

Take a simpler case. The case of my uncle, William Corrie. When I came home from my first sitting I told my daughters that Feda had described my uncle to me and had told me what he died of. But I did not describe my uncle to them as it did not occur to me. The answer is that when I said Feda described William Corrie to me I was lying. So?

But my youngest daughter, who knew nothing about William Corrie and had no idea as to his appearance, came back from Southampton with an exact description of him. Was she just lying? The fact remains, though to be accounted for, the fact that she gave me an exact description of a man she had never seen. How does the theory of wilful falsehood cover that fact?

Mr. J. G. Piddington, in his Presidential Address to the Society for Psychical Research, reported in the "Proceedings" of that Society for July, dealt with the Society's attitude towards psychical phenomena, and advised continual caution. He, however, makes one definite statement which is welcome from the Chair of that Society. Dealing with phenomena in general, he continues:—

So far I have not mentioned one type of the phenomena studied by the Society: namely, the so-called Spiritualistic phenomena. That most of us who have studied these particular phenomena at first hand believe that in many cases they are in some degree, though by no means wholly, due to the agency of the dead, is clear enough from the papers we have contributed to the "Proceedings"; but whether this opinion is shared by any considerable section of the educated public I have no means of ascertaining. But of this much at least I feel confident, that the evidence on which we rely has had enough effect to allow the question of communication from and with the dead to be debated in a serious spirit and as a serious possibility.

The last issue of the "Message of Life," New Zealand, contains a story of the monition which came to an engineer driving a passenger train on the Northern Pacific Railroad between Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. The engineer, whose name is not given although he tells the story in the first person, explains that in November, 1891, he had a train of three passenger cars and a baggage coach. As he was running the train on a portion of the line at the foot of a steep bluff, he had a feeling that he ought to stop, but he did not dare for fear of being the butt of ridicule and possibly being discharged for holding up the train without reason, but as he went on the presentiment grew stronger and stronger, until, at length, he heard something like a voice inside himself, "Landslide ahead; stop!" He proceeds:—

I was still in fear of yielding to superstitious delusion when something like a dynamic psychic force, as it were, catapulted me to the lever and automatically I shut off the steam and the train stopped. I looked out ahead . . . and just ahead was the landslide of which the spirit voice had warned me.

The sudden stopping of the train led to an enquiry from the conductor as to who had signalled him to stop, and he explains:—

I was afraid to tell him a spirit voice had warned me, so I told him part of the truth, that I had looked around and saw it. This gave me the reputation of being a careful engineer.

And the narrator expresses his opinion that nothing but the spirit voice could have saved that train from total wreck.

F. W. H.

AN OLD TIME MATERIALISING SEANCE.

By LYDDELL SAWYER.

It seems to me that in the earlier days of Spiritualism its actual materialistic manifestations must have been of a much more robust character than those of later times. I am especially driven to that conclusion from my remembrance of a materialising meeting at which I was present, something well over thirty years ago. It was one of a weekly series of seances, conducted at Newcastle-on-Tyne, by a body of enthusiastic Spiritualists, under the name—if I remember rightly—of the Northern Counties' Spiritual Evidence Society. This was an entirely private gathering of psychic investigators, and I believe that the presence of an outsider was only allowed as an occasional rotary privilege accorded to each member in turn. It was under this privilege that I was introduced to this meeting by my friend, Mr. Harry Burton, who was one of the Society's very active members. I wonder whether, after all this lapse of time, this gentleman is still on this side of the "bourne" from which Hamlet appeared to conclude there was no return!

The principal meeting room of this Society was an apartment of about twenty by sixteen feet or so in size, with a permanent oblong-shaped cabinet fixed by the members in one corner. This cabinet was covered from floor to ceiling with perforated zinc, and the hinged door, also covered with zinc, was secured at the opening side by a series of eyelets fixed alternatively, on to the edge of the door and the door frame. A long rod, which was then pushed through the eyelets both on the door and frame, and securely fastened at the bottom, left it practically impossible to obtain release from the inside. These good people had fitted out the whole place themselves for their own private investigations and kept everything under their constant supervision. Miss Wood was the medium on this occasion, as I understood she also was at many other of their seances. I don't remember her Christian name, but I gathered that her mediumistic powers had been the subject of many remarkable tests, some of them at the late Professor Sidgwick's Cambridge laboratories.

There would be about twelve to fifteen of us altogether when the meeting commenced. The gas was turned down until we could just dimly see one another. Miss Wood was seated in an armchair and we sat around her in a circle, where we engaged in prayer and the singing of hymns until Miss Wood appeared to be sufficiently entranced. She was then carefully moved into the cabinet, chair and all, and the door was securely fastened by the long rod being pushed through all the eyelets and then fastened at the bottom. A heavy, ringed curtain, hanging on rods, was then pulled entirely around the cabinet.

We arranged ourselves in a semi-circle facing, and something like six feet away from, the end and side of the covered cabinet, and while softly singing hymns we awaited developments. Soon a white draped figure of what appeared to be an average-sized girl emerged from behind the curtain, where the angle of the cabinet and the wall was furthest from the cabinet door.

Six or seven forms appeared, varying from a male six feet high, down to a quaint figure of a little Indian girl known to the circle as "Pockey." All the figures were clothed in some sort of white garment. Each one on its appearance moved in front of an empty fireplace some three or four feet away from the curtain, where they seemed to sway a moment, while they gathered strength. They then moved more steadily among the sitters freely shaking hands, and, in some cases, talking to various members by whom the figures seemed to be individually quite well known and were addressed by their particular names.

It was clearly evident, whatever their process of creative manifestation, that their organs of speech and form substantiability had been well considered.

The eerie feeling of close proximity to such "ghostly visitants" was quickly dissipated by the cheerful and homely attitude of some of the visitors themselves. Particularly was this the case during the entertaining presence of Miss Pockey. She had the appearance and vivacity of a little maiden of some five years of age. She spoke "broken English," and in the light childish tones belonging to such an age. I remember, however, that this semblance of childishness was, at the same time, vastly discounted by the quaint shrewdness and oftentimes saucy repartee displayed in her remarks.

Another peculiarity about this young lady, which indeed gave me a distinctly uncanny feeling, was that I noticed when she sat on the floor she seemed really to sit upon somewhere in the vicinity of her shoulder blades! She disturbingly reminded me of Galatea's dilemma when in Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" she questioned whether the art patron, with whom she was discoursing, was a fully finished article!

During the seance it was suggested that we should endeavour to obtain the materialisation of a figure before our eyes, and this was actually accomplished.

While we sat concentrating our minds on this development, an object of about the appearance and size of a white

handkerchief moved out from behind the curtain and lay still for a while in front of the empty fireplace. Soon it began to stir and slowly increased in height in the form of a dense white, shapeless column, until it reached the height of an average person. Then this amorphous column suddenly developed folds of drapery, even while we watched, and ultimately into a white clothed figure, which stood swaying awhile before us all. I don't remember that this figure tried to speak, but it eventually passed around the circle and returned to its original position. Here, after a time, the request was made that the figure should dematerialise again, and this it slowly did, down to the original handkerchief size, which then moved to and disappeared behind the curtain.

As a termination of this, to me, wonderful seance, the carefully secured long rod was withdrawn from the eyelets in some way beyond our knowledge, the cabinet door was thrown open and the medium, apparently still entranced, was moved out into the room, still seated in her chair, by a tall, white-clothed form. This figure stood for a moment by the medium's side, then returned to the cabinet and simply disappeared, no one seemed to know how or where. Well, so it all was. I have endeavoured to give just a very short resumé of the actual happenings, and now that so many years have rolled between I still continue to ask myself how it all happened!

I am unable to suggest any kind of trickery which could have accounted for such results in an apartment entirely under the control of those earnest investigators. What happened to each of those materialised forms as soon as they disappeared behind the curtain, which was hung only within an inch or two clear of the solid zinc partition?

Notwithstanding certain physical disabilities wherein Pockey's "make up" was not beyond suspicion, yet the forms were at least sufficiently solid to shake hands with us; but what happened to this same solidity immediately after it was covered by the curtain?

There was no space between curtain and zinc partition—no subsequent curtain flutter to be observed.

How did the form which materialised before our eyes grow from, and return to the size of an inexplicable handkerchief? What happened to the tall figure which, after having the apparent strength to haul out the medium, then returned to the open cabinet and just seemingly turned into nothingness?

What sort of supernormal power was called into being so to mystify our incompletely cognising senses?

THE PREVENTION OF WAR.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—Last year some influential demonstrations were made in various parts of the country in favour of the prevention of war. This year there will be similar demonstrations on Sunday, September 21st, next. There were contingents from various religious organisations—also Political and Social—but there was no contingent representing the Spiritualist movement. I hope that this will be rectified this year, and that in London, at least, if not in other parts of the country, there will be a large company representing our movement.

We stand for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and therefore should occupy a conspicuous place in this great effort for the Prevention of War. Our Brotherhood should be absolute and not conditional.

If anyone would like to organise a contingent they can get full particulars of how to set about it and also assistance from Mr. Sydney Potter, National Council for the Prevention of War, Millbank House, 2, Wood-street, Westminster.

Owing to pressure of circumstances, I regret that personally I cannot organise a contingent for London, but I shall be glad to correspond with any who are prepared to assist in doing so. The resolution, which will be proposed on this occasion, will be as follows:—

"This mass meeting of citizens sends fraternal greetings to similar gatherings now being held throughout the world to express abhorrence of war and militarism, joins with them in declaring it to be the duty of all peoples and Governments to strive for Universal Disarmament, and calls upon its own Government to pursue a policy of International Co-operation to a strengthened and enlarged League of Nations, the settlement of disputes by conciliation and judicial arbitration and the convocation of an International Conference to achieve these purposes."

There may be some of us who are prepared to vote unconditionally for no more war, but as we cannot expect everyone to think alike, the organisers consider that the above resolution is sufficiently wide to include all sympathisers with the No More War propaganda.—Yours, etc.

RICHARD A. BUSH.

The Holt,
Morden,
Surrey.

TELEPATHY AND SPIRIT CONTROL.

ADDRESS BY MISS F. R. SCATCERD.

Miss Scatcerd has had a wonderful experience of psychic phenomena, and those public addresses in which she recounts her personal investigations have the force and directness which such narratives always afford. She is, too, a courageous thinker who delights in facing complex problems.

When speaking before the Marylebone Spiritualist Association on Sunday evening, August 10th, Miss Scatcerd took for her theme, "Telepathy and Spirit Control," one of the most debatable subjects in the whole realm of psychic study. No hard and fast line of demarcation, it would seem, can be made, for the two aspects at times intermingle, and cases favouring either interpretation can be cited. Mr. F. Brittain presided over a large gathering which followed the speaker's remarks with keen interest.

MISS SCATCERD'S ADDRESS.

Miss Scatcerd said:—

I have chosen this subject as a result of a good deal of reading. Until I had gone through this reading I thought that Telepathy was regarded as a fact even by those outside the range of psychic research. I found, however, in the serious reviews and magazines that the majority of the writers did not accept Telepathy as a fact. The only occasion when these gentlemen accepted it was when they found it convenient to do so in order to avoid a less welcome conclusion; in other words, when they wanted to avoid the only hypothesis that explained all the psychological facts—because the facts of Spiritualism are psychological facts, dealing as they do with the mind incarnate and discarnate. Telepathy, according to the definition of Mr. F. W. H. Myers is the communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another independently of the recognised channels of sense.

The remark of Mr. Gerald Balfour, occurring in his presidential address before the Society for Psychical Research, was recalled, when he maintained that one proven fact of Telepathy was of more importance to science than the colliding of two worlds. This was because a proven fact of Telepathy was something outside the range of known laws, and would need a readjustment of the statement of physical laws.

Sir George Reid, a former High Commissioner for Australia, had pointed out some years ago that though we lived in an age of machinery, the most wonderful machine of all, the human mind, was not studied in our great universities as it should be. The speaker hoped that since those words were uttered this defect had been remedied.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

Miss Scatcerd's brief reference to a change effected in the circle of subjects studied by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, whereby psychology was placed on a better footing—the speaker did not mention that this was largely due to her own efforts—led her to relate a very interesting story. The British Association had promised to appoint a committee (in the Psychology Section) to deal with what, to save its dignity, it termed "para-psychological phenomena." Miss Scatcerd was anxious to attend the meeting of the Association this year at Toronto to see what this committee (if appointed) was going to do, and had some thoughts of offering a paper, possibly on Ectoplasm. Speaking of her intention to Capt. John Alleyne, the gifted sensitive who was concerned in the Glastonbury script, he said definitely, in February, that she was not going. He saw it. He turned out to be correct. That, said the speaker, was not a case of Telepathy.

She went on to relate another case where the same sensitive had a precise knowledge of her movements in a train journeying Northward from King's Cross. "Now was that Telepathy," said Miss Scatcerd, "or what they call travelling clairvoyance?" She preferred not to decide.

TELEPATHY AND SPIRIT CONTROL.

Miss Scatcerd has met many famous men and women, and her reminiscences are highly interesting. Recalling her last conversation with Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, she said that she was very much astonished to find that if he did not actually deny the existence of Telepathy, his views went far in that direction. He did not accept the analogy between Telepathy and the then current notion of wireless, which was then only in its beginnings. He was inclined to believe that many so-called cases of Telepathy were in reality due to spirit control. At the time, Miss Scatcerd paid little heed to this view, in spite of the eminent man who voiced it, but at a later stage of her investigations she came to attach more importance to it. When definite prevision was obtained of something not on the physical plane, then Telepathy fell short of adequate explanation.

Incidents in which Miss Scatcerd herself experienced telepathic impacts were described, and a graphic account was furnished of the speaker's meeting with the first Madame Zancig, who exhibited wonderful powers both of Telepathy and prevision.

In conclusion the speaker referred to the coming Conference at Wembley on "Some Living Religions Within the Empire," to begin on September 22nd, and advised her hearers to obtain particulars, and to attend.

After the address Mrs. Annie Brittain gave successful clairvoyant descriptions.

L. C.

NEW CHURCH AT BOURNEMOUTH.

OPENING CEREMONY.

From their hall in Charminster-road, where only about one hundred people can be comfortably accommodated, the Charminster-road Spiritualist Mission has now moved into its new church in the same road, where more than double the number can meet in comfort. The building, which has been in the course of construction for about six months, is a roomy rectangular hall, with a pleasing decorative scheme within of palest grey, white and dark polished woodwork. It is lighted in the day time by spacious windows of semi-opaque glass, and at night by hanging white-globed lamps and electric candles. The whole of the furnishing costs have been covered by a special fund.

For the opening ceremony on Thursday, July 31st, at 3 p.m., the hall was brightened with deep pink gladioli, daisies and lilies, and the large number of people who met for the ceremony were unanimous in their praise of its appearance. Notwithstanding the early hour of commencing, the hall was so full that many late-comers were unable to find accommodation.

Mr. H. Hiscock, the President of the Mission, who has the main interest in the building until it is taken over by the Mission, presided, supported by Mrs. Hayter, who has made special efforts in the movement, and Mr. A. E. Taylor, and he introduced the opener and chief speaker, Mr. Horace Leaf, a well-known lecturer on psychic science.

In his introductory remarks the Chairman recalled the commencement of the Spiritualist movement in Bournemouth, and the growth of the Charminster Mission during the last eight years, during which time the headquarters had been moved first from a small room in a private house in Capstone-road, and now from 95, Charminster-road to the new hall.

Mr. Leaf, congratulating the members of the Mission on the efforts which had resulted in the erection of such a splendid building, remarked they were all prompted by the fact that man was essentially a praying creature; he was in his innate nature spiritual, and nature would assert itself. Nature's harmony and orderliness proved the existence of a supreme directive mind.

Modern Spiritualists had no creed; they had a wide outlook, and their belief was unique in that though it was primarily a religion, it was also based on scientific revelations. They must work hard to spread their belief which had been brought to them by the hard work of pioneers.

Mr. Leaf, Mr. Hiscock and Mrs. Hayter were all cordially thanked by Mr. Taylor.

Although no special appeal was made the collections for the day amounted to £48 4s. 8d.

CHILD COMMUNICATORS.

Miss H. A. Dallas writes:—

Miss Bazett's interesting little article on children (LIGHT, August 2nd) reminds me of an experience I had with her.

I had asked her to try in my presence whether she could get something for a friend of mine whose only child—a boy—had been drowned. The friend is known to me by correspondence only. She lives in the States. The writing and impressions which came were many of them verified; there were many details unknown to me—among other things she had an impression that the boy was with his grandmother and in writing came the statement: "She is very like mummy."

I could not personally verify this. I knew, moreover, that my friend's mother was still on earth. When I sent these notes to her she was able to corroborate many of the impressions and much of the automatic writing. On this particular point her comment was particularly interesting. She wrote concerning the grandmother:—

The description is rather vague, but would seem to fit my father's mother. . . . Father's mother is my only all-English ancestor. . . . Do you think she might be with the boy and be a sort of link between the medium in England and yourself and us? I never saw her, as she and her husband died a few months before I was born. . . . Strangely enough, this grandmother never had a child who looked like her, while of my father's five children I am the only one who looks like his side of the house; and have always been said to be very, very like grandmother O—, except that she was short and stout and I am medium height and quite slight. . . . Father and his sisters often remark that I grow more like their mother every day.

The A.B.C. of Spiritualism. GUIDANCE AND COUNSEL FOR INQUIRERS.

Conducted by "Lieutenant-Colonel."

ANIMAL SURVIVAL.

A correspondent has raised certain points in reference to the previous article on this subject, which show that the ideas suggested in that article have not been fully grasped, and it may be of interest to others if the replies are given in this column.

He queries whether survival has anything to do with reward, and suggests that many men will fall short of that reward. But the reward is not for the individual, but for the species, which has evolved to the stage when individual survival is possible; until then, that which has been gained by a species will not be lost. It will be in some way added to the common good, but until individuality is self-known, it cannot endure. The worst man has that in him which must survive, individually, and there is usually more good than the world recognises. The animal has not reached that stage, in which it can say "I know that I am"; it can only feel, like, and hate in an impersonal way, and that degree of knowledge will be retained, perhaps like an eddy in the sea, but not like a cup of water taken out of the sea, and made an individual item. Remember that the crimes of the man are the natural actions of the animal; the man is a higher being to whom they are wrong, but the animal has not reached that stage. The soul is the character-body, not the mere life, and no unbiassed person can compare the "character" of an animal with that of a man; they are judged by different standards. Another important point is, that character survives, whether individually, or in bulk, and it cannot be contended that animal character is sufficiently advanced to make fit denizens of our next stage of life. It would be far more reasonable to suppose that the "animal soul" is given a human life as its reward; it would be a stage higher, and not a jump over our heads into Heaven, as my correspondent would suggest. It would give them the opportunity to obtain individuality.

Too many people glorify animals, especially their own pet animals, at the expense of their human brothers; they have gone to great pains to train their pets, and with all the training they do not become even colourable imitations of mankind. They attach themselves to their masters, more often from lack of rationality than otherwise, and in fact, if they could reason better, they would be more cautious.

It is of no use blinding oneself to facts; the character of animals is not potentially fit for Heaven, while the character of man is so; for whether he has made himself fit does not apply, he can do that, and in due time will have made himself fit, even if he has to learn a weary lesson first.

There is no doubt that if people, especially some ladies, who give their whole care and affection to animals, took as much interest in their fellow beings, the world would be the better. They would find more good in even the worst than they imagine, and they themselves would be the better, both in this life, and that which will follow.

This is not offered in the way of a sermon, but as sound common-sense.

By all means be good to animals; it is our duty and heritage, but both our duty and our advantage lie in giving the first and chief thought to our brethren, apart from the fact that it comprises the "whole law and the from the fact that, with love of God, it comprises the "whole law and the prophets."

A BOOK OF TESTIMONY.

REVIEWED BY NELLIE TOM-GALLON.

"The Witness," by Jessie Platts (Hutchinson & Co, 5s. net).

Such a flood of automatic writing has been let loose recently upon the world that an apt word-maker recently spoke of a new disease that might be called "scriptæsthesia"!

Undoubtedly writings that claim to be placed on paper without the conscious intervention of the writer's mind have ceased to be things to be approached with unquestioning reverence by the reader—in other words, that a thing has been automatically written is of but small importance, compared with the subject-matter of what is conveyed by the writing.

It comes, then, that whatever new volume of messages, claiming to be automatic, is put before the public, the book must justify its existence wholly and solely by what new information of life away from this earth it can give, or by the weight and beauty of its teaching.

Judged by this standard, "The Witness" is a remarkable volume.

Before all things, it appeals to the emotions, and does

so quite justifiably; for we have to remember that the first and strongest of all emotions is love, and earnestly and vividly this book teaches the importance of love, urges that it is the touchstone of every act, every thought, that is for the good of the individual, therefore for the whole human race.

The book is admittedly startling in many of its messages. Realise that a boy not yet eighteen was killed in action at Gavrelle in the spring of 1917, that before that date he had served in the Army for nearly two years—and the first thought at the iconoclastic messages that he gives through the hand of his mother, is sheer amazement. Instantly on his arrival on the other side of the veil he comes in touch with some of the greatest spiritual thinkers the world has ever known—he talks freely and beautifully of all his work, his studies being directed by "the Master Christ."

At first it is as though a baby, not yet able to speak, suddenly opened its mouth to voice beautiful poetry—one would regard it as a wonderful act, but the poetry could not be of value coming from a brain that had not yet formulated thought, or experienced the changes and hazards of life.

But in "The Witness" one comes quickly to an understanding of the right focus for the pictures we are given. The clear fact of the case is that this fine, clean-souled boy, coming of good stock, and with an ingrained love of home and country, never suggests that he is sending to the world any teaching for which he, personally, is responsible, but that the wonderful love he bore for his mother makes it possible for him to communicate with her and give through her hand the teaching of spirits far greater than himself.

Had he been older, had he lived some years of an average man's life, he could not have been the absolutely pure channel that he becomes. Inevitably he would have criticised, from experience in his own life, some of the things that he was bidden to deliver. In other words the circumstances were such as to make him adult, strong and vigorous, yet with much of the unquestioning, obedient soul of a child still left to him.

Thus much to clear our brains of the shock of surprise in this book; that past, we come to a mass of most remarkable matter. With much of it every thoughtful man and woman must be completely in sympathy, as, for instance, when a heretic diatribe is delivered against the acceptance of the whole of the Bible as sacred and inspired, and a protest against children being made, or even allowed, to read many of the Old Testament legends which make out the God of all the world to be a sometimes mean and malignant Ruler, advantaging one nation by trickery against others. On the other hand, close study of the New Testament is urged on everyone, and both these attitudes are absolutely in sympathy with modern thought.

When it comes to more controversial matters, as, for instance, the many messages concerning re-incarnation, the delivery is remarkably vigorous, the depth of reasoning obviously far beyond the powers of an inexperienced boy of seventeen. The writer of this is unconvinced on that subject, but the setting-out of it in this book is the best and clearest, in the reasons given for belief, that she has yet met.

One thing, insisted on again and again, is of great interest and importance; it is the protest against the phrase we use: "Jesus Christ, our Lord." It is urged, with the greatest vehemence, that the "Master Christ" is a high, and wonderful spirit allowed to enter the body of Jesus, the son of the Nazareth carpenter, for his sojourn on earth—but that Jesus was only one of many great teachers who have lived on this earth under the same conditions. Jesus the Nazarene, is shown as one of the great and valued teachers in the higher spheres—but the Master Christ is infinitely higher, very near the Godhead. The Christ spirit left the body of Jesus before the final tragedy, but walked the earth as Himself, and was seen of men, as we know.

All the teachings are of the highest moral value—the clearing away of certain shibboleths of dogma that still cling to Christianity is fine and of the utmost value. Certain dominant facts, often hidden by a veil of conventional phrases, are insisted on; such as the personal responsibility, by no means ever to be avoided, for every one of our acts. For the last time, we may hope, the old foolishness of hysterical people crying out that they are "saved"—and believing that by that means they may lay down the burden of every wrong thing they have ever done—is crushed out of existence.

The constructiveness of thought, good or evil, is insisted on; the necessity, where we realise that we have done ill, of doing our utmost to set it right, instead of being satisfied with a mere "mea culpa," is driven home.

There is no animus shown against any particular creed or denomination—the Roman Catholic Church is denounced for confession and priestly absolution, while its prayers for the dead, provided they are not masses paid for with money, are spoken of as helpful to those who pray, as well as to the soul that has passed on.

Our final comment on this book can well be in the form of a quotation from it, where this fine boy writes the question: "Can't you see the grandeur and the wonderful simplicity of it all, mother?"

We do—and if we're wise, we try to live it, as well.

A remarkable case

An extract from a letter we have recently received which YOU should read.

"A tenant on my property (an injured Sergeant) had his leg amputated; after he came home he got wet and contracted rheumatism. For nine years he has been bedridden. I used to get everything I could hear of to see if it would do him any good, but he steadily got worse; at last he was so bad that he could not move his arms to feed himself. I saw Osmos Salts advertised and got a bottle for him; before he was finished of it, he told me he was much better, so I sent for another. He is now at his third bottle, and gets up every day, and takes any food offered to him, and everything he takes agrees with him. Now, I have every faith he will soon be quite well again, although at one time I never thought he would ever come out of his bed alive."

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Recorded by

Jessie Platts.

Mrs. Platts' son, Lieut. E. D. L. Platts, was killed in action in April, 1917, aged 17½ years. The messages which compose this amazingly convincing book were received automatically through the hand of his mother. They describe conditions after death, and life in the spirit world, and convey an impression of lofty ethics and a great calm. This book should be read, not only for its revelations but for its great beauty, by all interested in the Occult.

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RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

I once heard it said that a close scrutiny of the character and methods of an unsuccessful man would reveal the cause of his failure in life. There is a good deal of truth in the dictum. Quite frequently a close acquaintanceship with such a man would reveal the besetting weakness—dullness, procrastination, indecision of character, and so forth. But it is far from being entirely true. There is another element. We may call it Luck.

I know it is the fashion in some quarters to deny that there is such a thing, and to call the belief in Luck mere superstition. It is often proclaimed that the causes of a man's failure or success lie in himself. I don't dispute it. I only say that this mysterious element, which we call Luck, for want of a better word, resides in the man, as well as the qualities with which we are more familiar.

I have often noted instances of men who were decided dullards, but who were yet highly successful men as the world goes. They made fortunes while more brilliant men failed and remained poor. I have known men who were untrustworthy, reckless and improvident, who always seemed to fall on their feet, while the reverse type—careful, shrewd, methodical fellows—went from disaster to disaster. And the explanation was not at all obvious.

It was by observing these things amongst the other phenomena of life that I began to see how limited were all those explanations of human affairs that are based purely on logic and practical considerations. I saw continually that the soul-forces of men had to be taken into account as well as their mental and bodily powers; that at the back of every man's life is an elusive, inscrutable something which, when active, defies all the ordinary reasoning based on surface observations of cause and effect. Call it good-luck or bad-luck, as the case may be, it was there—subtle and indeterminate, it led one man to fortune in spite of all his blundering, and kept the other wandering in the wilderness of failure, worked he never so wisely and well.

I have seen it vividly enough in the field of psychic experiment, where some good, kind and believing person entering a séance set everything awry and "stopped the manifestations," while the presence of another—a sceptic and scoffer, to all appearance—had just the contrary effect, raising the tone of the circle and making the conditions propitious for the best results. A good many of us have become familiar with this state of affairs; so that when we read that psychic manifestations occur only in the presence of believers, we know that the statement proceeds from some opponent who is fortified with one of the strongest qualities which make up our opposition, i.e., asinine ignorance. It is "something in the man." Decidedly. What exactly it is we have yet to find out. When we know that we shall have an explanation of what, if we don't call it "luck," we may term "personality" or "magnetism." A phrase constantly used is a "good presence." But all the terms are obviously inadequate. They afford just enough light to make darkness visible.

I rather imagine that when we get to know more of the interior nature of man we shall, amongst other things, acquire a good working knowledge of some of the mysteries of mediumship and the nature of magic—true magic and not the conjuring variety.

This is in the nature of "a fable for critics"—to borrow Lowell's phrase—and it is especially directed to one critic in particular: I once knew a man who was reputed to be a perfect model of accuracy. It was said of him that he was never known to make a mistake in his work. He was a ledger-clerk in a warehouse, and remained there all his life in the same capacity. I later made the acquaintance of a great reformer, a man whose life was devoted to the service of his fellows. But his mistakes and mis-statements frequently grieved his friends and caused much malicious mirth amongst his enemies. Yet when the accounts of the two men are cast up, I am positive it will be found that the great man did more good in a single month than a hundred infallible ledger-clerks would do in all their hundred lives.

D. G.

BROADCASTING OF SPIRIT VOICES.—A copy of the shorthand writer's notes on this experiment on July 24th will be sent, as soon as ready, to those applicants who will send a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. R. H. Saunders, 33, Cock Lane, Snow Hill, E.C. 1.

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ANDREW SOUTAR

A story of a man who marries beneath him and finally makes good through another woman.

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ZORA CROSS

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"The story is a good one."—*Sunday Times*. "The book is worth reading."—*Daily Chronicle*.

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"The Story is skilfully told and unsparingly realistic."—*Daily Express*.

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Author of "Life Begins To-day." The story of a man who sacrifices love to fortune.

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Author of "The Silver Bridge," "Lo e and the Whirlwind," "Like Any Other Man."

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Author of "Holders of the Gate." A story which shows the racial antagonism between the Indians and English.

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Author of "The Optimist," "A Reversion to Type." One of these stories is concerned with a girl who does an appalling deed.

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By the author of "The Blue Lagoon," "The Garden of God."

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By the author of "Ursula Vanet," "Pillars of Salt."

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CYRIL WESTON

The story of an Englishman and his Chinese friend who meet with adventures in quest of their object.

MORRY

ROBERT ELSON

THE AMBER SUNK

MARY E. & THOS. HANSHEW

THE HOUSE BY THE WINDMILL

AGNES EDWARDS ROTHERY

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THE BOOK-MARKER.

Bits from Books, Old and New.

READERS are invited to send us for inclusion in this column any striking passages which appeal to them and which have some bearing on the subjects dealt with in "LIGHT." The name of the book and author should be given in each case.

WE ARE SPIRITS HERE AND NOW.

Many people speak of the spiritual and the invisible as if they were synonymous, but this is incorrect. The invisible are only invisible to us by reason of their finer or higher rate of vibration. There are spirits in various stages of consciousness.

God is Spirit; we are spirits. As spiritual beings we should lean on none but the Supreme Spirit—God. Spirits discarnate and spirits incarnate may help us, may point the way and minister to us in many ways. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister?" We shall not reach true spirituality except by development of the self by the Self. Therefore let us aspire to the highest, and trust only to the Supreme Power.

Here and now we are spirit-entities. Spirit is beyond time and space. If we dwell on this thought, some of our earth limitations will fall away, and we shall attain to a larger and more spiritual consciousness; we shall step out of conventional and race thought and acquire an increasing knowledge of eternal verities.—From "Healing Thoughts," by HEATHER B.

AFTER DEATH STATES.

The old mental habit of dividing the whole unseen world into heaven and hell, and supposing that everyone at death immediately went to one or the other, is a crude conception now passing away. The Church talks of the intermediate state, but there must be at least two departments in it, Paradise for the "good," and Purgatory for the others. The teaching of Spiritualism is that there are any number of intermediate states, and that everyone goes to "his own place," to that exact environment for which he is fitted, and that on advancing somewhat he passes into a further intermediate state—another stage on his age-long journey to the celestial heaven.

Many, with equal unreason, people the unseen world with angels and devils—the very good and the very bad. As there is an infinity of grades between the two extremes in this world, so no doubt there is in that. People who are neither one thing nor the other pass over every hour, and amateur investigators of psychic matter, playing with planchette, the Ouija board, or automatic writing, are much more likely to establish communications with very commonplace personalities who can do them little good or harm, than to find themselves drinking in the wisdom of an archangel or being beguiled by the Prince of Evil.—From "The Wonders of the Saints," by the REV. F. FIELDING-OULD.

ACTION AND INACTION.

I love and honour Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. Nor can you excite me to the least uneasiness by saying, "He acted and thou sittest still." I see action to be good when the need is, and sitting to be also good. One piece of the tree is cut for a weathercock and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the virtue of the wood is apparent in both.—From "Spiritual Laws," by R. W. EMERSON.

THE "CONVINCING ARGUMENT."

"Still I cannot believe in clairvoyance—because the thing is impossible" (Samuel Rogers: "Table Talk"). Rogers mentions some remarkable facts about the clairvoyant, Alexis, and ends with this convincing argument. Apart from clairvoyance (of which I know nothing) Rogers would no doubt have made a similar reply if some prophet had foretold that men would one day communicate with each other by wireless telegraphy; and the same effective argument is to-day opposed by many to the evidence that the dead communicate with the living.—From "My commonplace Book," by J. T. HACKETT.

THE OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

The greater truths are always too vast to be won by a single mind; always must a group of thinkers work together in close co-operation. Toleration means that every such group be left free in its endeavours. It is just here that one finds the Church's most frequent crimes of intolerance. When Vesalius and his Renaissance contemporaries were working to discover the facts about the human body, the Church hampered them and thwarted them at every turn. The same thing happened to the geographers who explored and mapped the earth; to Newton and his colleagues who built up the science of physics; to Descartes and his contemporaries in philosophy; to Paracelsus and his successors in medicine, and to Charles Darwin and the group of nineteenth-century biologists of whom he was chief. The same thing is happening to-day to the group of sociologists who are trying to learn the truth about the structure of human society. It is bad enough when some individual is forbidden to think for himself, but it is far worse, it looms up as a crime against the race, when the race's own best thinkers, scientists, inventors, investigators, are prevented from carrying out in action that work from which alone we can learn the truth about ourselves and the world.—From "The Great Teachings of Masonry," by H. L. HAYWOOD.

"Joyous sympathy"

—DAILY EXPRESS.

"A Book of Singular Interest."

—SUNDAY TIMES.

THE CASE OF LESTER COLTMAN By LILIAN WALBROOK

The bulk of this volume is filled with a series of communications from the spirit of Lester Colman.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAS. W. HYLAND (Johannesburg).—Thanks for your interesting letter. Generally speaking, we are not in favour of mechanical appliances where they can be dispensed with. The ouija-board seems to be the most effective, so far as our observation extends.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"The Silent Voice." Second Series. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. (2/6 net).

"UNLUCKY" TIMES.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—Miss Ida Wild's letter describing her recent "bad luck," in all sorts of ways, draws attention to the fact that there do seem to be periods in life corresponding to the areas of depression with which our weather sages deal. After reading LIGHT yesterday I came across, curiously enough, an illustration of the same thing happening long ago, in a memorandum of Aubrey's. He writes:—

1666. This year all my business and affairs ran kin kam, nothing took effect, as if I had been under an ill tongue. Treacheries and enmities in abundance against me.

In my own private collection of psychic experiences is one in which such a period coincided (?) with a man coming into possession of a heavy engraved gold ring, set with a ruby, reputed to have come from an Indian temple. As usual, "everything seemed to go wrong"; unaccountable depression possessed him, even lunch at the Ritz "didn't seem right," and on getting home his trusted valet had a number of grievances. He said that for a fortnight the place had been uncanny, he dreamed every night of Indians, and finally, he wished to give notice. The owner's eye fell upon the ring, which had been his for just a fortnight, and which he was wearing for the first time that day. He got his car out, drove straight to the Thames, and flung the ring into the water! From that moment his spirits rose, his valet stayed, and everything "went right again."

Well, it's a queer story, but it happened; nor is it the only one of its kind recorded by people of honour in their own private conversation or letters. Is our only choice between everlasting "coincidence" and abhorred "superstition"? Superstition, I take it, is the irrational linking up of things as cause and effect when no such relation exists; just as in "Saint Joan," Baudricourt has no sooner granted the Maid her Squire and escort of men-at-arms than the hens begin to "lay like mad" and the famine of eggs ceases! It was this kind of thing that led to the unspeakable horrors of the witchcraft manias of various times.

The only suggestion that seems to me reasonable is that when misfortunes overtake us "in battalions," it points to some law of periodicity of the individual life, comparable to that of nations, cities, and the world. There are times when "death travels in waves," the earth herself goes through volcanic outbursts and convulsions, the furies are let loose; and then again long golden years of peace, when all goes well. But for good or ill, we stand in our appointed lot, and can no more fall out of the Divine jurisdiction than we can fall off the earth that carries us through space.—Yours, etc.,

F. E. LEANING.

Elmstead Tadworth.

LITTLE ILFORD CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST DISTRESS FUND.—Mrs. Jamrach desires gratefully to acknowledge three parcels of clothing received from Miss Liddell for the benefit of the above fund. Mrs. Jamrach, who administers this Fund, resides at 8, South Park Crescent, Seven Kings. "THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST'S DIVINE HUMANITY," by W. H. Moves, is a booklet of nine little chapters, published by the author, price 1/-. Its object is to show, "by the aid of Revealed Truth, progressively given for the purpose that, since the world was made, Christ has always been the link between God and man; and that 'He is One with the Father, as of the Father's Selfhood.'" The intention is to bring mankind back to faith in God and Christ, and to counteract the evil results of materialism. The teaching is put forth as received from Angelic Messengers from higher spheres.

"HOW TO AVERT CANCER: What Everyone Should Know," by H. Reinheimer (Grevel & Co., price 2/-). The author of this little work, so favourably known by his larger books—e.g., "Symbiosis," "Evolution at the Cross Roads"—holds that cancer is rarely due to a single cause, but to a plurality of causes. This is becoming a more general belief with some promise of it merging into knowledge. Mr. Reinheimer deals with the probable relations of food to cancer, a view that has lately been brought into prominence. How the physiological becomes degraded and transformed into cancer pathology is thus naturally a primary subject of inquiry.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—August 17th, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Rev. J. Matthias. Wednesday, August 20th 8, Mr. Abethell.
Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—August 17th, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mr. George R. Symons.
Camberwell.—The Central Hall High-street, Peckham.—August 17th, 11, open circle; 6.30, Mrs. M. Crowde. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road.
St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—August 17th, 7, August 18th, 8, spiritual developing circle, August 21st, 8, Mrs. E. M. Neville.
Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—August 17th, 11, public circle; 7, Mrs. Haddelsey. Thursday, August 21st, 8, Mrs. Holloway.
Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—August 17th, 7, Mr. T. W. Ella. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. M. E. Orłowski.
Bowes Park.—Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—August 17th, 11, Mr. A. Coffin; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Edith Clements.
Worthing Spiritualist Mission, Mansfield's Hall, Montague-street (entrance Liverpool-road).—August 17th, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Barbanell.
Central.—144, High Holborn.—August 15th, 7.30, Mr. H. Boddington. August 17th, 7, Mrs. Beaumont Sigall.
St. Paul's Christian Spiritualist Mission.—5b, Dagnell Park, Selhurst, S.E.—August 17th, 7, Madame Orłowski. Wednesday, 8, service and clairvoyance.
St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. August 17th, 6.30, Service, Holy Communion and Address. Healing Service, Wed., August 20th, 7 p.m.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF A PHOTOGRAPH THROUGH MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—The following recent instance of private mediumship shows how a clue may be given, as in this case, though seemingly small, and how it has brought great happiness to at least two people, opening up communication with one long departed. During a sitting with Miss Helen MacGregor, at the British College of Psychic Science, a great deal of information was given me about my father, who said that he felt hurt because I had no photograph of him, nor any little thing belonging to him about the house.

I replied that I had no photograph of him; that the only one I knew of was a small one taken on porcelain in a little gilt mount which had belonged to my mother, and that this one was lost.

He said there was another, not the one on porcelain, taken of him when he was young, before his marriage, when he wore "side whiskers," which Miss MacGregor described as "bushy." He persisted in saying that this particular photograph was the one we had, and that it must be in an album. I again replied that there was no such photograph, nor was there an album.

He then said that it might have been stuck into an old book, and seemed to think that the book was on a little hanging book-shelf, which had some small ornaments on the top shelf. (He evidently remembered a bookshelf of this description which he had made for me. It used to hang in my room. It had books on two of the shelves and ornaments on the top one. Amongst the books was a little brown leather photograph album given to me when I was a child.)

I promised to have another look, though I felt absolutely sure that he was wrong. I returned home, many miles from London, in the afternoon of the same day as the sitting took place, and in the evening I got out an old album belonging to my aunt, but as she and I had looked through it only a short time ago, I felt that my search would be fruitless. At my mother's suggestion, I took out every photograph in the album to make sure that the one I hoped to find was not hidden underneath any other. No result.

My mother then took the album, to look through it once more, and in a few minutes I heard her say, "Here it is!" And sure enough there it was, exactly as my father had described it, side-whiskers and all, very "bushy." It had been hidden under another photo of an old friend of his and must have stuck to the back of it when I had taken it out a moment before.

My mother then remembered that this photo had existed, but she, like my aunt, was certain that it had been destroyed years ago, when our home was given up.

Needless to say, the photograph is now in a frame, and is one of my most cherished possessions.—Yours, etc.,

FLORENCE NICHOLS.

5, Clarence Terrace,
Grimsby.

MRS. EMMA HANDCOCK, the founder of what is known as the Handcock system of treatment has removed from 45, Upper Brook-street to 32, Clarges-street, Mayfair. (Tel.: Grosvenor 2083.)

LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

"Whatsoever doth make Manifest is Light!"—Paul.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Some Old-Time Ghost Stories.

Spiritualism and Psychical Research. By J. A. Hill.

Reykjavik Seances with Einar Nielsen. By Einar H. Kvaran.

The Subconscious and Outer Agencies. By Irene Hay.

Haunting Phenomena. By Nita O'Sullivan-Beare.

The Need for Caution. By Gwenhwyfar.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

As the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So, in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shades of death.
—TENNYSON.

"LIGHT": ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

As a glance at the number in our title-heading will show, *LIGHT* has been in existence for considerably over forty years. It was, in fact, founded in the year 1881, and has passed through a career marked by a succession of difficulties each one of which has been surmounted by the steady devotion of its conductors and many faithful friends. Sometimes we came very "close to the edge of things," but were saved each time as by a miracle. A few years ago it was strongly urged that an effort should be made to put *LIGHT* on the bookstalls, that it might take its proper place in the journalism of the time. That also was accomplished; but there is still more to be done. *LIGHT*, like the subject it represents, is rather in advance of its time, carrying a message which to many appears strange and incredible and to possess no special interest for them. We want our readers to assist us in the work of popularising *LIGHT* by recommending it, buying copies for friends, and obtaining for us new subscribers, so that we may not only consolidate the place we have won in the competitive field, but record continual progress, not only in our own sphere, but in that of the spiritual movement at large.

THE GHOSTS OF OTHER DAYS.

Many readers have found interest in the series of "Old Time Ghost Stories," now proceeding in *LIGHT*. The quaint style in which some of them are told has a charm of its own; and there are instances in which one can see, by a comparison of the facts narrated with modern discoveries in psychic science, that some particular ghost story had an authentic basis. The story narrated last week concerning the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe gave variety to the stories. In this case, it will be remembered, the coffee-house keeper Schrepfer "pretended to study magic" and asserted his possession of occult powers. This type is quite familiar to many of us in more modern times,

although we imagine it would require more than ordinary impudence for a man nowadays to lay claim to a control over spirits whom he could "summon, command and cause to disappear" at his pleasure. This pretended power might have passed current in olden days when education was not so widespread and the minds of men were full of ignorant superstitions, but to-day such a person would have to face the ordeal of trained psychical researchers and experienced Spiritualists. It is possible that Schrepfer united with his impudence certain powers which might be classed as "psychic"; he certainly had a power of will which enabled him to work upon the fears and fancies of the people by whom he was surrounded. We have sometimes thought that the purpose in the economy of life that is served by impostors and the dubious class of occultists is to keep alive the interest in a reality which at one time was tending to disappear from public view. It was doubtless the little element of psychic truth in some very doubtful cults and doctrines of the past which accounts for the fact that they always seemed to maintain a band of faithful followers. It was not all delusion and imposture; it was merely that a very little genuine matter was made to go a long way.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Referring to the article in *LIGHT* of August 2nd, "Spirit With Spirit Can Meet," dealing with a dramatic episode in Charlotte Brontë's "*Jane Eyre*," Miss E. P. Prentice writes:—

Some time ago, while reading Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life of the Brontës*," I was struck with a remark made about the wonderful lambent light playing in the eyes of Charlotte; which to the observer was quite unique. She had likewise the large iris peculiar to some mediums. Doubtless the Brontës were psychically gifted and the loneliness of their surroundings fostered the romantic element in their natures. Charlotte, when challenged by an acquaintance regarding the Rochester episode in "*Jane Eyre*," said most emphatically, "Oh! but it really did occur." Perhaps it was only the effect of a vivid imagination, but it was very real to her.

We are quite willing to believe that it was a real experience. Such a thing has been recorded so many times in the annals of psychic experience that its credibility in the case of Charlotte Brontë is greatly heightened, if we assume, of course, that it was a personal happening which she introduced in appropriate form into her novel, "*Jane Eyre*."

SOME OLD-TIME GHOST STORIES.

(From the Collection made by Mr. T. M. Jarvis and first published under the title "Accredited Ghost Stories" in 1823.)

[It should be pointed out that these stories are not offered as being all of equal value, and none of them is of the evidential quality required by the standard of the Society for Psychical Research. But they are of interest as examples of the ghost stories current in the days of our forefathers.]

APPARITION OF THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE TO MADAM DE BEAUCLAIR.

The author of the following narrative, which was published about two years ago, solemnly declares he is perfectly convinced of the truth of it; as well as several other persons of undoubted credit now living.

'Tis well known to most people acquainted with the English history that the celebrated Duchess of Mazarine was mistress to King Charles the Second. Mr. Waller particularly takes notice of her, as one of the favourites of that monarch, in the following lines:—

"When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow traveller the sun,
Hither at last the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes."

Madam De Beauclair was a lady equally admired and loved by his brother and successor, James the Second; between these two ladies there was an uncommon friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts, particularly those of the same sex, and in the same circumstances.

But my author pretty justly observes, that the parity of their circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it; they having both lost their royal lovers, the one by death, the other by abdication. He observes, they were both women of excellent understandings, that had enjoyed all that the world could give them, and were (as he says), when he had the honour of first being acquainted with them, arrived at an age that they might be supposed to despise all its pomps and vanities. I shall now, without any farther introduction, give you the whole of the relation, in the gentleman's own words, who declares himself to be an eye-witness of the truth of it.

After the burning of Whitehall, these two ladies were allotted very handsome apartments in the stableyard, St. James's; but the face of public affairs being then wholly changed, and a new set of courtiers as well as rules of behaviour come into vogue, they conversed almost only with each other.

About this time it was that reason first began to oppose itself to faith; or, at least, to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked on not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies: and, though I cannot say that either of them was thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning had such an effect on both as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul and the certainty of its existence after death. In one of the serious consultations they had together on this head, it was agreed between them that, on whichever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of. This promise, it seems, was often repeated, and the duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madam De Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her Grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoke before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending the meaning of what they heard.

Some years after the duchess's decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madam De Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth, which a little surprising me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing, to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come; to which she answered that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the contract made between her and her dear departed friend, the Duchess of Mazarine.

It was in vain I urged the strong probability there was that souls in another world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially when they were of a nature repugnant to the

divine will, "which," said I, "has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden we hope, by faith, to be the inheritance of hereafter; therefore," added I, "her Grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet be denied the privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all."

Nothing I could say made the least impression; and I found, to my very great concern, that she was become as much an advocate for the new doctrine of non-existence after death as any of those who had first proposed it; on which, from that time forward, I avoided all discourse with her on that head.

It was not, however, many months after we had this conversation that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom, since the death of the Duchess of Mazarine, Madam De Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with of any of her acquaintance. We were just set down to cards, about nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with that Madame De Beauclair had sent to entreat she would come that moment to her, adding that, if she desired ever to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

So odd a message might very well surprise the person to whom it was delivered; and, not knowing what to think of it, she asked who brought it; and, being told it was Madam De Beauclair's groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in, and demanded of him if his lady were well, or if he knew of anything extraordinary that had happened to her, which should occasion this hasty summons? To which he answered that he was entirely incapable of telling her the meaning; only, as to his lady's health, he never saw or heard her complain of any indisposition.

"Well then," said the lady (a little out of humour), "I desire you'll make my excuse, as I have really a great cold, and am fearful the night air may increase it; but to-morrow I will not fail to wait on her very early in the morning."

The man being gone, we were beginning to form several conjectures on this message of Madam De Beauclair; but, before we had time to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seeming very much confused and out of breath.

"O madam!" cried she, "my lady expresses an infinite concern that you refuse this request, which she says will be her last. She says that she is convinced of not being in a condition to receive your visit to-morrow; but, as a token of her friendship, bequeaths you this little casket, containing her watch, necklace, and some other jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her."

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward's words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair; but she evaded it, by saying she had left only an undermaid with Madame De Beauclair, and must return immediately; on which the lady cried, all at once, "I will go with you; there must be something very uncommon certainly in this." I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

In fine, we went that instant; but, as no mention was made of me, nor Madame De Beauclair might not probably be informed I was with the lady when her servant came, good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

She was, however, no sooner informed I was there than she desired I would come up. I did so, and found her sitting in an easy chair near her bedside, and, in my eyes, as well as all those present, seemed in as perfect health as ever she had been.

On our inquiring if she felt any inward disorder within herself, which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative; "yet," said she, with a little sigh, "you will soon, very soon, behold me pass from this world into that eternity which I once doubted, but am now assured of."

As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject.

I told her I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments, but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal; which she only answered with a gloomy smile; and a clergyman of her own persuasion, whom she had sent for, that moment

(Continued at the foot of next page.)

SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—In the Presidential Address just published in "Proceedings, S.P.R.," the President expresses his opinion as follows:—

It may be objected that, though the Society may perhaps deserve the sole credit for convincing many critical minds of telepathy, it is not entitled to the whole credit for bringing about a more favourable attitude towards the question of communication with the dead; and it may be claimed that part of the credit should be given to the Spiritualists. This claim I would not admit, though ready to allow that they can count many converts among the uncritical.

I owe a great deal to the S.P.R.—of which I have been member for nearly twenty years—and I admire Mr. Piddington's industry and acumen in dealing with the complicated cross-correspondences and other evidence which he has presented in our "Proceedings" from time to time. Consequently I am loth to criticise. But it seems to me that though it is well understood among students of the subject that S.P.R. officials, when expressing opinions, are expressing only their own and are not speaking for other members, it is nevertheless likely that some readers may accept such opinions as being held by other members who in fact do not hold them. In view of such possible misunderstanding I should like to say that I, for one, owe a great deal to the Spiritualists. My conviction of survival and communication—a conviction slowly attained through many years of careful investigation—has been made possible by the kindness of a Spiritualist medium and speaker—Mr. Aaron Wilkinson—who was willing to give me sittings, without fee, when I was a not very sympathetic sceptic. The "Proceedings" of the S.P.R. were a great help, but mere reading would not have convinced me; I needed first-hand experience, and it was the Spiritualists who made it possible. I am grateful to them accordingly, and to Mr. Wilkinson in particular. Of course I am only one of those "uncritical" converts of whom Mr. Piddington speaks—though some people have at times thought that I was fairly critical—but for what it is worth I venture to make the suggestion that some credit is due to the Spiritualists for bringing about a more favourable attitude towards the question of survival and communication. I have met Spiritualists who are as keen on a high standard of evidence as any S.P.R. member could be; and for myself I would say that though I am apparently one of the "uncritical," I have thought sometimes that the S.P.R. standard is not high enough!

It is a matter of regret to me that the relations between the S.P.R. and the Spiritualists seem less cordial than they ought to be. I am a country member and do not know the difficulties; but it seems to me that if the said relations were more cordial it would be possible for the Spiritualists to help the S.P.R. in its investigations, as they have helped me in mine. I am merely stating an opinion, without imputing blame to either side.—Yours, etc.,

J. ARTHUR HILL.

Claremont, Thornton, Bradford.

HUMAN VISION THROUGH OPAQUE
OBJECTS.

"Psiquis" (of Havana, Cuba), for June, 1924, states that great as was the world-wide interest shown in the above subject, an account of which was given in LIGHT of May 3rd, 1924, that interest has now been further stimulated by the formation a few weeks ago of the Spanish Metapsychical Society. The first President will be the Marquis of Santa Cara, father of the youth who possesses the remarkable power referred to. The Society proposes to take as its model the studies planned by Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Richet. "Psiquis" publishes a long account given in "El Diluvio," of Barcelona.

The International Psychical Society has, it appears, invited the Marquis of Santa Cara and his son to Paris to give proofs of the latter's power. A committee of investigation will include three members of the Institute of France and our world-known physicist, Sir Oliver Lodge, and presumably Prof. Richet, who has written expressing gratitude at the opportunity given of investigating the remarkable phenomenon. The account further refers to cases known for more than a century where magnetic persons in a state of somnambulism had the power of vision through opaque objects, but, never up to the present have cases been known except those of Joaquin Santa Cara and the Polish engineer Ossowlecki, in which the power has been shown when the subjects were wide awake.

But the curious fact now comes to light that in the case of Santa Cara, when the opaque material used is paste-board, the power fails and is not restored for a certain time. With metals no difficulty is experienced. Two distinguished engineers of Madrid hold to the theory that the power is given by "N" rays, but in Paris the balance of opinion is in favour of a psychic cause for the phenomenon.

A. A. C.

THE GREAT RETURN.

I, too, was timid and afraid, and fearful of contact with what we term "ghostly" visitants, but now? Ah, well! I am wiser. I now know that our beloved "dead" come forth from the grave, re-animated, strangely fortified, and with fuller powers of life and love. My dear ones have come to me with loving thoughts and with helpful intent, and, mark me well, friends, they come not alone! Their mission, earthwards, being undertaken in the interests of those they love, compels the willing co-operation of those higher forms of spirit-beings whose work on every sphere of life is to teach, guide, lead and emancipate. These Higher Intelligences form part of Heaven's Hierarchy, and are of that Great White Brotherhood over whom the Lord Christ rules with the Mighty Power of Love. Accompanied, then, with such potent Messengers of Love, we should at all times hold out loving hands of welcome to such of our "dead" who come back to assure us of their living, loving regard, and of their deathlessness.

—From a "Foreword," by Sir W. EARNSHAW-COOPER, to his pamphlet, "Where are our Heroic Dead?"

coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his function.

It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared after having disburthened her conscience, to be more cheerful than before; her eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled with an uncommon vivacity; and she told us she should die with the more satisfaction, as she enjoyed, in her last moments, the presence of two persons the most agreeable to her in this world, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the society of one who, in life, had been the dearest to her.

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that: my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion. Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear Duchess Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered; but, turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living: fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance: she took a little circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk; then stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, 'Beauclair,' said she, 'between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.' The surprise I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit; but, on the opening of my lips for that purpose, she vanished from my sight, I know not how."

The clock was now very near striking twelve, and, as she discovered not the least symptoms of any ailment, we again aimed to remove all apprehensions of a dissolution; but we had scarce begun to speak when, on a sudden, her

countenance changed, and she cried out, "O! I am sick at heart!" Mrs. Ward, who all this while had stood leaning on her chair, applied some drops, but to no effect: she grew still worse, and in about half an hour expired, it being exactly the time the apparition had foretold.

I have been so particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well to prove I could not be deceived in it as to show that Madam De Beauclair was neither vapourish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see anything supernatural. I am, indeed, very ready to allow that the force of imagination may impose upon the senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the stories told us in our infancy leave ideas behind them which, in our riper years, are apt to make us fanciful; but in the case I have mentioned there could be nothing of all this; the lady, you may perceive, was so far from any apprehensions or prepossessions of that nature that, on the contrary, she looked upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and could have been convinced by nothing but the testimony of her own eyes and ears.

It must be confessed, such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen; nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure; for which reason I look upon all such agreements as were made between these ladies as highly presumptuous; and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state, but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

I think, therefore, whoever is well assured of the truth of such an incident ought to communicate it to the public, especially in these times, when all the belief of another world, on which, of consequence, our good behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every help for maintaining any ground among us.

SOME SEANCES IN REYKJAVIK WITH THE DANISH MEDIUM, MR. EINAR NIELSEN.

PROVISIONAL REPORT.

BY THE ICELANDIC POET AND NOVELIST, MR. EINAR H. KVARAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ICELANDIC SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The séances were held in my flat and began on February 8th, 1924. There are three rooms on the one side of a passage: study, sitting-room, and bedroom. The sitting-room in the middle was used for the séances. A curtain consisting of two pieces of sateen was hung across one corner of the room and had an opening in the middle, besides not being fastened to the walls. This formed the cabinet in which the medium was sitting during séances. In front of the cabinet chairs were arranged in a semi-circle for the sitters.

Presumably the reader will understand that when something appeared in the central slit of the cabinet curtain, the sitters could as a rule all see it. But when something appeared at the sides, especially if the curtain was drawn a little away from the wall, those who were farthest to the other side could not see it, as the curtain intervened.

The sittings took place in red light from an electric lamp which stood on a piano behind the row of chairs, and thus behind the sitters. A lady who sat at the piano could increase and decrease the light, but those who sat in the semi-circle formed a chain, as it is called, i.e., joined hands. Only two hands were disengaged, the left hand of my wife, who was sitting nearest to the cabinet on one side, and the right hand of Professor Haraldur Nielsson, who was next to the wall on the other side.

For the purpose of trying to start the phenomena a group of twelve persons, men and women, used to séances, were chosen. Later on it was intended that members of this group should take their turns in attending the sittings, in order that as many as possible of the members of the Icelandic S.P.R. could be admitted. We did not expect any result of the first séance, as of the sitters Professor Haraldur Nielsson was the only one who previously had had a few séances with the medium, the others being complete strangers to him. We agreed to defer any special precautions until later, for experience has everywhere shown that if they are imposed, the probabilities of phenomena of importance are reduced.

The first sitting brought better results than expected. The beginning of the phenomena was the appearance of a tall figure in a white garment coming from behind the curtain on the right, where Professor Haraldur Nielsson was sitting. There at first it remained stationary, then stretched out its arm, around which loose, delicate draperies waved, placed its hand on Professor Haraldur Nielsson's head, after which it disappeared into the cabinet. Soon afterwards the curtains opened in the middle, and a figure in profuse draperies appeared in the opening. This seemed to be a female figure. She waved her arms, swung the draperies, stretched out her arms, and took some dance steps outside the curtains. Then she disappeared in through the opening. But just afterwards the curtain was raised on the left, and the four sitters next to the wall on that side plainly saw the medium and a white figure standing beside him in the cabinet. Three of them saw two white figures.

Next came a figure of short stature wrapped in white draperies, apparently a child of 8-10. It stopped a moment before the curtain, bared its arm and exhibited it to the sitters. Soon afterwards a tall figure appeared in the opening; and finally there came a fairly tall figure from behind the curtain on the right where Professor Haraldur Nielsson was sitting. He saw plainly that the arms of the apparition were bare up to the shoulders, but that otherwise it was enveloped in delicate draperies. He saw the features of the face plainly, for the apparition looked him in the face, and he thought it to be a female being.

The second sitting was at least as successful as the first, but it would take too long to describe here everything that was seen. Figures which everybody could see appeared outside the cabinet. And besides that, those who were sitting nearest to the cabinet had opportunities of observing much that was remarkable. For instance, Professor Haraldur Nielsson and his wife, who was sitting next to him, noted the hands of one of the figures that appeared outside the cabinet. They were small, much smaller than the hands of the medium. Once when the curtain was drawn away from the wall on the left, my wife saw two white beings inside the cabinet, the one in the corner on the left of the medium, and the other as if rising from his lap and gradually growing taller. But the medium was then reclining in his chair with his head thrown backwards.

At the third sitting an untoward accident happened. A few members of the Society who had not attended the two first sittings were admitted. After the manifestations had

commenced, one of the sitters, a lady, broke the chain abruptly disengaging one of her hands, jumped up and grasped one of the loose-fitting sleeves on the figure which was then showing itself outside the cabinet. The sleeve tore and the apparition suddenly disappeared back into the cabinet. This gave a shock to some of the sitters, and several felt ill. Some also felt indisposed the following day. The medium was unusually long in awakening, and was for a while afterwards.

When the medium seemed to have regained his strength the séances were resumed. At the beginning they proved altogether negative. And after manifestations had begun afresh, some of the sittings gave no result. Nevertheless it must be said that on the whole the results were very good.

I now come to the precautions that were taken.

I wish, then, first of all to call the reader's attention to the fact that several of the sitters have been able to see the apparitions and the medium simultaneously. Such apparitions, therefore, cannot be the medium himself in any commonly accepted sense. If it were a case of imposture, the medium would have required a considerable equipment for that purpose—not only a great deal of thin material, but probably also appliances to hang this material on. But even if we ignore everything except what was seen outside the cabinet and suppose the medium himself to have been in these garments, which by the way were of great variation, it is evident that he would have to provide himself with the material for the garments, or with the garments ready made, which then seems more likely.

It would have been strange if this equipment should not have been discovered, and that even long before the test sittings began, if the medium had been in possession of it. He brought with him a travelling bag of rather small dimensions, and it contained articles of clothing of the scantiest number to suffice him. He lived in our house all the time he stayed here, and we had excellent opportunities—opportunities of which we took the fullest advantage from the beginning—of examining his belongings.

But we did not examine his person until after the third séance, of which I have spoken above. The incident I have described was interpreted by the control "Mica" as indicating that the medium was suspected of imposture, and so the control demanded that the medium should be examined immediately, before he regained consciousness. That examination was carried out by three of the sitters. The medium was divested of every scrap of clothing and all his clothes ransacked, as well as the cabinet. Nothing of a suspicious nature was found.

But of course the chief importance attaches to the examination carried out by the committee constituted for the test sittings. That committee consisted of Mr. Pall Einarsson, judge in the Supreme Court, Professor (of theology) Haraldur Nielsson, Dr. Halldor Hansen, medical specialist, Dr. Gudmundur Thoroddsen, medical specialist and University teacher, and the present writer. All the members of the Committee have signed the following account of their examination of the medium and the room in which the sittings took place.

THE REPORT OF THE CONTROL COMMITTEE.

On the 19th and 21st of March, 1924, we, the undersigned, assembled in the séance room at 7.15 p.m. for the purpose of examining the room, especially the cabinet with the parts nearest to it, and the medium. The examination took place in bright electric light. We commenced by examining the walls and the floor in the cabinet. The floor is of concrete, covered with paper felt, over which linoleum, and on that again is a carpet covering the main portion of the cabinet floor. All these coverings were removed a good deal farther out than the extent of the cabinet, and all was minutely examined without anything loose or suspicious being found. The cabinet curtains which were fastened to a pole below the ceiling, were then examined. The curtains were black, 275 cm. long and of a total width of 263 cm., meeting in the middle. The curtains were made of sateen and were unlined. The cabinet chair was then examined, a small easy chair with springs under the seat and covered with velvet. The seat was carefully felt on all sides, the chair turned upside down and the springs closely examined as well as the strings securing them. It was particularly ascertained that there was nowhere a break in the seams. After that the chair was again put into the cabinet.

The chairs which were nearest to the cabinet, and which it was conceivable the medium could reach from the cabinet, were next examined. Then were examined the door curtains covering the door between Mr. Einar H. Kvaran's study and the séance room, and also the poles on which the curtains hang. The chairs were then arranged as the sitters should sit, in a semi-circle in front of the cabinet, and the enclosed space carefully examined. Thereupon the medium was led in, made to strip off all his clothes on the floor between the curtains and the chairs in the presence of us all. He placed all his clothes on one of the chairs, speaking to us in the meantime. Now, as four of us had, at the last sittings, seen full figure materialisations, and we put the main emphasis on such phenomena at these test séances, we considered it needless to search in the medium's throat or elsewhere in his body.

Nevertheless, at the latter séance, on March 21st, we went farther in our precautions in so far as all ascertained that the air passage of the nostrils was normal by holding one nostril in turn and making the medium blow through the other. That evening Dr. Gudmundur Thoroddsen also examined the medium's rectum, an examination to which the medium willingly submitted, although he was unprepared for it.

When we had examined the medium nude on the floor, he was ordered into the cabinet, where he sat on the chair while the examination of his clothes took place. The examination of his rectum took place in the cabinet.

The clothes were now examined. We had previously agreed that the coat, collar and neck-tie should be removed, and we now acted accordingly. Every separate article was examined and then handed into the cabinet where the medium put them on: (1) a light, fleecy vest; (2) drawers to match; (3) striped shirt unstarched; (4) black socks with blue garters; (5) brown trousers; (6) brown waistcoat; (7) flat-soled slippers. All these were carefully scrutinised by every one of us; we looked through sleeves, body, and trouser legs, carefully examined seams, and felt all that was double or lined, if we could not see through it against the light. Waistcoat and trouser-pockets were closely scrutinised and turned inside out. At the former sitting a soiled handkerchief was left in the pocket, in case the medium should have to blow his nose, but at the latter sitting there was, for greater security, a coloured handkerchief put in place of the white one. It should be stated that we nowhere found a broken seam or anything about the medium which could arouse suspicion.

The medium very readily consented to all this investigation and was cheerful and in good spirits while it was being carried out.

As a measure of further safety we then examined the outer garments of Mrs. Kvaran and Professor Haraldur Nielsson, who, during the seances, were sitting nearest to the medium on each side. This was done to preclude the suspicion that the medium might have concealed something on them for the purpose of reaching it later during the seances. But the other sitters he could not reach from the cabinet.

After this the other sitters entered and took their seats, and the doors were locked by Dr. Gudmundur Thoroddsen.

As had previously been done the red light was placed on the piano, which on these evenings stood in the centre of the floor immediately behind the row of chairs and just opposite the slit in the curtain.

We finally wish to state that previous to the former sitting we ransacked, besides the séance room itself, both the rooms adjoining the séance room, so as to guard against the concealment of a person in these rooms, and we locked the doors of both these rooms leading out into the passage.

PALL EINARSSON.
HALLDOR HANSEN.
HARALDUR NIELSSON.
GUDMUNDUR THORODDSEN.
EINAR H. KVARAN.

We were, of course, curious to see what would happen after this examination. Three previous seances had been negative, but the control had hoped for manifestations to take place at the test seances. That hope was realised.

It would be too lengthy to print here a complete record of these test seances, but it will appear in the Morgunn.* All the members of the Control Committee had opportunities of observing remarkable phenomena. I must be content with extracting from the records of the seances a description of three kinds of manifestations.

(1) The slit in the curtain opened and the medium was seen sitting in the chair, and on his lap was a mass of ectoplasm from the lower part of the chest down to his knee. It was not a flat veil, but a semi-globular mass, milky-white. Eleven of the sitters saw this plainly, among them three members of the Control Committee, Dr. G. Thoroddsen, Judge Einarsson, and Dr. Halldor Hansen.

(2) Finally the curtain lifted away from the wall where Professor Haraldur Nielsson was sitting; it was raised and drawn aside as by a human hand. There then appeared the same figure (as had appeared a few minutes previously) as Professor Haraldur Nielsson's knees, but this time the figure fell much better on it, especially as it pulled the curtain better away. Professor Haraldur Nielsson saw it plainly and noticed the head-dress, and also that the properties forming the skirt were rather short and narrow, as if they were a tight dress skirt. He addressed it and said: "Tak, Elisabeth, fordi du viser dig saa godt i aften." "Thank you, Elisabeth, for appearing so plainly to-night." He then touched the skirt with his left hand and pulled it a little out. This time he closely observed her right arm, which was stretched down close to the wall; it was bare till above the elbow.

What Dr. Halldor Hansen saw he describes as follows: "I was sitting about four feet away from the spot where the figure appeared this time, but when I stooped the distance would have been about three feet. The size of the figure seemed to me to be that of a fairly tall girl of

twelve-thirteen, and I could measure her height by the electric switch on the wall, which seemed to be about the middle of her face. This switch is 140 cm. above the floor. I saw the whole being except her right arm, by which she seemed to hold the curtain, and her feet. She appeared to be erect with stooping head on which there was a shadow. I could plainly see her carriage and movement as she appeared. She seemed to be of slender build, dressed in a narrow white skirt. Her left arm, which I could see right up to the shoulder, was bare, and its size appeared to be natural in proportion to the size of the whole body. I saw indistinctly her head-dress protruding over her face, but plainly when she took hold of her skirt with her straight left arm just before she disappeared. This time she lingered a little with us as she had done last Wednesday night."

(3) Then at last the edge of the curtain lifted a little off the floor to the right, and Judge Einarsson and Mrs. V. saw two bare feet gradually being formed: first the left foot and then the right foot. Of the right foot the part nearest to the left foot first took shape. Both of them could easily distinguish the toes, for it seemed as if the feet protruded from beneath the curtain, and they were directly opposite them. At the same time, while they were observing these feet, the curtain was raised near Mrs. Kvaran, and both of them then saw the medium lying in the chair in a position which precluded that these bare feet could be his. Besides, the bare feet appeared very small.

After these sittings the Icelandic S.P.R. issued to the Press the announcement that all the members of the Control Committee had been satisfied that under secure test conditions manifestations of ectoplasm had taken place and that full-figure materialisations were formed.

Besides the materialisation seances there were held five sittings for the purpose of obtaining telekinetic phenomena. Two of these proved negative, while at three of them various quite unmistakable phenomena were ascertained. But these phenomena were of somewhat varied nature. Articles which had been marked with luminous spots were shifted about by some unknown power. Various musical instruments were played, among them a piano which was behind the medium and a violin which at the same time floated about in the air. The medium was several times levitated and once placed on top of the piano. While this was taking place the medium's hands were always held by two of the sitters. Among those who held him during the sittings that gave results were Dr. Gudmundur Thoroddsen, Professor Sigurdur Nordal, and Professor Haraldur Nielsson.

Among the sitters were Mr. Matthias Thorodarsen, Director of the National Museum, Dean Kristinn Danielsson, Dr. Thordur Sveinsson (alienist), the newspaper editors Mr. Thorsteinn Gislason and Mr. Jakob Moller, M.P., Mr. Jakob J. Smari, M.A., and Mr. Ludvig Kaaber, Director of the National Bank of Iceland.

A CLAIRAUDIENT WARNING.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR.—The following case of clairaudient warning may be of interest to your readers.

Miss K., who is carrying out a holiday engagement as superintendent of the house where I am staying, and whom I have known for several years, has just told me of a remarkable experience she had the day before coming here.

She holds a similar post in London, where she is so appreciated that it is kept open for her while she is away.

The day before Miss K. left, she was hurrying downstairs with a load of linen on her arms. She had reached the last stair but two, when a clairaudiently heard voice called to her imperatively, "Stop! Go no further," which order she instantly and instinctively obeyed.

At that moment the bathroom floor above suddenly gave way without warning and crashed down—bath, water and masonry—on to the very spot to which her next step would have taken her.

She screamed and fainted, but—her life was saved!

Miss K. has, I think, inherited some of her mother's psychic sensitiveness, of which she told me certain instances, the following being an example. It was her mother's habit to allow herself breakfast in bed on Sunday mornings. One Sunday before it had been taken up to her, she astonished the household by coming down in her dressing-gown to the drawing-room. She was a beautiful pianist and started playing a long and important piece of music. Being remonstrated with, she said: "I must finish it, as this is the last time I shall play the piano." When finished, she went back to bed for her breakfast. Suddenly those downstairs at their breakfast heard a crash of breaking china and a heavy fall. On rushing upstairs they found her unconscious on the floor, having had a stroke. In nine days she was dead.—Yours, etc.,

S. RUTH CANTON.

4, Garway-road,
Leinster Square, W.2.

* "Morning," the periodical publication of the Icelandic S.P.R.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS AND OUTER AGENCIES.

BY IRENE HAY.

In modern trends of thought the investigator no longer classes supernatural experiences as "imagination"; he nowadays summarises them as "the subconscious." Year by year, further study of the subject shows the extraordinary possibilities of the inner consciousness, which is capable of acting independently of the senses, of controlling disease and of tapping all kinds of psychic currents. It accomplishes its longer adventures best when released from the body by sleep or hypnosis, but it can function during normal life in the momentary flashes we call telepathy and second sight.

Theosophical thought divides the subconscious into several distinct vehicles of consciousness, each of which possesses certain qualities, but it must be admitted that there has not been, so far, enough evidence to accept this as a dogma. Such an hypothesis, however, may be in some degree borne out by the phenomenon of multiple personality (when Spiritualism cannot account for this) as well as by the fact that even a normal individual completely changes his characteristics at different phases of his life.

There has been enough proof (if one may accept human evidence at all!) to establish the contact of the subconscious with discarnate personalities in the various forms of mediumism, but there has not been enough satisfactory corroboration to be certain if the other entities it encounters are separate beings or mere animated thought-forms. It is claimed that thought-forms can be photographed, and we know that the subconscious can create and dramatise shapes to an amazing degree, quite apart from its very real ability to foresee events. It can tap historic and racial memory, whether or not such details are inherent in it, from past lives, and it can encounter vibrations which have apparently no reason to be attracted to it. Are fairies, devas etc., really existent, as Theosophy teaches, or are their forms anthropological images re-animated in the subconscious under certain conditions?

THE STIGMATA.

Dermagraphism, or marks caused on the skin by a species of repercussion from the astral body, is interesting in this particular. The *Stigmata*, one of its best-known guises, though not exclusively appearing on religious ecstasies, does seem only found on those who would have subconscious, even though unorthodox, *Christian* convictions. On the other hand, subconscious *pagan* convictions may account for the following case. An Indian student at one of our universities went to sleep out of doors in the afternoon, in the English countryside. He had an unusually vivid dream in which he saw Pan dance over and kick him, hurting him considerably. He awoke, feeling physically very much bruised and shaken. That night when he undressed, to the horror of himself and his friends, his chest was found to be imprinted with red marks shaped like small hooves. Ebbard mentions an interesting case of *dermagraphism* under hypnosis. An iron stamp with two initials, B. L., had been manufactured. The medium was put into an hypnotic sleep, her shoulders having been first bared. Whilst asleep, this stamp was applied from behind on her left shoulder-blade, with the suggestion, spoken aloud, that her shoulder was being branded with a hot iron. But the iron had not been heated at all, nor did the hypnotists add that the stamp was marked with the letters B. L. The medium could not see the stamp, as it was applied to her back. She could only have felt a slight pressure on the skin, and the stamp only touched her for about half a minute on her left shoulder and during her hypnotic sleep. No impression was made on the left shoulder at all, yet after eight minutes had elapsed the two letters came out, like a brand, on the right shoulder, but inverse to their application, like a reflection in a glass. They looked like burns on the flesh and suppurated and healed within four days, the scars remaining, exactly as if they had been actually branded.

This latter case is reminiscent of certain dreams which show so much of the looking-glass faculty that traditional superstition gives, as a matter of course, the opposite interpretation to the event. When some actual room is seen in a dream, it will often, though otherwise accurately perceived, have the objects reversed—a fireplace on the right will be on the left, a door on the left will be on the right, and so on. From object it is only a step to idea, and one easily understands how the subconscious, with its mirror-like propensities, can create an unpleasant image as the symbol of a pleasant thing and *vice versa*. I do not say this reflective property is an advanced type of psychism, but it is a very usual one.

NATURE SPIRITS.

We know that education and mental temperament influence the subconscious. As a rule the type that is aware of nature-spirits is of the imaginative order and is influenced by an innate belief in legend or by aesthetic predilections. Oscar Wilde says somewhere that, in his palmy days, he was inclined to see mermaids and tritons blowing on conchs when by the sea, but that after his *débâcle* they ceased to appear. I know a girl who has a real belief in and love for Pan and declares that he helps her. Twice in her life she has been awakened by the peculiar sound, as of pipes playing on a level with the window-sill. She got up to look, but there was no wind, nor any person in the street below. There was apparently nobody in neighbouring houses who could have produced the music. The impression was so clear and strange that she thought it might have been sent as a warning of disaster, but it does not appear to have had any connection with this life at all.

In connection with the sub-conscious, it is interesting to note that this girl's father, an artist, had her brought up in ignorance of ordinary religious opinions, and for many years she believed in the existence of Pan and Venus and the old pagan deities with as matter-of-fact a certainty as the conventional child believes in the Christian Creed.

The clairvoyant impressions of letters, words and numbers are, of course, presented to the outer consciousness by the subconscious. The unfortunate thing about this often useful form of "out-cropping" is that, except in sleep or trance, the subconscious acts in flashes which, to be efficacious, must enter the outer mind at a moment when the latter is an absolutely blank screen. Even the act of realising the flash implies the unconscious entry of a train of thought which, however slight and instantaneous, mars the almost incredible delicacy of a clairvoyant message and will probably render it inaccurate. In such a manner can be shown a particular date or name, and a "yes" or "no" be given in answer to some question. In this same way the face of a person who is telepathically in touch, and the photographic impression of a scene about to happen, will drift across the mind. But in each case the only thing to trust is the flash itself, never in what comes so much as a millimeter afterwards. It is often difficult to interpret what one sees in these flashes. The subconscious mind does not arrange things as the other one would. I once had an impression in Monte Carlo Casino of the number 34 in large golden letters with a second and smaller figure 4 near it. I thought it meant I was to back both 34 and 4. Unfortunately I did nothing and only watched events. The next number that came up was 18, followed by 34 four times, cut once (after the second turn) by Zero!

I think that this example illustrates well how accurate and how unsatisfactory clairvoyance often is. Thirty-four did not come up immediately after I had been impressed with it. I did not see the zero at all, and the numbers were so arranged on the field of vision that one could not understand their precise significance till it was shown by subsequent events.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND PREVISION.

Another Monte Carlo case was of two gamblers in the same hotel who saw apparently the same apparition at their bedside just before waking. This being, which came two or three times, impressed on the mind the best way of playing for that day, always with good results when the advice was followed. It seemed to have no face, and its figure or garments had an odd effect as of wide fan-like pleats, which opened and shut. It must have been either some strange image of subconscious creation or a beneficent elemental connected with gambling.

The vibration of a topical event sometimes touches the subconsciousness of a person in no way connected with it, except through ordinary interest in the subject. For instance, many people had premonitions about Tutankhamen's tomb. I give my own experience as an example. Early last year I dreamt one night of a great many little Egyptian images standing on a table by my bed. There appeared in the semi-darkness, in the doorway, an oval shape of radiating light and it seemed some dominating power or presence, otherwise indistinguishable, filled the atmosphere. There were no words but a strong impression that the tomb was an unlucky discovery, that all connection with it was in the hands of Mr. Howard Carter and that Lord Carnarvon, for some reason, was absolutely of no account in the matter. The latter was not then even ill, but the following day the papers first announced his misadventure by the sting which later proved fatal. Some time after this, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, the words: "Egypt lives, you will know to-night!" flashed into my mind. That evening I heard the news of Lord Carnarvon's death.

A STRANGE STORY.

The following incident is curious. Does it mean that the personality of "The Bogie Man" has received such life from the minds of thousands of children as to seem a real figure; or is there a species of elemental attached to chil-

dren and which originally gave rise to the nursery tradition?

A little girl of seven, whose name was Violet, had been in a hospital recovering for some weeks from several operations. She was well enough to be up and dressed and used to help the nurses and wait on the other invalids with that pathetic patience and usefulness that is often found in the children of the poor. It was considered necessary for her to have another operation, but she died under it. On the night of the fatal operation one of the patients became aware of a steel-grey, hooded figure, abnormally tall and gaunt, striding through the ward and stopping by each bed that held a grown-up person. It did not stop by the children's beds. It was apparently enraged and resentful over the child's death. It stopped by the patient of whom I speak and appeared to snatch from her two curious streaks of greyish light which she could only describe as vibrations, saying as it did this: "A quota from each of you for Violet's death!" As the child had been a favourite with all in the ward and no one had consciously ill-treated her, it is difficult to understand what this meant, although it was afterwards found that the operation itself was ill-judged and ought not to have taken place. The patient who saw the apparition said nothing about it to anyone, knowing that it would be ascribed to imagination. In the morning she remarked that all the other patients and the nurse said vaguely that "it had been a dreadful night and they couldn't think what had been the matter." A woman whose bed had been next to Violet's then related that she had "almost felt as if someone were striding up and down the ward," and that it somehow reminded her of a strange-looking figure that she had seen standing by Violet's bed the night before the child's death. Some days later the patient who had so vividly seen the apparition overheard the following, which she rather connected with her experience. One of the children in the ward, who had often played with Violet, was being shown some pictures by an older patient. A certain picture suggested a "Bogie Man," and the woman argued with the child that the existence of such a being was nonsense. The child, however, was firm: "Oh, yes, he is there, because I've seen him. I've seen him in this ward. He likes little girls and he's very good to them. Violet used to see him, too!"

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

You die, and that interior spiritual body is abstracted from this material one. The process is a most interesting and marvellous one. When that body is abstracted from the material organism—in the form of a golden cloud shall we call it?—it reassembles its component elements in the form of the body in which they were moulded, and when the reassembling is complete the man stands complete, but a very much better-looking man. That body is a real body. There are different degrees of reality. Suppose you fall from a height on the pavement; the reality of the pavement stops you. Suppose you fall on water; the water does not stop you. Both are realities differing in degree. You call your material body a real body, but it is changeable, dissipated by decomposition. The spirit body, which is negative to you on this side, becomes positive on the other, and the old body becomes negative. The plane on which this new body functions resembles the paving-stone. Why? If this world were not more dense than you are, you would drop into it as you do into water. The ratio of density between the spiritual world and its inhabitants must be similar to the like ratio between the material world and its inhabitants. The spiritual world must be a real and actual world. What follows? If you live in an actual world you will need actual things. Think of the ghastly horror if, passing out with a full memory and all your aspirations and desires still filling your mind, you entered the other world and found not the least thing that related itself to you, to your consciousness, memory, aspirations. It would be worse than being sent from the luxurious Orient to the frozen steppes; it would be barrenness and bleakness. Therefore the centre of consciousness being a necessity, that other world will have relationship to all your needs, all your requirements, all your highest aims and possibilities. "Is that world, then, a country, with mountains and valleys?" Yes. "Grassy meads, rippling streams, silver lakes, pulsing seas, a glorious sky overhead?" Yes. "How dreadfully material!" You are somewhat poetical, are you not? You have been to the Land's End and seen the cliffs and the natural bridge and all the rest of it on a bright summer day. "Yes." How material! "Oh, no, it was the most spiritual sight I ever saw." So, then, you can have spiritual perceptions on earth—you can see the spiritual and divine in Nature, can you? Die; take your sail across the river, stand among the glories of God on the higher plane of life, and if your soul is not touched to its inmost centre by the sublime beauties of the landscape there, then your case is hopeless! The reality is the manifestation of the divine.—From "The Early Experiences of the Ordinary Man in the After Life" Mr. J. J. Monse, trance address.

"FOREWARNING" BY VISION AND DREAM.

Here is an old-time "ghost story," as related some years ago by Mr. G. R. Sims ("Dagonet") in the "Referee":—

One evening in March, 1821, a young lady, Miss M—, with a party of friends, was at a concert in the Argyle Rooms. Suddenly she uttered a cry and hid her face in her hands. She appeared to be suffering so acutely that her friends at once left the building with her and took her home. It was at first difficult to get the young lady to explain the cause of her sudden attack, but at last she confessed that she had been terrified by a horrible sight. While the concert was in progress she had happened to look down at the floor, and there lying at her feet she saw the corpse of a man. The body was covered with a cloth mantle, but the face was exposed, and she distinctly recognised the features of a friend, Sir J— T—. On the following morning the family of the young lady received a message informing them that Sir J— T— had been drowned the previous day in Southampton Water through the capsizing of a boat, and that when his body was recovered it was entangled in a boat cloak. The story of the Argyle Rooms apparition is told by Mr. Thomas Raikes in his well-known Diary, and he personally vouches for the truth of it.

Mr. Sims followed up this story by a more modern instance coming within his own experience as follows:—

I had in my own family an almost similar instance of the forewarning of death by "vision," but in my case it was in a dream. A nephew of mine was drowned by falling off his yacht in Poole harbour. I was in Geneva at the time with some relations, and we were on our way to Chamonix. On the night of the day that the accident happened, one of my relations dreamt that at Chamonix I was handed a black-bordered envelope announcing a death in the family. We left Geneva on the morning that the dream had been related to us, and reached Chamonix in the afternoon. Soon after I had arrived at the Hôtel Couttet, the manager handed me a telegram. It was from my sister, informing me of the tragedy.

AN EXPERIMENT IN PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

NOTES OF A SITTING WITH THE CREWE CIRCLE.

August 4th, 1924. Sitting at Middlesbrough with the Crewe Circle at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cowell-Pugh. 11.30 a.m. Sitters: Capt. John Alleyne and Mrs. John Alleyne, Miss Walton and Miss Scatterd.

Capt. Alleyne took charge of the practical side of the sitting, it being his first seance for psychic photography. Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, were the sensitives. Mr. Hope explained the procedure to the party and begged Capt. Alleyne to assure himself of one thing, namely, that he, Mr. Hope, did not lay a finger on the plates, which must be touched by no one but Capt. Alleyne himself until they were developed. Accordingly Capt. Alleyne opened the sealed packet of plates, filled Mr. Hope's wooden slides, marking the plates as he did so, took charge of them both before and after exposure, the only part taken by the mediums being the raising of the black cloth during exposure when they, the mediums, joined hands above the camera which Capt. Alleyne had previously examined inside and out. The four plates were exposed thus, number one upon the four sitters, Capt. Alleyne and his wife, Miss Walton and Miss Scatterd; number two on Capt. Alleyne, his wife and Miss Walton; the third upon Capt. and Mrs. Alleyne; the fourth upon Mrs. Alleyne alone. Mrs. Buxton did not enter the dark room at all. Mr. Hope went into the dark room and he and Miss Scatterd watched Capt. Alleyne develop the first two plates, and Mrs. Alleyne replaced Miss Scatterd and watched her husband develop the second pair. From first to last no one touched the plates except Capt. Alleyne. Numbers one and three bear extras. But until the prints are carefully examined the question as to the nature of the extras cannot be touched upon. No doubt Capt. Alleyne will furnish further information, should it prove of general interest. It must be borne in mind that John Alleyne is best known to the readers of LIGHT as the writer of the famous Glastonbury scripts ("The Gate of Remembrance") and Mrs. John Alleyne ("Carlyon de Lyle") as the composer of the beautiful melodies inspired by her husband's writings. "The Mere," "The Rain on the Roofs," and other scenes in the life of Johannes will live, it has been said, as long as English music survives.

LIGHT.

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THE SUNNIER SIDE.

To some—our fortunate seasoned believers—Paul's soaring profession, "We walk by faith, not by sight," may not appear like setting the tune too high; but, to the majority, who jog along as best they may upon a road with frequent disappointments and many spiritual "ups and downs," Paul's flight only provokes a sigh. The road is long; the turnings to right and left are many, the places of stumbling treacherous, and sight is very precious, and very necessary, too; and to walk by faith would be to court disaster.

But the great profession refers to spiritual things—to things that sight cannot test; and here it is evident that faith is our mainstay, though sight may help. Faith, however, is very much a matter of temperament. Some natures seem to take to it as readily as others rely upon a scientific or mathematical demonstration. Romance is native to them. Imagination almost takes the place of intellect. In dreamland they more than half live and move and have their being. If the spirit-world were not real, they would have to invent it. But these are not the majority. The main body of the sons of men go by sight; and the five senses are the only gates and windows through which "realities" can come in to them. They listen with a smile to Paul's ecstatic cry. They side with Thomas. At the best, they say, "Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief." Nor are they without excuse. The things that are seen are urgent: they press upon them: they demand instant and constant attention; and the senses, narrowly adequate, want constant education, and insist on constant employment. What wonder that they evade, ignore, or hesitate to believe in the intangible and unseen things!

Another hider of the unseen things is the monotony of life; and monotony on such a low level. For the vast majority, what a poor, unromantic, unspiritual monotony life is!—how little in it to suggest the tremendous interests and glorious emancipations of spirit-life!—how little in it to help the inward vision and the far-reaching hope! For millions, life is a journey backward and forward from bed to shop or office or mill: for multitudes of women it is little more than a journey from the fireplace to the sink. Good Heavens! what wonder that the eyes are too dazed to see, and that the imagination is too dull to soar!

And yet the poorest and most humdrum life supplies a sufficient stage for the growth of a thoughtful mind and a patient spirit: and where there are a thoughtful mind and a patient spirit there must be longings, upsoarings, dreams: and, as a matter of fact,

strange to say, it is actually into these humdrum lives that light from the Unseen streams, as though there were inward capacities that could not be satisfied with the bare and poor monotony, and that naturally soared to meet halfway the mystic things of the spirit. But others are not so fortunate. They feel no longings, though they may have thoughts; and sight is enough for them, though they would have faith, too, if they could. As helps to faith, then, we would suggest to these the following thoughts.

It is certain that the seen and known are manifestly incomplete. This is evident from the fact that even the "certainties" of Science are constantly undergoing revision. And not only "revision," but reversal. In truth, with all our conceit of modern Science, it is evident that our knowledge of the great whole is similar to what the knowledge of a prisoner would be who had never seen the sunshine and the sky in the open, but only from between five prison bars, comparable with our five tiny senses. A great French writer said truly, "He who thinks we have discovered everything is in profound error. That is to take the horizon for the limits of the earth." How fine! and how true! We know no limits anywhere; but we do know enough to make any glorious dream a possibility.

It is an inevitable inference that the human intellect and human power are not the highest in the Universe. In a thousand ways this inference is indeed "inevitable." Everywhere—even in the mystery of a blade of grass, in the glory of a butterfly's wing, in the secret of the genesis and exodus of the lightest thought—there is room for something equivalent to "God," ay! and for orders of beings, sphere after sphere above us. Here again there are no limits. A moment's serious reflection will show anyone the gross absurdity of the hypothesis that man's intellect and power are the highest in the Universe, for man himself is but the product for the moment of vast processes which he is utterly unable to understand, much less control.

Still further; it is clear that the tendency is, on the whole, for progress and happiness. It is true that life is touched everywhere with the melancholy of seeming waste and apparent misery; and this will probably never be explained while we are here: but the tendency is what we have to consider; and the tendency, as the very word "Evolution" suggests, is undoubtedly towards progress and happiness; every higher stage of progress bringing with it the secret of higher degrees of happiness.

Then to close all up, it is reasonable to believe that the future and the unseen will complete and compensate for all. This is high-water-mark in relation to religion:—

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

"Wherefore," as Tennyson again says, "be thou wise" and

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt.
Ah yes! there salvation lies—on "the sunnier side."

ANOTHER DAY.

O, Perfect Day, that rises now so bright!
Once more the World arrays herself with light,
While darkness folds her gown and slips away
Abashed, before the splendour of new day.
Once more we rise, and shake off friendly sleep;
A tryst with life we're bound this morn to keep.
Let us prepare sweet words and deeds of love
With which to meet her! Thereby shall we prove
That we have learned our lesson well and know
Love only reigns supreme on earth below;
Love is the way to conquer every man—
Therefore choose Love, and by it all things plan.

—From "The Surprise and Other Poems,"
by ELISE EMMONS.

THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

News and Views—Cuttings and Comments.

In "The Tatler" of the 6th inst., the weekly causerie by Richard King is devoted to a review of Mr. Dennis Bradley's book, "Towards the Stars." The reviewer is strongly impressed by the book, and in his dissertation says:—

Thus Mr. Dennis Bradley's investigation into the reality of the spirit world began. Well, you can believe him or disbelieve him. Either he is telling the truth or he is a liar. And of what use to him would be deliberate falsehood? And if you call or think of him as a liar, then you must also bring into that most easy form of criticism where Spiritualism is concerned such well-known people as, among others, Viscountess Grey of Fallodon, Lord Dewar, Senator Marconi, William Archer, Caradoc Evans, and Dr. R. M. Riggall. One and all sat with him at various times and received "evidence" of spirit communication. And this is one of the great features of "Towards the Stars." The real names of people are given. Evidence which hides itself behind a mere letter of the alphabet is at all times more or less suspect. This is one of the things which makes his book one of the most valuable contributions to the vexed question of life-after-death that has been published within recent years.

* * * *

Previous correspondence between the trustees of Glastonbury Abbey and Mr. Bligh Bond, gave the impression that the trustees had removed Mr. Bligh Bond from any control of, or access to, the relics which he had already unearthed from the ruins of the Abbey. But a paragraph in the "Star" recently states:—

The Glastonbury Abbey mystification which has been appearing in the Press has produced a formal statement.

Mr. F. Bligh Bond has been requested by the Dean of Wells, on behalf of the Trustees of Glastonbury Abbey, to classify, label, and arrange in cases in the Abbot's kitchen the loose relics found by him in his excavation at Glastonbury Abbey ruins.

This, however (the official communication proceeds), does not imply any permission to proceed with further search for treasure, either suggested by antiquarian knowledge, divining rod, or psychic revelations.

It is hoped that public opinion is having its effect, and that eventually all restraint will be removed from an investigation which is of national interest, and that Mr. Bligh Bond will be allowed to complete the investigations which he has hitherto carried out so satisfactorily.

* * * *

A correspondent of the "Daily Express" relates the following unpleasant experience while staying with friends at St. Ives. She says:—

At irregular intervals of perhaps a month, sometimes three weeks, sometimes five, but always at midnight, I was suddenly awakened by the sensation that someone was coming through the door (which I always kept locked) towards the left side of my bed, and I felt (though never saw) the figure of a tall person—a man—just bending down looking at me. "It" usually continued in this position for about two minutes, sometimes longer, and then I felt it flit away just in the same way as it had come.

Afraid of being laughed at, she did not mention the matter to her friends until she was leaving them, with the result that:—

Instead of laughing, they asked me why I had not told them before, and explained that when they came there they were told the house was haunted, but, as they had themselves seen or heard nothing unusual, they thought it best to say nothing of the rumours to avoid alarming me.

On further inquiry I learned that in that very room, years ago, a man—supposed to have been a lawyer from St. Ives—had hanged himself.

* * * *

Mr. Robert Blatchford discusses "The Mystery of Our Dreams," in "Lloyd's Sunday News," of the 10th inst. He compares the different types of dream, from the illogical medley of thoughts which comprises the ordinary dream,

to those curious veridical visions, which appear to show an actual transference of the personality, and enquires, "What is a dream?" In an attempt to provide an answer to this query, he says:—

The philosophy of dreams is more baffling than at first sight seems likely. We have got no forrarder when we say: "It is only a dream." We might as wisely say, "It is only a spiral nebula; it is only a soul; it is only life." And is it true to say of every night vision that it is only a dream? When my friend saw the spirit of his living sister, was that a dream? If, as many believe, some of us quit our bodies and wander on the Astral Plane, is what happens to us in such adventures only a dream? If it does happen it is not a dream at all. It is because we have so long classed dreams amongst illusions that we have made no serious attempt to solve the mystery.

* * * *

Lady Buckmaster writes to the "Daily Express" of the 14th inst. on the subject of Spiritualism; she admits that she cannot come to a decision, for, on the one hand, she says:—

Science of to-day dispenses with the supernatural and will account for apparitions and even for the phenomena of stigmata by the sequence of natural law. The transcendental is now located in the region of the sub-conscious self.

We can all "call spirits from the vasty deep," but will they come when we do call for them? Personally I feel sure that I might call for ever and for ever call in vain; and thus I say without regret because, frankly, it would be disturbing to me to see two people seated on one chair!

And yet there is much in the subject which appeals to her, and she concludes in a more definite strain:—

But when all is said and done it is, in my opinion, certain that just as some are born musicians, poets, or painters, so others have certain psychic gifts.

To those whose minds are essentially materialistic and rationalistic the whole subject of Spiritualism is childish folly. Others turn from it as ungodly and dangerous, a practice forbidden by the Churches. But let us not condemn what we cannot understand. Most of the Spiritualists I happen to know bear on their faces "the image of the heavenly," and have had their characters strengthened and ennobled by what they believe to be "mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won."

We go on reasoning and wondering. Is it not possible that the mystics and Spiritualists know?

* * * *

Another of those curious poltergeist disturbances has occurred at a house in Bradford. The evidence for the psychical nature of the phenomena appears to be beyond dispute. Several local papers give accounts of the "manifestations," among which the "Bradford Daily Telegraph" reports:—

"The first evidence we had of these things," said Mrs. Kendrick to a "Telegraph" reporter to-day, "was when we first entered the house some four years ago. When we went to bed a perfect pandemonium prevailed.

"The noise was almost deafening, and pots and pans crashed from wall to wall in a manner which frightened me.

"There was no one in the house but my husband and myself. Of course, my husband would get up, go downstairs and light the gas, and would find the kitchen all upset.

"The door and windows were locked and fastened, so that it was impossible for anyone to have entered and played a joke upon us.

"Pieces of furniture exchanged places, and we could see the chairs moving about as though an invisible person was at the back of them pushing them along.

"Never in all my life have I seen anything like this before.

"Talk about getting sleep—there have been nights when sleep has been impossible.

"The funny thing is that as soon as we put out the light the household things begin their wild career of dancing about."

As usual, a child appears to be present in the house when the phenomena occur, for Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick have a little daughter. In some curious way children seem to be associated with these happenings, and a source of psychic power, which is not under control, and acts in a haphazard manner. It is a marked fact that similar results can be produced in set experiments by older persons who are mediumistic.

W. W. H.

HAUNTING PHENOMENA.

OBSERVATIONS BY MDLLE. MARIE ANTOINETTE DE
NETTANCOURT, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS DE NETTANCOURT
DURING A VISIT PAID BY HER TO "LA ROCHELLE," A
HAUNTED HOUSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY NITA O'SULLIVAN-BEAERE,
WIDOW OF THE LATE THE O'SULLIVAN-BEAERE, H.B.M.
CONSUL-GENERAL FOR RIO-DE-JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

My sister Marie-Therese and I arrived at La Rochelle on Saturday, May 17th, 1913, to stay with my grandmother, Marquise de Nettancourt, during the absence of her son, my Uncle Robert de Nettancourt. We installed ourselves as customary in the two end rooms of the house. This time Marie-Therese wished to change her room and gave me the room which she usually occupied.

We were five in all; my grandmother, the Marquise de Nettancourt, my sister and I, and the two servants, the cook Amanda, and the house parlour-maid Clarisse. The cook had been in the service of my grandmother fully three years, and the other for two years. After a very pleasant journey I went to sleep reading. About midnight I woke up hearing a noise of footsteps, and of furniture being moved over my head. Supposing that Amanda had gone to bed, I fell asleep again; but about two o'clock was again rudely awakened by the ceiling overhead cracking as if heavy feet were walking above it. This time I got a light and looked at the time, which was two o'clock. I thought, "What an idea for Amanda to be walking about at night; even if she doesn't want to sleep, she might let others do so." Suddenly I heard a very long sigh, and had the feeling that someone was in trouble quite close to me. I concluded that it must be my sister, but somehow was too frightened to go and see, and finished by going to sleep again.

Next morning I went up to the second floor to have a look at Amanda's room, but couldn't open the door. This rather vexed me, as I wanted to see the second floor, having never been up there. When I saw the cook I said to her laughingly, "You *did* make a lot of noise last night."

"I, mademoiselle?" said she. "I do not sleep in this wing of the house. Mademoiselle may have heard rats, which she took for me."

"What!" said I; "your room is not above mine?"

"Why, no," she said.

I was dumbfounded, feeling sure that I had heard footsteps, and that the furniture had been moved. It all seemed so strange to me, but I tried to imagine that it must have been rats, and didn't think any more about it until the evening when going to bed. I slept very soundly, and never woke up till half-past six in the morning.

The whole of that day was calm and pleasant. I went to sleep reading, but woke up out of a short sleep with perspiration pouring off me, and a fearful terror at my heart; then suddenly I again heard footsteps over my head. The steps were very light, as though someone were walking on tip-toe, three steps at a time. Then the furniture was moved, and again the sound of three steps, followed by a terrible noise. I lit my candle and looked to see if my door was locked, although feeling that this was useless, and until three o'clock it was impossible to get to sleep. There were hammerings, footsteps, and furniture dragging across the room. I was unable to call out, being too terrified. In the morning a very extraordinary thing occurred. When I wanted to speak of the happenings of the night, I could not utter a word—something took speech from me.

With effort I mounted the steps next morning to look at the room. Imagine my surprise to find that it was absolutely empty, no furniture or anything else at all of any sort. There was a beautiful parquet floor, but not the faintest signs of anything having been dragged across it. It struck me that I heard sounds behind my bed, which seemed to come from the direction of the room above me, and I fled. In the afternoon I mentioned it; and the cook admitted for the first time that she often heard noises, which were quite incomprehensible to her—furniture moved, sighs close to her ear and sounds as of books thrown on the floor. I told her what I had heard the night before, and she was not in the least surprised.

My sister asked her where the noises came from that were heard in her room, which was situated in the centre wing of the mansion. She said it communicated with another room that had always been kept locked by the proprietor, who allowed nobody to enter it, and herself had

never put foot in the place. The room contained a large cupboard of enormous width and thickness; it was there we seemed to hear the noises, and our curiosity forced us to get it open, but we found books only. We went and looked at the cook's room, a well-lighted one; but Amanda said: "Ah, Mesdemoiselles, I don't sleep one night in four there; there is so much noise from all parts." Feeling that certain human beings must be concerned in all this, I went and woke up Monsieur le Vicomte, who accompanied me armed with a revolver but though he examined every corner of the room, saw nothing.

"Why don't you change your room?" we asked. "I did think," said she, "of moving over Mademoiselle Marie Antoinette's room, but that room seems more haunted than the others."

On going to bed that night I left my door slightly open, so that I could speak to my sister, who had taken the same precaution. Suddenly we heard steps coming down and passing between our two doors, as of someone walking on his heels. My sister, hearing this for the first time, called out, "Antoinette, did you hear? Come into my room, let us sleep together." I rushed into her room, bringing my pillow, but scarcely was with my sister when we heard steps outside our door. After having locked it we put all our big trunks against it, as well as some very big Empire chairs, and we lit the grand candelabras, making up our minds to have light all night. Barely had we gone to bed when we heard footsteps and the noise of furniture being moved, and during the whole night did not sleep a moment. What horrified us most was the turning of the door-handle at various intervals, the door shaking violently as if someone was determined to force a way in. It was only towards five o'clock in the morning that these terrible sounds stopped. When we got up, we gave orders to the housemaid to make up our beds in a large room, situated in the middle wing and next door to our grandmother's room on one side, and that of the housemaid on the other. My sister and I told the housemaid to take all our things out, and the cook also came to help us. At 10 a.m., with the sun shining brightly, the noise overhead began again. All four of us rushed up to see what it could be, but there was nothing to be seen in the room. Our grandmother, seeing us go, asked what was the matter. We told her and she quite understood, for she said that every night, although her door was carefully locked, it used to open, and other rooms were carefully locked, but they also opened every night.

Previously other members of my family appear to have had similar experiences, notably one night in the month of June, 1912. As two of my sisters, Marie Therese and Yolande, were kissing each other good-night on the landing which separated their rooms, an invisible creature jumped down and passed between them, and both fell, dropping their candles, which, however, did not go out.

WHAT USE IS IT?

The question is still often heard: "Even if Spiritualism is true, of what use is it?"

Over twenty years ago, when I and my wife and family moved to the road in which we still reside, one of our neighbours was the Rev. B—, curate at the parish church. With his wife and family he lived a few doors away, and was well known, but to none better than to his neighbours' children. His untimely decease left a widow and several children scantily provided for. Arrangements were made for the admission of three of the children to an orphan school. With sinking heart the mother was journeying there with them. While waiting at a junction on changing trains she became conscious of a lady's gaze, and moved away to take her seat in the train for S—. Just before the train started, this lady entered the same compartment as the widow and her children, and a conversation began. Until then the widow had known nothing of Spiritualism, but the conversation led round to that topic. At the request of the lady, the widow left with her, on parting, a small article and her name and address. Some days afterwards, she received a letter from the stranger, enclosing a communication purporting to be from her deceased husband. It addressed her by a pet name used only by him, and evinced such detailed knowledge of and interest in personal matters that, in spite of the strange circumstances, Mrs. B— felt convinced of the authorship. The covering letter explained that the writer was a medium, but that her gift was not exercised for money.

Thus, unsought, began a communion with the unseen which has been continued ever since, assuring the widow of the continued existence and unchanging love of her husband.

Not having been in the neighbourhood for several years, Mrs. B— recently called upon my wife and related these circumstances, adding that the experiences she had gained had redeemed her life from despair and been an unspeakable consolation.

F. C. E. D.

THE NEED FOR CAUTION.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—Like many readers of LIGHT I have a deep respect for Professor Richet, as a courteous and able opponent. But one sentence of his quoted by Mr. Buist Picken gives rise to certain pleasing meditations. It runs thus: "Even for the most hardened spiritist there is not one communication in a thousand which is not ridiculous: it behoves one, therefore, to be very cautious about the thousandth observation, even when it has rather striking features."

Whether Professor Richet has placed his figures rather too high, may be a matter of question; whether the term "ridiculous" is quite appropriate is also open to question—personally, I should have thought that "prodigiously dull" would fit the case more closely. And, undoubtedly, it behoves one to be cautious in these matters. But unluckily this is not a world in which one can afford to carry caution to extremes. In the columns of the daily Press one finds a very high proportion of statements which are both improbable and ridiculous, and when it comes to the matter of advertisements one is frequently driven to the longing that since advertisers apparently must lie because it is their nature to, they would at least abstain from such flagrant and glaring untruths. Yet, if one sees among this mass of improbabilities, a statement that our enemies in the great war are secretly preparing armaments for another, while it certainly is necessary to receive the statement with caution, it is the act of lunatics to dismiss it without examination into the facts that have given rise to it. Over-caution in the matter of belief is simply impossible in this world. We are always having to take the chance that what we believe is correct; we have to act on insufficient evidence every day of our lives. If a motor over-takes us in a narrow lane, it undoubtedly *may* be a hallucination, but it is not safe to stand in the middle of the lane while debating the subject.

But to return to Professor Richet, how many of the objections raised against Spiritualism are anything but "ridiculous," and highly ridiculous at that? We have our theological friend, who knows that it is all the work of the devil, and deluges us with quotations (and misquotations) taken from the Scriptures, and applied, as a rule, out of their proper context. We have people like our critic in the "Kentish Observer," with whom I have dealt before, who imagine that the entire aim and object of Spiritualism is to "convert" such persons as themselves. We have the advocates of the hypothesis of an omniscient Guild of Mediums, who find out everything, down to the name of the cat who ate the pet canary, and the fact that our grandmother's cousin's aunt had the habit of biting her nails, and who yet make such inadequate use of their knowledge that many of them live in extreme poverty and discomfort, when one would think that by trading on the family scandals which they must unearth, they could provide themselves with an ample competence for the remainder of their days. Nay, more, according to those who advance this theory, our mediums, while carrying on what we must think is a most demoralising and debasing traffic, none the less maintain so high a standard of loyalty to each other that not one has been found to sell the books of the Guild to the numerous papers which would so gladly pay a fine price down for such a "scoop." Again there is the critic who believes that Sir Oliver Lodge invented Spiritualism, and that a sufficient reply to the whole question is to assert that Raymond stated that he smoked cigars and drank whisky and water in the spiritual world, which statement, by the way, he never made. It is not very long since I had the pleasure of reading a book "exposing" Spiritualism. The author, apparently, is a well-meaning and conscientious man. But the book is one mass of irrelevant statements; arguments which are no arguments at all; sentences which would pain one if they were written by a school-boy of ten, and assertions which are unsupported by any evidence. Now, following Professor Richet's argument, might not we reply after this fashion:—

"A very large number of the objections raised to Spiritualism are pure nonsense; an insult to the intelligence of those who are expected to hear them. Even the most hardened sceptic cannot defend them. Professor Richet's objections, it is true, appear to be those of an able thinker, and worthy of our respect. But although they possess rather striking features, it behoves us to be very cautious about them."—Yours, etc.

GWENHWYFAR.

THE VISIONS OF CHRIST IN THE SKY.

Speaking through a trance medium at Westcliff-on-Sea on a recent Sunday, a highly evolved spirit dealt impressively with the question of the visions that have been seen in the sky, as recorded recently, and which have excited widespread wonder and interest throughout the world.

The control said: "Loved ones of earth, we greet you with love from this Brighter Life—the love which embraces you in the teachings of the Christ. We come to you with a message, as from the Master, saying unto you that the visions of the Christ in the sky are to remind humanity—those who have not understood the message of sacrifice—that Christ is yet being crucified by those who have not believed His teachings of Eternal Life, and that, if the Master were on earth now, there would still be the desire to crucify Him again. That message should help you to strain every part of your being in making known His teachings. If you want to see the Christ in His glory—if you want to see Him coming from His Father, full of the Divine Spirit of Love, send His messages out to all parts of your kingdom to make known to mankind the Truth of Immortality.

"We want you to think of Christ as the One Who expresses the Father's Love to mankind, and Who is ever ready to come to, and to inspire, those who call upon His Name, and who follow in His footsteps. The Christ of God Who came to earth, and suffered death on the Cross in the cause of Truth, is the same Christ Who is crowned with glory and honour, after gaining a triumphant victory over death.

"These are days when mankind revel in experiments, and there has been a great advance in electrical and wireless development. Wisdom has come from the training of the mind, but unless such wisdom is governed by more spiritual agencies, it will bring about destruction, and not evolution and progress. Instead of using the powers they had in Biblical times for the upliftment of mankind, they were used for oppression, and such powers were taken away from those who turned them to wrong purposes. Unless progress now is given a more spiritual basis, the powers that have been developed will be taken away, as before. With all the knowledge that has come to mankind, it does not seem to be understood that the new powers have come from the Great One Mind, the Centre of all Light. Therefore, all such powers should be linked up with the Source from which they come."

W. H. M.

BISHOP GORE AND THE RESURRECTION.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—On August 17th, Bishop Gore, addressing the Cremation Society at Wembley, said (according to the "Church Guardian") that the conception that there was a resurrection of the dead by a re-collection of the material atoms and elements of the dead body at the end of the world was a false one and impossible.

I wrote his Lordship congratulating him on this utterance, and on his apparent appreciation of the fact that there was no resurrection of the mortal body.

I received a reply saying that he was afraid I had been misled by an imperfect report, and that he believed in the resurrection of the body with all his heart and mind. From this I gathered that after all he did believe in the resurrection of the mortal body.

I replied pointing out that his address to the Cremation Society plainly stated that the material body did *not* rise and that this was given as a reason for not objecting to Cremation. I then asked him to inform me whether he believed in the resurrection of the mortal body, or in that of the spiritual body.

This morning I have the reply:—

I have really nothing to say about the connection between the "natural" and "spiritual" body, except that St. Paul says "we know in part only."

One is left speculating as to what really is his belief on this subject, and what was the object of his address to the Cremation Society.—Yours, etc.,

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

Weston Vicarage,
Otley, Yorks.
August 14th, 1924.

MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS CONDITIONS.

FROM A MEDIUM'S POINT OF VIEW.

By LEIGH HUNT.

The life-occupations of many people appear, to some extent, to be portrayed in face and manner, as well as being indicated by their temperaments, and the person, who, by reason of his psychic faculties being in the ascendant, is termed a "born medium," is no exception to this rule. There are, of course, complexities of temperament which tend to counteract such indications, but even where these limit appearances, there are still left some characteristics, which, in a more or less marked manner, denote the particular "calling" such persons pursue.

The history of Spiritualism abounds with such examples, and much may be learned in this direction concerning the problem of mediumship, and the conditions necessary for perfecting other-world intercourse.

"Conditions! It's conditions first, last and all the time!" is likely to be the wail of the average investigator. Yet such is the delicate balance that is required in these matters, that nothing but patience and perseverance can bring a fuller knowledge of the best means to obtain good conditions. I am convinced, after many years' experience, that rule of thumb methods are not the ones most likely to bring success, but that given a reliable medium we should so adapt our efforts as to suit his particular temperament. This can be done most effectively, I think, if we not only observe his mental but also note his physical make-up, and, in all sincerity, endeavour thus to promote that responsiveness between medium and sitters which is so desirable in the investigation of all phases of psychic phenomena. Lest these suggestions may appear to the inquirer to be too exacting, I would point out that, in the "world" of music, the smallest items calculated to set the performer at his ease, are carefully attended to, and the reader will, I think, easily call to mind other and similar examples. Clergymen, actors and orators can bear witness that their efforts are greatly enhanced when attention is given to these matters.

"Oh, this amounts to 'humouring' the medium," our would-be critic may remark. Quite so, and why not, if by so doing results of more satisfactory a nature may accrue? On very many occasions I have noticed that spirit people have been freer in their giving of proofs of identity, and in conveying evidential messages, when a medium has been placed specially at his ease by attention to seemingly trivial items which nevertheless have helped much in promoting the fuller exercise of the power possessed by the medium.

It is pleasing to note that mediums of the present day are not regarded by investigators as they were too often in the past—that is, as exotic specimens of humanity who must be treated as if they were mortals scarcely belonging to the world of ordinary human beings! Of course, mediums have their little whims and fancies! Who has not? And if by humouring the medium by considering such whims and fancies at times, we can obtain more satisfactory results, are we not fully justified in so doing? For surely the great end in view, viz. the providing of conditions that will enable spirit people to be freer in manifestation warrants the making of every legitimate effort to bring about this most desirable consummation? I would, ere concluding, like to add—very feelingly—that, after all, the whims and fancies of mediums are not, I think, any more tinged with eccentricity than those of persons who are happy in regarding themselves as amongst the matter of fact of mankind. Only, the medium, generally being one whose kinship to the psychic side of Nature is more apparent, may the more often "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." Thus it is that the special sensitiveness of a medium causes him more readily to respond to conditions that are in tune with his particular kind of personality, and to any genuine medium no reasonable conditions for precluding inaccuracy or loose evidence are repellent.

So may it be that in all endeavours to set up good conditions for psychic investigations the consideration of the personality of the medium immediately concerned shall be included, and thus may the way of freer communication be paved with that good intent which shall be all for the delight of our arisen friends, of ourselves, and last, but not least, for the one whose developed sensitiveness enables such communication to be maintained.

No medium can command results; he can only give conditions and invite the aid of the spirits. Do not forget that spirit people have minds of their own, and will act or refrain from acting as they think best, not when you please to demand.—B. G. E.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN PARADISE.

By ALICIA LEITH.

This little place where He has placed me is a most charming one. I profess no too great thought of Heaven, but even in this wee little haven of perfect rest I have a foretaste of that ever holy Home! I am no person of any kind of holiness or religious formality. I just do as I like, and am only anxious to be obedient to the powers that have placed me here! Alice has already been told by me of my delights in calming the minds of children newly born into this Life. They are nurtured by me in perfect love. I feed their little hearts with love, I cheer their poor remembering minds with promises of seeing Mummie and Daddy again some day if they are good.

I see in them a little reflection of my Saviour as a Child at His Mother's knee in Nazareth, and therefore I try to be a holy Mother to them. They are my own darling little children without me having had the trouble of getting them born!

I am indeed a pretty good nurse now, chasing away the doleful from eyes and brows, and instead, I let them enjoy ducks and geese and birds of lovely feathers and tails! They hugely delight in being amongst them, and then they look up at me and laugh and say: "Is this Heaven?" and I say: "No, but if you go on being good you may get there some day!" I provide them with rosebuds and beautiful little fairy flowers for their amusement, while golden-haired little angels surround us at every moment of time! I can't tell you how lovely are my darlings.

They are in the simplest garments, woven of linen thread, and gentle ways are theirs. I get them clothes to please myself. I fabricate them and colour them. I see you do not understand our power of creating things, and our loving powers develop as we go on higher and higher in our loving and strong faith. I can assure you that I can get you the most beautiful roses that you have ever seen when you come here. Whatever I think very greatly about is seen here by others as well as myself. Thought here takes wonderful shape. I feel sometimes as though I were a kind of fairy God-mother to my darlings, for I can produce for them things that would not otherwise be theirs. We can literally convey to you the best idea of this wonderful country of ours by saying that the wish is father to the good act that follows. I wish, and lo! there it is.

Our eyes carry thought and words to the hearts of our little ones. Voice is the thought. The science of sound is so utterly different from yours.

You cannot quite understand about how the Lord of little children can come to me and my babies with all His many calls and uses. But He has been very gracious to me and them. If I pray that my little ones should have Him amongst them, to show them how lovely is His nature and being then He sends to me a thought of Him as a Beautiful Child, and lo! amongst the Babies He stands with outstretched arms to greet them, and they fly up to Him in joyous gladness and say: "I can see Jesus, as I am, just a baby girl or boy, with long beautiful hair and white clothes."

And I say: "Look, children, at that beautiful little One, and try and be as good as He!" and then they quiver all over and run to me and lay their little foreheads on my breast and say very firmly: "We will."

And I laugh and smile, and toy with their sweet hands, and look into their blue eyes full of love and say:—

"Yes, but first be prayerful children and ask Him to come and help us again some day," and they turn to Him and cry:—

"Lord Jesus, be our little One always, and be our help to be obedient and mild as Thou art!"

My idea is that you should tell parents this wonderful truth that we protect their little darlings, and try to be as sweet to them as the old mothers and fathers were. Tell them not to be afraid that we shall win their love away from earth and them. No! we talk often and often to them of the old life at home, and ask them whether they would like to return and be again little children of earthly manners and ways; and they always say: "No." So do tell our poor mourning friends this, and assure them of heavenly care and love for their wee pets here. I hardly dare say: "Send this writing to Light"; but if you do many would be so thankful to know what happened to the dying wee ones of Christ's fold. Babies come crying from earth's accidents, such as being born dead, and from drowning; the little darlings laugh and cry alternately as they are brought into Life again by us, and happiness follows weepings, and rosebud lips follow white lilies of little dead babes.

I am so glad to be able to say this. Good-night, and tell the world this beautiful message.

[Received from a sister who left earth about twelve years ago.]

THE PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY IN THE
LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

BY THE LATE "M.A. (OXON.)."

ADVICE TO ENQUIRERS.

The greatest problems of the day are the prevention of war between nations, and the control of that rising tide of materialistic Communism which threatens to overthrow civilisation and reduce the rest of Europe to that chaotic condition of misery in which Russia now finds herself as the result of Communism seizing the reins of power in that country.

War is an age-old evil. Originally the result of efforts for racial survival and supremacy, it later became the means of religious persecution. But religion retained a very great control of the peoples, and it was within its power to terminate wars, at any rate in civilised countries, if it was used for that purpose.

But in the last century the power of religion was largely discounted by the exposure of many of its falsities as a result of the advanced knowledge of science, and as religion dogmatically refused to admit these errors, it lost its hold over the popular mind, and was no longer a dominant factor in politics.

Released from ethical control, material advantage became the chief aim of nations, and the policy of "might is right" became the only criterion.

The rise of Communism is of later date, although sporadic movements of this nature have occurred from time to time, but with little weight behind them. It is the result of the dissatisfaction of the working-classes with their conditions, and being inarticulate, they are attracted by the vociferous oratory of agitators, mostly of the self-seeking variety. The greater number of these classes have no desire for the extreme measures which are thus advocated, but accept the leadership in default of any other from among themselves, and whom they can suppose to have their interests at heart.

Both of these dangers were at one time under the possible control of the Churches, if they had but been worthy of their heritage, but as they have been employed in disputes among themselves, and the acquirement of worldly power and influence, the opportunity is lost, probably never to be regained.

But the heritage of the Churches has been passed on to other hands; others are given the opportunity which they have lost.

Evidence of the survival of man has provided a lever by which even the mountain of material interests can be moved; in fact this apparently overwhelming mountain dwindles to insignificant proportions when faced with the importance of eternal interests. It is given to Spiritualists to use a weapon which can break the feeble temporal sword of the conqueror, and reduce the demagogue to silence for want of hearers.

When the world realises that this life is but an instant in an eternal existence: that personal wealth is but the property of a dream, to vanish at the awakening; that rank and position count for nothing among the eternal verities: then and then only will wars cease, and men live in brotherhood, free from poverty and crime.

When it is recognised that those "loved and lost" have not ceased to be, nor are distant in some far heaven where our troubles cease to reach them, but are possibly even closer to us than before, and are able and anxious to tell us so if we but provide our side of the opportunity: that they know us even as we know ourselves, then will men so order their way of living, that they can walk unashamed among the cloud of witnesses.

Spiritualism can save the world; but to do so, Spiritualists must live up to their standard of belief, and give such an example to the world, that it shall desire our condition of happiness, even as a temporal measure, and shall seek to learn of us that they, too, may share the certainty that "sorrow endureth for a night but joy cometh in the morning."

W. H.

AN OCCULTIST ON SPIRITUALISM.—The extraordinary wave of interest in psychic and occult research which has distinguished this last half-century and has penetrated the most conservative fastnesses of modern science is the most favourable sign in these difficult times. It does not matter greatly if the devotees of Spiritualism evolve untenable theories regarding life after death, or recognise the world's notable folk in shadows, or their voices from a trumpet—the great point is that an increasing multitude of the world's best draw from Spiritualistic phenomena more assurance of a persistence of consciousness beyond the grave than any modern religion can provide. Even religion itself is coming under the influence. Many of these investigators will graduate from the phenomena of the séance room to the pursuit of a more satisfying knowledge of life.—P. H. FAWCETT ("Occult Review," November, 1923).

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment. If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct séances, and what to expect. There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament and preferably of the female sex, the rest of a more positive type. Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestation. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential, and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such a trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful séance.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held over, but not in contact with, it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

When you think that the time has come, let someone take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated, at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer.

Lastly, try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before death is the best and wisest preparation.

THE A B C OF SPIRITUALISM.—The series of articles under this title, by "Lieutenant-Colonel," will be resumed next week.

RAYs AND REFLECTIONS.

Mr. Robert Blatchford tells me that he is writing a new book, his aim being not to give an exposition of Spiritualism so much as to attack and demolish the principal criticisms by which its opponents attempt to discredit it. I gather that it will be a small book, which is not surprising, for some of the objections urged by the opposition are so flimsy and childish that they are quite easily shattered.

Reading some of these criticisms in the Press, it has sometimes seemed to me that the writers had a very low estimate of the intelligence of their readers—indeed it looked as though they held the public in utter contempt. The silliness of some of the arguments simply astonished me—they would not have deceived an intelligent child. But it was quite plain that some of the critics were not only shallow—they were insincere. They did not really believe the statements they made. They offered the public literary hog-wash because they thought this was the kind of stuff most suitable for its intellectual diet.

It was a grave mistake, because amongst the readers of every journal are many people of judgment and acumen. Some years ago I was visited by a distinguished lawyer from Scotland—a man bearing a famous name. He was amongst the many people who came to *LIGHT* for preliminary guidance in the investigation of Spiritualism. He told me that he was led to enquire into the subject not so much by what he had read in its favour as by an observation of the ignorant and asinine arguments directed against it. He thought that if there were no more serious objections than these to be advanced against it, it was worth looking into!

In *LIGHT*, of June 7th, last, reference was made in a Note to an American correspondent, L. L. (Mr. Louis Liserer), who claimed to be receiving communications through a medium, the communicators representing themselves to be Ancient Egyptians. One of these, who styled himself "Abdullah the Great," claimed to have been the designer of the Pyramids, which he appears to have spoken of as "cheops"! Some reflections were made in *LIGHT* upon the claim of "Abdullah the Great"; and as to "cheops," it was pointed out that Cheops was King of Memphis and the reputed builder of the first or Great Pyramid.

In a paper called "Psychic Power," of Chicago, Mr. Liserer writes rather resenting the criticism and mentioning me by name says that he wishes I could have been present to hear the rebuke of my unbelief from a "spirit entity," but, as I read on I do not feel at all inclined to repent of the ridicule which was cast on the original statements.

Really we seem now to be getting even greater nonsense than before. It was bad enough to hear of "Abdullah the Great" as the builder of the Pyramids (which he called "cheops"), but now we learn that "Angelo was the architect" and by Angelo we can only suppose Michael Angelo is meant. What the great Italian artist had to do with the Pyramids, considering that he was not born until many centuries after they were built, is a psychic problem indeed. It is sufficiently difficult to get the thinking world to take account of true and rational psychic communications; the task is rendered all the heavier by the continual outpouring of such trashy revelations as these.

D. G.

NO ABSOLUTE VALUES.—We must also make quite clear what may be expected of a "criterion." Philosophers are apt to conceive a criterion as an absolute, universal, fool-proof and infallible means of discriminating truth from falsity, and, of course, have never found one. Such an absolute criterion is equally unknown to science, which regards it as an ignis fatuus. The criteria in scientific use are none of them infallible, and all of them relative to definite problems and stages of knowing. Their function is, not to jump to an absolute truth, inerrant and incapable of further improvement, but progressively to reduce the likelihood and dimensions of error. Scientific criteria have value, but do not pretend to validity.—F. C. S. SCHILLER, M.A., D.Sc.

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Author of "The Vanishing Point," "The Kingdom Round the Corner," &c.

THE HEART OF THE OFFENDER

HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS

Author of "The Silver Bridge," "Love and the Whirlwind," "Like Any Other Man."

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Author of "Holders of the Gate." A story which shows the racial antagonism between the Indians and English.

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Author of "The Optimist," "A Reversion to Type." One of these stories is concerned with a girl who does an appalling deed.

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By the author of "The Blue Lagoon," "The Garden of God."

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The story of an Englishman and his Chinese friend who meet with adventures in quest of their object.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. EALES-WHITE.—Thank you very much, but we had already seen the announcement in another paper, and used it.

C. J. L. (Swansea).—"Many men, many minds." You must not expect that all statements of opinion that you read in *LIGHT* will be in agreement with your own. There must be a variety of views, otherwise we should all stagnate.

H. W. H.—"There are more things in heaven and earth, etc."—the quotation is moss-grown, but it conveys the idea. We must beware of making our own experience the limit of all experience. Even as a matter of worldly policy it is a good rule to allow for undiscovered possibilities. To the man who says he has no experience of spirits we should reply that it might be worth while examining himself, for he, too, is a spirit.

NAMDIT.—In reply to your enquiry, we do not recall any case of a person blind from birth who has become clairvoyant. We have certainly met blind clairvoyants, but in no case could we say positively that the blindness had been from birth. In one case we believe it was.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"The Panacea," August (first issue). [This is the organ of the Panacea Society.]

RELIGION: ITS TRUE MEANING.

There is one religion in the world, and only one; one faith and only one. Religions are many, sometimes sublime, sometimes grotesque, sometimes even terrible. But Religion is one—perhaps we may say one thing, but that one thing includes everything—the life of God in the soul of man which finds expression in all the shapes which life and love and duty take. Its forms may be myriad, but the spirit that informs all of them is the same. The Church has no monopoly of religion, nor did the Bible create it. Instead, it was Religion—the natural and simple trust of the soul in a Power above it and within it, and the quest of a right relation to that Power—that created the Bible and the Church. The soul of man is greater than all books, deeper than all dogmas, and older than all institutions. Religion is universal, and is as natural to man as song to a bird or colour to a flower.

Since man is akin to God, he is capable of knowing God through what is god-like in his nature, that is through his soul. Such is the unshakable reality upon which the great thinkers have built from Plato to Emerson, and it can never be moved. Howbeit we must know that spiritual knowledge is different from mere intellectual information; not only different but deeper. We know a thing mentally by looking at it from the outside, by comparing it with other things, by analysing and defining it. Whereas, we can know a thing spiritually only by becoming like it. One may know the theory and philosophy of music, but he does not know music until his soul answers to its appeal of melody and harmony. One must love in order to know love, for, as it is written, "He who loveth is born of God and knoweth God, for God is love." Like is known only to like, and the one condition of the highest knowledge is likeness to, and union with, the object of knowledge. Therefore the ceaseless aspiration of the mystic is to be god-like, that he may know God. Religion is another name for mysticism, and every man is at heart a mystic. Why do we love music? What is the secret of that strange, sweet enchantment which music casts over us, lifting us for a brief time out of the fret and jar of life into a free and happy air? Music is unity, harmony, an echo of that infinite harmony we call God—a prophecy of the truth that all discords to one concord lead. That is to say, music is mystical, like love, like beauty, like prayer, like all else that makes our life luminous and free; and mysticism is religion. Such a conception of religion shows that in all high endeavour we are seeking union with God.

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

MR. L. MAY, writing from Cape Town, tells us how mail day is welcomed among readers of *LIGHT* in Cape Town. *LIGHT*, says our correspondent, "is read, re-read, and passed on to others. One is loth to give it up, but it is remembered that growth is symbolised by unselfishness." Mr. May wishes the paper and its message the success it deserves.

MRS. ANNIE PATTERSON, the well-known Northern Psychic, Clairvoyante and Psychometrist, will be glad to make appointments at her temporary London address, 16, Denbigh Road, Bayswater, W. 11, during the next few weeks, for interviews either at the above address or at the homes of interested enquirers. Garden Parties and At Homes attended.—16, Denbigh Road, Bayswater, W. 11 (near Notting Hill Tube Station).

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—*Limes Hall, Limes Grove*.—August 24th, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. E. Clarke. Wednesday, August 27th, 8, Mrs. Filmore.

Croydon.—*Harewood Hall, 90, High-street*.—August 24th, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30 Mr. Percy Scholey.

Camberwell.—*The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham*.—August 24th, 11, open circle; 6.30, Mr. and Mrs. Lund. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road.

St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—August 24th, 7, Mr. Ernest Meads. August 25th, 8, spiritual developing circle. August 28th, 8, Mr. T. E. Austin.

Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road. August 24th, 11, public circle; 7, Rev. J. Matthias. Thursday, August 28th, 8.

Peckham.—*Lausanne-road*.—August 24th, 7, Mrs. E. Edey. Thursday, 8.15, Mr. Ernest A. Keeling (Liverpool).

Bowes Park.—*Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side)*.—August 24th, 11, Miss Rogers Pearson; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Maunder. Wednesday, August 27th, 8, Mr. Wm. North.

Worthing Spiritualist Mission, Mansfield's Hall, Montague-street (entrance Liverpool-road).—August 24th, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. A. Boddington.

Central.—144, High Holborn. August 22nd, 7.30, Mr. H. J. Osborn and Mrs. Brownjohn. August 24th, 7, Mr. Barbanell and Miss Lippy.

St. Paul's Christian Spiritualist Mission.—58, Dagnell Park, Selhurst, S.E.—August 24th, 7, Mr. R. Brailey. Wednesday, 8, service and clairvoyance.

St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. August 24th, 3.30, clairvoyance by Mrs. Annie Johnson; 6.30, Service, Holy Communion and Trance Address. Healing Service, Wed., August 27th, 7 p.m.

SOUTH AFRICAN SPIRITUALISM.—Mr. S. S. Swan, the Secretary of the Occult and Psycho-Therapeutic Society, Ltd., of Johannesburg, speaks highly of the work done by Mrs. Nordica, who, he states, has given about twenty-five thousand delineations, all recognised. Invaluable help has been given by the two Chairmen of the Society, Mr. J. Stirling and Mr. A. J. Tuson, and Mr. Nordica is doing useful service as a magnetic healer. Many mediums have been placed before the public by the Society.

"ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN."—Sir William Barrett's book under this title has been translated into Spanish, and the editor, M. Aguilar, writing to him from Madrid, says: "I am glad the Spanish edition of your book is satisfactory to you. . . . It will be known throughout Latin America, for I have correspondents in the principal towns of all the South American Republics and if it would interest you, I may say that I have already sent there over one thousand copies of 'En el Umbral de lo Invisible.'"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY informs us that it lacks on its files a number of the early issues of *LIGHT*, namely, Vols. 1 to 40, all issues (previous to 1921), and Vol. 42 up to and including No. 2173, and would greatly appreciate the courtesy of any person who would present the Library with these copies to enable it to make its file of back numbers complete. Communications should be addressed to Mr. E. H. Anderson, Director, The New York Public Library, 476, Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

THE AHMADIA MOVEMENT.—We are informed that His Holiness Hazrat Khalifa-tul-masih II., Head of the Ahmadia Community accompanied by a delegation, is visiting this country at the invitation of the Conference of Living Religions Within the British Empire. The delegation comprises men highly educated in Western and Eastern thought and sciences, famous Theologians and Oriental scholars. Their mission is to find a common platform for East and West, a bond of union between the two, and a creation on a permanent basis of amicable relations among the various nations that constitute the British Empire.

"*LIGHT*" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion, its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light." But the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

"*Light*" can be obtained at all Bookstalls and Newsagents; or by Subscription,
22/- per annum.

THE BOOK-MARKER.

Bits from Books, Old and New.

Readers are invited to send us for inclusion in this column any striking passages which appeal to them and which have some bearing on the subjects dealt with in **LIGHT**. The name of the book and author should be given in each case.

A SCIENTIST ON SPIRITUALISM.

Modern Spiritualism should to none be less cause for surprise or doubt than to Scientists and Christians. The kingdoms of matter and life are so intimately associated, and so frequently overlap, that it is difficult in all cases to say where one ends and the other begins. If also the incarnate and ex-carnate kingdoms of mind had shown no over-lapping, it would at least have been a variant from the overlapping habit of Nature. Moreover, Christ practised and encouraged in others the pursuit of what is called Spiritualism. If Spiritualism were ever true, it is true still, or, if never true, it is still untrue. The ways of Nature are constant. "God is the same, yesterday, today, and forever." . . . Spiritualism is popularly cognisable as old-time "witchcraft," whereas more often witchcraft was a *subversion* of Spiritualism, a craft of Spiritualism. . . . Spiritualism, rightly investigated and appropriated, should stimulate the social, moral, and religious advancement of humanity. Spiritualism has a high purpose; it is no more the result of chance than the stars; nor more properly fitted for commerce than Christ, nor more intended for idle chatterboxes than the Library of the British Museum.—From "Man-Making," by W. E. BENTON.

CONCERNING SPIRIT SPHERES.

It must be admitted here that most of the communications that come from the so-called spirit world through mediums come from entities in this sphere or state, which is contiguous to the earth. That is only saying that they come from selves who are nearest to the earth and whose interests in earth-life are still strong. But it stands to reason that they can only speak with regard to the state in which they find themselves, and they probably know very little more about the real spirit world than they did when they lived on earth. Whenever spirits speak of living in a sphere, which they describe numerically, as first, second, etc., that indicates that they are still in states belonging to the earth-sphere, i.e., of which the earth is the centre. But it is self-evident that spiritual states cannot be and are not based on a material centre or foundation. That is a stultification. The truly spiritual states or planes actually occupy interplanetary space at a tremendous distance from the earth.—From "The Process of Man's Becoming," by QUESTOR VITA.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA: AN AMUSING EPISODE

It is a mistake to assume that the closer the medium to the table the easier and quicker will the phenomena occur. There seems to be a critical distance at which the best results take place. . . . I was rather amused on one occasion when I was engaged on some rather delicate levitation experiments. I was inside the circle as usual, and, thinking from long experience that the table was not just in the proper spot for the phenomenon, I moved it to the left for a distance of about six inches. No sooner had I done so than it was moved back by the operators to its original position. I thoughtlessly shifted it over again, and instantly it was again moved back. The fact was that the table happened in the first instance to be in the exact position desired by the operators, a thing which very seldom happened.—From "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," by W. J. CRAWFORD, D.Sc.

THE REAL PERSONALITY.

A person may be truly said to be where his concentrated thought, attention and affections are, rather than where his material envelope is. All that is best in him, all that gives him dignity, power and distinctive personality, has gone forth. So . . . we speak of the sun coming into our rooms (as indeed it does in the power and beauty of its rays) though it stays ninety millions of miles away. "Went not my spirit with thee when the man turned again to meet thee?" asks Elisha. The spirit is the real personality, and the spirit is not imprisoned in the body, or at least it need not be. Ignorance, prejudice and selfishness are the real chains; faith and love are wings which may bring us to the very Fountain of Light, and though still attached by a cord to the material body, we may stand visibly in the fire of the innermost shrine, exercising our right as sons of God to go in and out before the Holy One.—"The Wonders of the Saints," by the REV. F. FIELDING-OULD, M.A. (Vicar of Christ Church, Albany-street).

LOVE AND PITY.

Learn to use Love and Pity in ever greater and deeper amount. The world oft-times will use wisdom such as I desire and appreciate, yet is it untempered by love and pity, and thus becomes cold and lifeless. Force then is wasted, and the end unattained; but if love and pity go hand in hand, then wisdom is turned into a shining light, and all that caused the darkness is cast out.

Do this, and by this trinity work, and your power will know no limit, and the result will be many-coloured in its beauty.—From "The Silent Voice."

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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

"Whatsoever doth make Manifest is Light!"—Paul.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Some Old-Time Ghost Stories.

The Conjuror as Critic. By "Lieutenant-Colonel."

The "Scientific American" Investigation. By W.W.H.

The Business Side of Spiritualism. By J. Scott-Battams.

The Employment of Angels. By A. J. Wood.

Mars from the Psychic Side. By Leslie Curnow.

The A. B. C. of Spiritualism.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE AMERICAN S.P.R.

We congratulate the American Society for Psychical Research on its obtaining a home and headquarters eminently suitable for so important a subject as it represents. We gather that it is about to leave its old and inadequate offices for a fine building in Lexington Avenue, one of the best quarters of New York, the removal being under the guidance and support of some of the leading citizens. Of course such a change will necessarily involve the Society in proportionately heavy expenses, but we feel that the step is amply warranted and will prove a wise one. It is an experiment, of course, but some adventures by their very hazard and boldness win support, and Psychical Research and all that it involves are beginning to awaken the serious interest of the educated and advanced portion of the public throughout the world. We shall hope to see a big forward step taken in London before long, and one that will bring the psychical researchers and the Spiritualists into harmonious co-operation, for they are in reality two wings of a great movement.

ODOURS AND ESSENCES.

A few weeks ago we printed (for the second time) the story of the Empress Eugenie and her discovery of the grave of her son in South Africa by following the trail of the scent of violets. This and the article by Miss Walker, "Evidence from Scent" (p. 515), suggest some further allusions to the phenomena of fragrance. Let us take an example from a sheaf of personal experiences of the same kind. Many years ago we were amongst the congregation at the Sunday evening service of a Spiritualist Society in a hall in the West End of London. It was in the winter season when flowers are scarce, but suddenly the air became filled with a delicious scent of spring flowers. Quite a number of people about us observed the perfume

and looked about to see from where it proceeded; but there was no sign of flowers anywhere visible. Only the clairvoyants—there were several present—were able to explain. It seems that a spirit woman carrying a bouquet of flowers had been observed passing amongst the audience, and the scent of it had become physically perceptible. We saw no other explanation and accepted the one offered. Had the instance been unique in psychic experience we might have been more sceptical; but we had met with other cases of the same kind, and recognised that the experience, although mysterious, was not mythical.

THE SENSITIVE SIDE.

In his new book, "Towards the Stars," Mr. Dennis Bradley shows himself a very virile and strenuous pilgrim. The "journey to the stars" is a proverbially arduous one, but Mr. Bradley shows that he possesses the qualities chiefly necessary for such an enterprise. In reading his book, we came upon the following passage showing that he has a fine sense of one of the essentials in spirit communion:—

Why should one presume to expect spirit communications at prescribed moments to human orders? Surely one may assume that such concessions are on a plane of delicacy and that the communing spirits are sensitive to the atmosphere of scepticism and suspicion created by test conditions. Such an atmosphere will never achieve results: of that I am convinced.

It is all on a silken thread. As it is the finest, so it is the thinnest web of eternal knowledge. The breath of suspicion fans a tiny spark into a prairie fire of doubt, and the years of a divine certainty are consumed in a moment.

Suspicion is the consort of jealousy. The union results in the creation of evil forces.

We humans are swept with the wind of uncertainty. Our mental structure is so flimsy that we can seldom cultivate resistance.

It is an excellent thing when a seeker after the truth in Spiritualism shows not only vigorous understanding but also delicacy of perception, for in psychic investigations strength and subtlety are both needed.

SOME OLD-TIME GHOST STORIES.

(From the Collection made by Mr. T. M. Jarvis and first published under the title "Accredited Ghost Stories" in 1823.)

[It should be pointed out that these stories are not offered as being all of equal value, and none of them is of the evidential quality required by the standard of the Society for Psychical Research. But they are of interest as examples of the ghost stories current in the days of our forefathers.]

APPARITION ATTESTED BY THE REV. MR. RUDDLE, MINISTER OF LAUNCESTON, IN CORNWALL.

In the beginning of the year 1665, a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliott, the eldest son of Edward Treberse Elliott, Esq., a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of June, 1665. In my discourse I spoke some words in commendation of the young gentleman; such as might endear his memory to those that knew him, and withal tended to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue there after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and was often heard to repeat the same evening, one expression I then used out of Virgil:—

Et puer ipse fuit contari dignus.—

The reason why this grave gentleman was so concerned at the character was a reflection he made upon a son of his own, who being about the same age, and but a few months before, not unworthy of the like character I gave of the young Mr. Elliott; was now by a strange accident quite lost as to his parents' hopes, and all expectations of any farther comfort by him.

The funeral rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my humour, to see his house that night; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr. Elliott interposed and pleaded title to me for the whole day, which (as he said) he would resign to no man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a promise behind me, to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before Monday came, I had a new message to request me, that if it were possible, I would be there the Sunday. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the duty which mine own people expected from me. Yet was not the gentleman at rest, for he sent me another letter the Saturday by no means to fail the Monday, and so to order my business as to spend with him two or three days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a visit, without any business; and began to suspect that there must needs be some design in the bottom of all this excess of courtesy. For I had no familiarity, scarce common acquaintance with the gentleman or his family; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of friendship on the sudden.

On the Monday I went and paid my promised devoir, and met with entertainment as free and plentiful as the invitation was importunate. There also, I found a neighbouring minister, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I suppose it otherwise. After dinner this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment.

First he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholic and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament, that his ill humour should so incredibly subdue his reason; (said he) the poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school. In the midst of our discourse, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbour, the parson renews the relation to me, and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances in a long narrative of the whole: in fine they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

I was not able to collect my thoughts enough on the sudden, to frame a judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered, that the thing which the youth reported to them was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it; but if the lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his counsels, I had hopes to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself in the springe their courtship had laid for me; for the old lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her son must be called immediately; this I was forced to comply with, and consent to, so that drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she went herself, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these three to persuade me that either the boy was lazy and glad of any excuse to keep from the school, or that he was in love with some wench and ashamed to confess it, or that he had a fetch upon his father to get money and new clothes that he might range to London after a brother he had there; and therefore they begged of me to discover the root of the matter, and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him as to the fancy of ghosts and spirits.

I soon entered a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate myself and get within him, for I doubted he would be too distrustful or too reserved. But we had scarce passed the first situation and began to speak to the business, before I found, that there needed no policy to screw myself into his heart; for he most openly and with all obliging candour did aver, that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a scholar; that he had not the least respect for any of womankind, as his mother gave out; and that the only request he would make to his parents was, that they would not believe his constant assertions concerning the woman he was disturbed with, in the field, called the Higher-broom-quartils. He told me with all naked freedom and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and, that if any man (making a bow to me), would but go with him to the place he might be convinced that the thing was real, &c.

By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it, and therefore he went on in this manner:—

This woman, which appears to me (said he), lived a neighbour here to my father, and died about eight years since; her name Dorothy Dingley, of such a stature, such age, and such complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the footpath to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

It was about two months before I took any notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I could not recall the name of the person; but without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion that way. Nor did I imagine any thing to the contrary, before she began to meet me constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

The first time I took notice of her was about a year since; and when I first began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid; but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way and went to school the under horse road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the Quarry Park and the Nursery, which was worse.

At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind; and I often did repeat these places of Scripture (with that he takes a small Bible out of his pocket): Job vii. 14, "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions"; and Deut. xxviii. 67, "In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening, and at evening thou shalt say, would God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see." I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity, in the application of these pertinent Scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. Thus (said he), by degrees, I grew very pensive, insomuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon, being urged to it, I told my brother William of it, and he privately acquainted my father and mother, and they kept it to themselves for some time.

The success of this discovery was only this: they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep my school, and put such fopperies out of my head.

I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way.

This, and much more to the same purpose (yea, as much as held a dialogue of near two hours), was our conference in the orchard; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our intents), I would next

morning walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, But will you sure, sir? Will you really, sir? Thank God, now I hope I shall be believed. From this conclusion we retired into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. William were impatient to know the event, inasmuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us; and seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first compliment from the old man was, Come, Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with Sam, I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy, an idle boy. At these words the lad ran up the stairs to his chamber without replying; and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants, by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word; but when things were riper they might know all; at present, I desired them to rest in my faithful promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied.

The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber, and very brisk; I arose and went with him. The field he led me to I guessed to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part, before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before (as much as the suddenness of its appearance and evanition would permit me to discover), met us and passed by. I was a little surprised at it, and though I had taken up a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to show any fear to my pupil and guide; and, therefore, only telling him that I was satisfied in the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field, and returned, nor did the ghost meet us at that time above once. I perceived in the young man a kind of boldness mixed with astonishment: the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation, and the other by the sight of his persecutor.

In short, we went home; I somewhat puzzled, he much animated. At our return, the gentlewoman (whose inquisitiveness had missed us), watched to speak with me. I gave her a convenience, and told her that my opinion was, that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited, yet that my judgment in his case was not settled. I gave her caution, moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring with what we yet had no assurance of.

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit no delay; wherefore, I went for Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse: for my wife was that week brought home from a neighbour's house very ill. However my mind was upon the adventure; I studied the case; and about three weeks after went again; resolving, by the help of God, to see the utmost.

The next morning, being the 27th day of July, 1665, I went to the haunted field by myself, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter; I returned, and took the other walk, and then the spectrum appeared to me, much about the same place I saw it before when the young gentleman was with me: in my thoughts this moved swifter than the time before, and about ten foot distant from me on my right hand; inasmuch that I had not time to speak as I determined with myself beforehand.

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself being in the chamber where I lay, I propounded to them our going all together to the place the next morning; and some asseveration, that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family of servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quarts; and had passed above half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness, that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head and ran after it, with the young man by my side; we saw it pass over the stile at which we entered, but no farther. I stepped upon the hedge at one place, he at another, but could discern nothing; whereas, I dare aver, that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this day's appearance.

1. That a spaniel dog, who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the spectrum passed by; whence it is easy to conclude that it was not our fear or fancy which made the apparition.

2. That the motion of the spectrum was not gradation, or by steps, and moving of the feet; but a kind of gliding as children upon the ice, or a boat down a swift river, which punctually answers the descriptions the ancients gave of the motion of their Lemures.

But to proceed: this ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted the old gentleman and his wife, who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her lifetime, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition. I encouraged them as well as I could; but after this they went no more. However, I was resolved to proceed, and use such lawful means as God hath discovered, and learned men had successfully practised, in these unvulgar cases.

The next morning, being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the field next adjoining to the Quarts. Soon after five I stepped over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered, in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spake again, and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time; wherefore, the same evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words of each side it quietly vanished; and neither doth appear since, nor ever will more to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to be so with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object, and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the Christian religion, I must and will assert, that these things in this paper are true.

(To be continued.)

A MEMORY OF SAINTON MOSES.

BY THE LATE JAMES ROBERTSON.

What a wonderful story of spirit action is seen in the case of Sainton Moses. Here was no weak-minded, credulous enthusiast, but a man of sober mind, cultured and penetrative, who must have evidence beyond any peradventure. He required the strongest possible form of proof, would not let emotions or beliefs rule him, but ever insisted on the presentation of such facts as he could grasp with all his normal faculties. He went to mediums and saw much which to his mental conception would not bear the test of rational sifting. Amid his searching it never dawned upon him that the impulse to seek for conclusive proof was the work of those people about whose existence he was in doubt. He did not want glowing sentiments about heaven, but conviction that what he saw and heard was the work of spirits of his own kind. At last, in the presence of poor Lottie Fowler, he was brought to a knowledge of the truth. In clear, unmistakable form there came to this man of ripe powers, through an illiterate clairvoyant, the permanent conviction that old friends could come back with much of their personal characteristics. Soon there dawned upon him the feeling that elevated souls were seeking to

impress him with other ideas than he had held regarding God's purposes. Richer conceptions of the Divine economy were steadily filtered into his being, and through his own hand there came most conclusive evidence that prophets of another age were at work, seeking to proclaim the Gospel of Infinite Goodness. The volume entitled "Spirit Teachings" lays bare an earnest, honest, human soul warring against help that was priceless, throwing aside for long the rational and bright settings of Divine truth, incessantly demanding more proof, and ever met with loving patience and tender sympathy. It was so difficult to let the old idols go; but a spiritual regeneration was the outcome at last, and a life of devotion to the teachers who had made all things new. The world has received a rich legacy in this volume of "Spirit Teachings," fragmentary as it may seem. The highest thought, the loftiest virtue, descend upon us as we read its pages. We can feel the genial warmth and can almost see the pure and elevated souls who are the real authors. There is an electricity of truth in the inspired thoughts that must one day charm and bless millions of famished souls. All the power and beauty of the book does not come from a first perusal, it needs to be read in our best vein, and then we catch ever new beauties and helpful inspirings. Such books point out that at our gates wait the helpers who will come into our midst with blessing if we but open the doors and bid them welcome. Those who have participated in such companionship would not lack the joy it gives for all else this world can offer. It becomes a home of delight into which we enter, and realises the promises spoken of by great spiritual souls of all ages.—From "Evidences of Spirit-Action."

THE CONJURER AS CRITIC.

HOLDING THEM AND FAILS.

By "LIGHTHOUSE-ORANGE."

There is a consensus of opinion among a certain class of conjurers that they are the type of persons best fitted to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and this view has been reiterated so often by themselves, that many of the general public have become obsessed with the idea that it is an indisputable fact. But we should never take a man at his own estimation, especially when we know nothing of the man himself, his possible bias, and what are he may have to grind.

As a rule, the conjurers who are most loud-voiced on the subject of Spiritualism, are by no means the doyens of their profession, and it is therefore the more surprising to find Houdini putting their ranks.

A conjurer is an adept at the art of dissimulation; his profession is to deceive, and the less efficient he is in this profession, the more jealous he is likely to be of any mysteries which appear to overshadow his own efforts, more especially if those mysteries are beyond his explanation; it is only human nature that he should seek to belittle those he considers possible competitors.

What is the special faculty which he asserts constitutes him an expert investigator of Spiritualism?

If it is a case of judging the efficiency and methods of conjuring tricks, possibly he is a suitable person, though even then the effect produced on the audience is the most important asset, a result of which the audience themselves are the best judges, and not the man who "knows how it is done."

But before we accept his suitability as an investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism, it is first necessary to assume that the results in this case are produced by the same means as are employed in ordinary prestidigitation, at a *priori* assumption which does not tend to an unbiased decision.

Apart from the fact that this type of conjurer always supports the weak points of his case by inaccurate statements, it is seldom that he has made any personal investigation, beyond an occasional séance or two, to get an idea of the atmosphere; he prefers to base his case upon public reports, as these, being indefinite, give more opportunity for criticism.

GARRULOUS ACCOUNTS.

He never attends the sittings, putting his finger on the weak spot, at the time, but prefers to criticize his own version, afterwards, when it is difficult to refute his account of the details. He never offers to repeat the phenomena, on the spot, and under the same conditions, but prefers to give a colourable imitation, when he has full access to stage property and pre-arranged confederates.

It is a perfectly easy matter to tell "how it was done" in a book, when the writer is able to give his own account of the events, and so to arrange the account that it fits the explanation; this gives an appearance of wisdom which the majority of readers would be unable to challenge, and at the same time does not implicate the writer in any actual test of his theories; they are taken for granted, as he intends.

One would have thought that with these advantages, Houdini's book, "A Magician Among the Spirits," would have been a masterly exposition of the fraudulent methods of mediums—warning them to be fraudulent—or at least a work that carried conviction to those who had no means of questioning his statements. But far from this, the book is found to be full of obvious inaccuracies, while his quotations are invariably taken from those who are known to be bigoted opponents of Spiritualism; and the most marked point is that reference to mental phenomena has been carefully avoided, presumably as too dangerous to discuss.

The "exposure" is confined to physical phenomena, of which he has given his own version, usually obtained from hearsay of what happened, and he then proceeds to show how the phenomena were produced.

Unfortunately for his version, there are too many books extant which were written by those who made careful investigation, and who give the full details of the phenomena; and these accounts show that many of his statements of the happenings are inaccurate; consequently his explanations are of no value.

* Houdini does suggest that information is obtained by mediums by methods which are a facile variation of the exploded "blue book" theory, but he ventures no further, leaving disavowance and precision wholly alone.

THE LIMITS OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

But Spiritualism does not stand or fall by physical phenomena, as Houdini seems to imagine. Mental phenomena, which he has so carefully avoided—except to express an occasional opinion, for what it is worth—is sufficient in itself to provide all the necessary proof of "survival" and "communication," and these are the basic tenets of Spiritualism.

In this side of the subject, Houdini is entirely at sea. He expresses a pious desire to believe in these tenets, a statement which leaves the reader cold when he compares it with later opinions and assertions, and uncalled-for just in the body of the book, while he makes no serious effort to verify the tenets or to discuss in a reasonable spirit the evidence which is offered by those who have made far more careful investigation than himself.

It would have been better taste if he had left the sacred things of humanity alone, instead of using them as pawns to strengthen his arguments.

The reader of this book requires to investigate much more than the statements which are made in it; he must not assume that they are all honest opinions, which can be taken at their face-value; for if he investigates those who made the statements, which Houdini so readily quotes, he will find them to be some of the most biased and merciless opponents of Spiritualism, and that the statements themselves have, in many cases, been proved to be entirely without foundation in fact, invented for the purpose of supporting other unfounded assertions.

All evidence in favour of the Spiritualist tenets, no matter by whom given, is dismissed with a laugh or a sneer, as of no value; it is not even seriously discussed. It is usually supposed that "dog does not eat dog," but Houdini has not spared those eminent conjurers who have testified to the validity of Spiritualism, and he has attempted to belittle their qualifications. In fact, according to him, only those who agree with his point of view can be considered reliable.

And this is the fair, unbiased decision of the man who states in his Preface, "Gladly would I embrace Spiritualism if it could prove its claims." It never would "prove its claims" if he could possibly prevent it.

He bemoans that, in spite of all his efforts, no evidence of the spirit-world has been given to him. Not to such men is evidence of the spirit-world given; perhaps a certain proverb referring to the disposal of precious things may explain the reason why.

The opening passage of the last paragraph in the book exposes the whole method: "It is not for us to prove that the mediums are dishonest; it is for them to prove they are honest." Then why write a book of two hundred and seventy pages, and employ such questionable methods to "prove" the dishonesty?

It is difficult enough for mediums to prove their honesty, when they are dealing with powers and methods so little known, without having the scales so unfairly weighted against them; and a book of this kind gives the impression that the opposition fears that they might prove their honesty in spite of the handicap, and that any method is considered justifiable to prevent this consummation.

In fact, this last statement was actually made by one of the same profession as Houdini, though, unfortunately for himself, he did not realize to whom he was speaking.

No, Houdini, your methods will not prevail; Spiritualism is advancing by leaps and bounds, and not the world, the flesh, and the devil, nor even magicians, can prevent it.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. A. V. PETERS.

FROM THE VINCENNES MORSEWORTH.

Sir,—I have had so many evidential messages through Mr. A. V. Peters that I think it is only fair to add my testimony in his defence against Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's rather harsh judgment of him. Peters was the first medium to whom I went to get confirmation of my son's messages to me by automatic writing. The meeting was arranged for me by Mrs. Kennedy, who is known to Mr. Bradley. My name was not mentioned, and I had never seen Mr. Peters before, nor had he seen me. I was quite new to the movement since my marriage.

Almost the first words he said on my arriving rather late for my appointment were: "Have you a son? A tall fair young man has been and told me not to worry as his mother had been delayed." This was correct. Afterwards Mr. Peters went into trance, and "Morseworth," the guide, gave me all the confirmation I wanted then and now. My husband and I both think Mr. Peters a very good, conscientious medium. From my experience of him I know he is extremely sensitive to unsympathetic thoughts. As Mr. Peters has a wide circle of sitters who can testify to his psychic gifts, it is to be hoped that Mr. Bradley's worst comments will not harm him.—Yours, etc.,

M. MORSEWORTH.

THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" INVESTIGATION.

A NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.

The "Sunday Herald," of Boston, U.S.A., contains an account of the investigation of mediumistic power at the instance of the "Scientific American," previous details of which have been given in *Light*. By no means biased in favour of the validity of these phenomena, the Committee of Investigation have put the medium—whose identity is now disclosed—to the most exhaustive tests, with the result that four out of the five members of this Committee have expressed themselves as "convinced." There only remains one more test which they desire to make before publicly announcing the award to this lady, and stating their opinion of her undoubted psychic powers; and they think it not improbable that this final test will be successful. The name of the sole dissenter to this opinion can be guessed, upon reading the list of the Committee, and further perusal of the account will explain his dissent, or rather, the certainty that he would have dissented under any conditions, if the result of the tests proved favourable to the medium. The opinion of such persons can be safely ignored.

We take the following excerpts from the account in the Boston journal, without of course committing ourselves to any of the statements made:—

The exciting mystery built up by a leading scientific publication has been solved and the identity of the Boston woman who has been baffling scientific men and scholars, as well as puzzling laymen, by her revelations of unusual psychic ability, is revealed. That she will probably be awarded the \$5000 prize offered by the "Scientific American" for the most convincing proof of this ability is confidently predicted by the dozen or more "sitters" who have attended the seances thus far.

Four out of the five men selected as a jury are thoroughly convinced that the Boston woman is one hundred per cent. genuine, and it is believed that announcement of the award will come within a very few days.

The mysterious medium, described in the magazine that has been exploiting the work as "non-professional" and "the wife of a Boston physician," has been identified as Mrs. Le Roi G. Crandon, wife of the Boston surgeon of that name, who has an office on Commonwealth Avenue and a home on grand old Lane Street. The very prominence of Dr. Crandon, who was a professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School for more than fifteen years, is an author of text-books on surgery and a recognized authority, places Mrs. Crandon in a position that is unique among mediums, and does much to remove any suggestion of fraud from her neighbourhood.

The search for the most convincing proof of mediumship by the "Scientific American" began early in the spring of this year, and at that time a jury of five men was appointed to work on the case. They included Dr. Beever Carrington, author of many works on psychical research; Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research; Harry Houdini; all of New York; and Dr. William McDougall, psychology professor of Harvard; and Dr. Daniel F. Comstock, Boston, members of the Committee.

The Boston sittings, according to Dr. Carrington, take place in the medium's own home, although she is perfectly willing to go anywhere or sit anywhere that the Committee desires. Sittings may be in Dr. Comstock's laboratory or in Dr. McDougall's office, and it will make no difference to her comfort or her convenience.

These sittings have usually been prefaced by a dinner in the great, cool dining-room of the Crandon residence. Sometimes the phenomena took place around the table, sometimes in an upper room of the house, which has been fitted up for the purpose.

Details of these sittings have been thoroughly gone into in the "Scientific American," which has told at great length of the mysterious introduction of a person, through the walls of the house, and found upon the floor of the dining-room; of the "introduction" here of "Sensar" by which Walter announces his approach; of the striking of a psychic clock, chiming ten, and the signal for the departure of the mysterious control, a faint single playing "tape."

Many more phenomena are detailed, but since the last issue of the magazine, Marver has given word of her mediumship through another test, done by automatic. This constitutes the ringing of a bell by psychic hands.

The medium, according to Dr. Carrington, who describes this experiment, is thoroughly controlled, hands, feet and feet. The circle clasp hands, and also control feet, and the apparatus is placed in the centre of the table. It consists of two pieces of wood, arranged in a circle, and the pressing down of the two pieces rings a bell. With the circle absolutely controlled the bell will

ring. If directed to ring five, it rings five; if asked to ring three, it rings three.

Later on, a phosphorescent plaque was prepared and laid on top of the apparatus. Phosphorus glows in the dark and any foreign object touching it would naturally obscure this glow and show up dark. The plaque has been placed on the bell, and with no hand touching it, avoiding obscuring the light, has persisted in ringing and answering the demands made upon it by ringing various numbers asked for.

One of the interesting tests that attended the friendly circle early in the history of the affair was the firing of roses against their chests as they sat in the circle in the dark. Mrs. Crandon is very fond of flowers and usually has them upon her dining table, laid at right angles to one another beside her plate. These would be fired through the air, crossing the chest of one guest and then another at different points of the circle.

The scientific approaches such phenomena with an open mind. The public approaches it with a mind coloured by preconceived views and theories. Dr. Comstock quoted a famous authority on the subject in defending his own position: "I didn't say it was possible. I only said it was true!"

The scientist studies the phenomena first, and goes into the theories and the reasons afterward. The layman approaches the subject much as a traveller going into Africa would, if he had a map of the country on the table in his London town house and said, "In this part of the country I must find them and so, and it must be there because I say so."

It is in this scientific attitude of mind that Dr. Comstock has viewed the Marver mediumship—an attitude entirely different from that of Houdini, who was convinced, according to some members of the Committee, of fraud in the very first place. Consequently Dr. Comstock and Houdini had some difficulty in reconciling their opinions at the sittings at which both were present.

As a matter of fact, according to Dr. Carrington's statement, there is only one more test to be applied to Marver to establish her as 100 per cent. to four out of five members of the Committee. "I believe we will get that," he said. "It is very easily controlled, and once we have demonstrated it efficiently to each member of the Committee, we will have finished our work."

Though four out of five members of the Committee have been most conscientious in their attendance, Houdini has made only two visits and sat in on only two seances. Thoroughly sceptical, he has refused to be convinced of the genuineness of Mrs. Crandon's mediumship, and has made no further visits to the house. The Committee, however, have guarded against any such contingency by determining that a four-fifths vote would decide the award.

W. W. H.

"A CASE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING."

Sir.—A very profound question is raised by the case of Spiritual Healing given by Mr. E. W. Duxbury (p. 148) which may point to a practical cure for cancer by other than spiritual means. I firmly believe in spiritual healing; but this looks like a perfect case of Nature's Dietetic Rest Cure; what I call the Heric, generally called the "starvation cure."

Dr. E. Hooker Duxbury made his remarkable discovery through this curious case. An overgrown girl was so ill that neither food, medicine, nor even a drop of water could be retained; so nothing could be done but wait and watch. After some days, instead of sinking, she began to improve. The doctor says, "I was so surprised that I determined to let the work go on on Nature's own terms; and so it did until about the thirty-fifth day, when there was a call, not for the undertaker, but for food—a call that marked the close of the disease; the pulse and temperature had become normal, and there was a tongue as clean as the tongue of a nursing infant." Dr. Duxbury followed up this clue, and by total abstinence from food, with nothing but water and warmth, many of his patients were cured of "incurable" diseases, including a bad case of insanity.

Now, compare these with the case of Mrs. Duxbury, and it will be seen to be a perfect case of the "starvation cure." The prayers, etc., may have helped by means of suggestion, which is a most powerful agent.

Although Dr. Duxbury mentions no case of cancer, yet from my own study of the subject I have long been convinced that a "dietetic rest" was the real cure for cancer; and Mrs. Duxbury's case proves it.

Christ was the Great Healer; and Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Father of Modern Spiritualism," was a healer before he gave his great Revelation; and he remained a "Soul and Body Physician" all his life. He urged that the office of teacher and physician should be one, as Healing and Spiritualism should be one.—Tours, etc.,

E. WARE COOK.

28, Headfield Terrace,
Chiswick, W.4.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. LEWIS (OF SWANSEA).

By EDGAR T. EVETTS.

On Sunday evening, August 3rd, Mrs. Annie Johnson invited me to her house, 13, Holland-road, together with Miss Mollie MacEwen and my daughter-in-law, "Tysh," to meet Mrs. Lewis, of Swansea, for a materialisation séance. I had attended séances given by Mrs. Lewis last autumn, and was exceedingly glad of this further opportunity.

On this occasion there were present, besides the three individuals mentioned, Mrs. Annie Johnson and her daughter, Elsie, who is developing psychic gifts, and two others, seven in all not counting the medium.

The séance was held in a room specially devoted to the purpose.

Mrs. Lewis was tied hands and feet to her chair, placed with its back to the cabinet. The room was quite dark.

Mrs. Johnson opened the séance with prayer, and all present joined in the Lord's Prayer and in singing hymns.

Mrs. Lewis was controlled almost immediately by "Darkie," who spoke with great power. The first thing that happened was the snatching of the electric light cord from Mrs. Johnson's hand. It was flung across the room and I felt it touch me and found it afterwards on the arm of my chair. Then a voice came calling "Mollie." It was Alan, Miss MacEwen's great friend who was killed in the war in Palestine.

Question and answer passed between them, and he spoke of his beautiful home in the spirit-world. "Elsie" was with him. She was known to me for twenty-five years and passed over in February, 1914. She did not know Alan in the earth life, but they work together now. She held a long conversation with me, her voice, sounding quite loud, being heard by every member of the circle.

The control was often speaking at the same time, and many times during the séance three or more voices were speaking to different persons simultaneously. A voice spoke to me and I knew it was my dear mother who passed over forty-eight years ago. I felt her hands fondling my face.

Afterwards she materialised and floated from the cabinet, and came right to me, and her features were easily recognised by Miss MacEwen and "Tysh" from the photograph in my room at home. It is indescribable, the feeling of comfort such a manifestation gives and the fact that all our loved ones gone before work together for our good. I enquired of mother about my father and she answered very happily; and also about Alfred, my elder brother, who passed five years ago, and of Gerald, a nephew killed in the war. They were all present at the séance.

A colleague of mine, Elsie's father, to whom I owed much during his earth-life, and who would not hear of Spiritualism when here—a very orthodox Churchman—never fails to come; in fact he was the first to come to me at a meeting I attended at Tavistock Square held by Mrs. Johnson in March, 1923, when I spoke to her for the first time. He passed over on Christmas Eve, 1922, so that he had only been three months in the spirit-world when he got through to me. There was a point in Mrs. Johnson's description of him, which at the time I thought incorrect, but which I found to be quite right when I went to his old home and viewed his portrait.

Alan materialised and came to Mollie, who sat next to me and he was heard to kiss her; he also stroked her face, and later on took a hair-slide from her hair. This was found in the cabinet at the close of the séance.

The materialisations were visible to everyone present; the circle sitting with hands held, the end sitters putting both their hands on those of their neighbours.

The Rev. Arthur Chambers spoke to Mrs. Johnson and encouraged her in her work.

"Grannie" came to Tysh, and Dick, a brother of Tysh who was accidentally killed in Canada some years ago, also manifested, being brought into the circle by a helping spirit.

I have described things more from a personal point of view, but every member of the circle had messages and manifestations.

One spirit, "Jean," was sad at finding no relatives of hers present, and a mother enquired for her daughter Mary. We said the Lord's Prayer to comfort them.

Two or three times during the séance the control asked that the candle might be lighted, when it was seen that the medium was still in trance and tied securely in her chair.

"Mina" and "Orange-blossom," controls of Mrs. Lewis, frequently spoke in the direct voice, also "Popsie," a control of Mrs. Johnson.

"Popsie" is a very happy child-spirit. She took from Mrs. Johnson's neck a string of beads and put them around Miss MacEwen's neck; she took off one of Miss Johnson's shoes and threw it outside the circle; it touched my arm as it flew past and knocked Miss MacEwen's chair.

Flowers were carried round and held for the sitters to smell. "Wallie," a spirit son of Mrs. Lewis, whistled tunes. I have heard him play a mouth-organ, but there was not one in the cabinet. A luminous statuette of "Our Lady of Lourdes" was taken from the mantelpiece, placed first in Mrs. Johnson's lap, and then afterwards, together with a cross, also luminous, placed in my arms. It remained there for perhaps fifteen minutes, and was removed at my request; the statuette being returned to Mrs. Johnson and the cross to Miss Johnson.

"Rebecca," another control of Mrs. Johnson, sang a beautiful aria, using Mrs. Johnson's vocal organs, and spoke afterwards, "Popsie," controlling Mrs. Johnson, spoke also for some considerable time, and to each member present by name. She also sang.

"Darkie" now intimated that the medium was getting tired, and Mrs. Johnson closed the circle with prayer.

The light was put on and I helped to untie Mrs. Lewis. It took a little time as the knots had been made very secure.

Mrs. Lewis was now under control of "Rudolph," who spoke for some time, chiefly addressing Mrs. Johnson.

During the séance hymns were sung by request of the control when power was weakening; one especially was asked for, "God be with you till we meet again," and spirit-voices helped to swell the harmonies.

The séance lasted from 6.20 till just upon 8. At its close a statuette of Christ was missed from its position on the mantelpiece and was found in the cabinet.

This is a very inadequate account of the beauty of such a séance and of the joy of direct communion with our departed friends. Would that all humanity could realise and so be comforted and led upwards.

SYSTEMS OF PSYCHIC TRAINING.

A NOTE ON "PSYCHOSENSICS."

Many of us are familiar with "Pelmanism" and other similar correspondence courses of training. "Psychosensics" might almost be described as a Pelman course for the psychic faculties. The author and promoter, Mr. F. Brittain, describes it as "a scientific method of developing and training the mental and psychic faculties of man," and the course of instruction is contained in six "little brown books," one of which is sent to the student each month, together with a progress paper upon which the pupil reports the results obtained during the monthly exercises. These start off on simple lines with short practices in Inertia, Deep-breathing, etc., and by graduated stages work up to more advanced exercises tending to develop Clairaudience, Television, Healing, etc.

The author wisely lays stress on the importance of physical health as a starting factor, and the necessity for acquiring self-mastery and mental balance; it is worth drawing attention to this, to make it clear that Mr. Brittain has laid out his course of study along sane and practical lines and with no suggestion of mere idealism nor hot-air enthusiasm. On the contrary, in some respects the course of study is practical almost to the point of severity, and is everywhere tinged with common-sense optimism.

One notices these qualities with satisfaction, as the deliberate study of the occult is not one which can be safely followed by everybody, and many treatises on psychic subjects which have come to the writer's notice have been framed along neurotic lines, calculated to do harm to any student of highly-strung or morbid temperament. In the present instance, however, the subject has been treated with sanity and discretion.

Generally speaking, the exercises given for study are such that definite positive or negative results can be checked off. For instance, the student is instructed to place several coloured strips of paper in separate envelopes, which are afterwards thoroughly mixed together. An envelope is then taken at random and pressed against the forehead while the student endeavours to visualise the colour within.

Or again, the coloured strips can be replaced by small pieces of paper soaked in vinegar, bitter aloes, etc., and an attempt made to "psycho-sense" the taste by a similar method.

Now exercises of this nature can be checked, and some idea gained as to whether the student is a hopeless failure or whether he is beginning to make progress, and it is this ability to check results which will make an appeal to the majority of intending pupils of "Psychosensics."

Very different were the instructions contained in a work on a psychic subject which came to the writer's notice some months back. There the reader was given a series of alleged exercises purporting to "develop the psyche" (whatever that may mean). Quoting from memory, the student was exhorted to "close the eyes and concentrate the mind on the Great One-ness of the Universe"; and so on. As an exercise, this rather left the writer cold. There were

no means of deciding whether the emotion resulting from the concentration on the Great One-ness was spiritual exaltation or incipient indigestion.

Fortunately one can break open an envelope to decide whether one has mistaken a green slip for a yellow, or "Psycho-sensed" orange-bitters in mistake for senna tea.

Mr. Brittain predicts an enormous increase of the powers of intuition or psycho-sensing—"a reception of knowledge without the assistance of the organs of perception and reflection"—among future generations, and the evolution of a new type, with a different head formation. He suggests California, "where the air is intensely electrical," as the principal birthplace of this type, and hints at the probable increase of iron, or similar elements in the body as will strengthen the electrical supply.

In a future edition of the "little brown books" one might suggest altering the colour of the covers from brown to, say, blue, as being better suited to throw the printed matter into high relief, and printing the number of the text-book in the left hand top corner in bigger type; also the inclusion of some kind of index to enable the reader to refer back to any desired item more readily. The reader, desiring to refer back to a particular exercise, is obliged to run through the entire six booklets before finding the required passage. These are very small defects, but if the work should run into several editions—and there seems to be no reason to the contrary—they may be perhaps considered for future use.

D. N. G.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

AN APPRECIATION.

By J. SCOTT BATTAMS, M.R.C.S.

In the Book of Proverbs we are told that the man who is diligent in business "Shall stand before Kings." Although proverbs are mostly condensed generalisations, this one apparently was intended to be eulogistic. Therefore, when men use such qualities for spiritual ends alone, as in the Spiritualist organisation, we may logically estimate their value generously; and I am venturing, in greater sympathy with, than knowledge of them, to assign these workers a specially important place in a movement like Spiritualism.

I am not concerned with the Evangelists, the bearers of the "New Revelation," but with those silent, selfless workers who constitute the great organisation behind Spiritualism, men and women who make less show in the outer world, and whose very names—as in the case of editors—are often unknown except to the few. Amongst these are editors, secretaries, managers, and the many who keep the light burning in the out-of-the-way places, not forgetting the vitally important part assigned the workers in Lyceums.

There are certain fundamental teachings relating to God, Man, and the Universe, now widely accepted, which appear to give the spiritual movements in all ages, with their organisations and workers, a definite place and purpose in the divine Plan. Although finite mind can grasp but little of the tremendous extent and complexity of that Plan, yet that little makes for a wider tolerance, a deeper humility. We read of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"; of the doctrine of Correspondences; which seem to relate Spiritualism as an organised movement with similar activities on loftier planes. "As above, so below."

We have also the grandiose conceptions of the Universe as the thought of God made manifest—the expression of a divine Intelligence, and for that reason intelligible; and of one all-embracing Life permeating and sustaining it. It is more and more being realised that the material and spiritual planes of being are only separated in space by the varying density of the matter composing them. Impressive and uplifting also is the teaching, that man in his mortal body is no "worm in the dust," but an immortal spirit; "that he is weaving here and now the body he will wear hereafter; that it will express his qualities, and the nature of those qualities will determine his own place, state, and associates."

Abundant evidence is obtained from religions, occult sources, automatic messages, etc., that the activities beyond the veil are on a stupendous scale; and that graded hierarchies of celestial beings, and spirits in every degree of spiritual unfoldment work in harmonious co-operation, carrying out the will of the Supreme. When we note how vastly individuals differ in general "make-up," and stage of growth, and realise that transition changes nothing that constitutes the personality, finite mind cannot grasp the infinite complexity and grandeur of an organisation that ministers to the infinitely varying needs of incarnate spirits.

Although man with his free will can co-operate with, or oppose the divine Will, and is no longer in leading strings,

as were the infant humanities; yet nothing seems more assured than the existence of an inner government of the world by spiritual beings of every degree of power and splendour. May it not, therefore be inferred, or rather affirmed, that, "as above, so below," and that the spiritual movements of our time, in so far as they are truly spiritual, are not left unguided and unguarded by the same high Powers. If this be so, it follows that the organisation with which I am dealing, and without which the spiritual impulse it helps to sustain and extend might languish, cannot be outside this unseen and beneficent guidance. Although the teachings I have briefly outlined may appear incapable of the particular application I have attempted to give them, yet are they for the most part explicit or implicit in the higher Spiritualism.

My personal knowledge of the various departments of the Spiritualist organisation is chiefly limited to the editorial, I can, therefore, only offer a few impressions, and as impersonally as the subject permits. But no one can peruse *LIGHT* week by week without being impressed with the extent of the organisation, the wisdom that guides, and the harmonious co-operation of the workers therein. I may refer to an event which suggested, and partly illustrates, what imperfectly I am attempting to convey.

An address was recently delivered at the L.S.A. by the Rev. Geikie Cobb, D.D., a distinguished Churchman of liberal tendencies who, though not a Spiritualist, is in far closer touch with the spirit of the age than most of his brethren. The Secretary of the L.S.A., doubtless with the approval of the Council, invites him to address the members; and those who heard or have read the address must recognise it as that of a very honest, tolerant, open-minded seeker after Truth. The Secretary, who holds a sacred trust, knows too well that such men are rare, and that the presence of such a one would be an event of much significance to the movement—an example of imagination and business acumen subserving spiritual ends.

"The bells of Time are ringing changes fast," and I have a vision of a future—distant I admit—when a Fellowship—let us say—of Anglo-Catholics on the eve of a pilgrimage to the "holy places" will be inviting the Rev. Vale Owen of that day to address them; and the "Church Times" following the example of *LIGHT*!

Unity and harmonious co-operation are essential factors in evolution, growth, and progress, and vital in an organisation that enlists business qualities and service to further spiritual ends. That spirit would seem to pervade the organisation with which I am dealing. We hear nothing of discords and "shakings-out"; and though brotherhood is not loudly proclaimed from the house-tops, yet we neither hear nor read of deeply respected leaders being publicly criticised and rebuked in most unbrotherly fashion, because, forsooth, they do not see eye to eye with their self-constituted critics, and often on some teaching that has no influence on life here or hereafter.

An editor's personal responsibility in a movement like Spiritualism must often weigh heavily. The position demands much tact and a wise moderating influence. There are "hot heads," whose fervid zeal outruns discretion; and those who meet cheap gibes and criticism with such angry contempt and bitterness as to suggest to the enemy that their foundations of belief are none too sure. Again, what can be more perturbing to an editor, and damaging to the cause, than to learn of people neglecting "the daily round, the common task," for the subtle attraction of the séance room. They mistake the shadow for the substance, forgetting that the acid test of Spiritualism lies in its power to direct and uplift the daily life of its followers.

The files of this journal furnish numberless instances in which editorial comment and guidance are called forth. I may refer to the typical specimen of May 3rd, dealing with "The Goodness in Evil Things." It would be difficult in so limited a space to compress so much wise and timely philosophy.

In a previous article: "A Spiritual Entente" (August, 1923, 251), I endeavoured to emphasise the importance of the personal element in Spiritualism. I took certain Frenchmen and Englishmen, as widely differing in many respects as Blatchford and Flammarion, who were being freely discussed at the time. I chose them for that reason. One correspondent complained of serious omissions; another, that I seemed to be oblivious of his work for the cause. Both missed my intention. The journalistic intuition grasped it, however obscurely stated; and by altering my title the editor also gave the article added significance. Such an alertness to grasp fleeting opportunities and make them serve high purposes, is a gift demanding constant vigilance.

If I have claimed too much for the Spiritualist organisation, and invested its workers with haloes prematurely, experience tells us that there are ever those who will commend to them by way of encouragement, that cheap and somewhat chilly proverb: "Virtue is its own reward." But virtue, in this imperfect world, is like a sensitive plant that may languish or die if too long denied the warm sunshine of appreciation.

*. We print this article with certain misgivings. Our modesty was not equal to the demands made upon it, and we were compelled to excise some of Dr. Scott Battams' eulogies. But in our plurality we are impelled to acknowledge appreciation.—Ed.

LIGHT.

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THE MUTATIONS OF "LIGHT."

Of Life it may be said that it continually changes in order that it may remain the same. Indeed, it is a sign of vitality that a thing shall be ductile and adaptable. Fixity is death, and the term *rigor mortis* has a very large application.

This philosophical reflection is naturally prompted in explanation of the recent change in the outward and visible form of our journal. For some forty years LIGHT preserved its original format, one that will be remembered by many readers who were familiar with it before October, 1920, in which month it went forth to a larger public than it had previously known. It was then enlarged, its price raised, and it appeared in an illustrated cover. Frankly, we were never pleased with that cover; but it was apparently a necessity of the situation at the time. It was certainly striking. Subsequently a new illustrated cover was designed, less flamboyant and consequently more suitable to the tone and temper of the journal. Lately it was decided to dispense with a cover altogether. There has been the usual conflict of view on the part of readers, but, balancing the arguments pro and con, there is a decided gain in the present form from the practical point of view.

After all, we have made but few changes during the forty-three years' life of LIGHT, and none of them has been revolutionary. Under the storm and stress of things during the Great War we were compelled for a short time to "take in sail," in the sense of making some reduction in our pages, but that was the common lot of newspapers and magazines during that tremendous ordeal. We were even driven a little out of our course, but the deviation was inevitable. It drew censure from those who do not understand that even in normal times the conduct of such a journal as ours makes severe demands on seamanship, or statesmanship, or whatever that quality may be called which is most needed in the direction of LIGHT. The war and its aftermath was a testing of things as well as of men; and although we survived the trial and emerged stronger than ever, there is still an insistent call for effort and for vigilance.

The cry we hear from time to time that this or that agency in the field of Spiritualism must not be a commercial enterprise, we interpret to mean that it must not be primarily or purely commercial—every undertaking must in part be commercial or financial.

Spiritual possibilities in this world are intimately bound up with bodily necessities. That is a truism; it involves the careful balancing of two principles, one of which must not be thrown aside for the sake of the other. There is no arguing with facts. If LIGHT

is to live and prosper it must rely very much on material support as well as on spiritual inspiration. Those of our readers who hold the journal in sympathy and regard can help us by increasing its sale and in other ways consolidating its position as an organ of Spiritualism and Psychological Research—a journal devoted to the general issues and not to any particular school or section of "the most important subject in the world."

While we retained our old cover, we felt that our LIGHT was, so to speak, under a shade. Now that we have cast it aside LIGHT, let us hope, will shine more brightly than ever.

THREE IN ONE.

A SONNET.

Three natures ours, incorporate each with each
Albeit divisible—body, soul and mind!
The last immortal are, being both confined
Within the heart and shadowed by its speech.
All three are subtly linked, and all three teach
Us how to live in harmony with our kind,
Ideally balanced, neither halt nor blind,
But man, once Animal, who to God may reach!

Life is not Life, and Love can ne'er be Love
If Mind embrace not Heart's intensest need,
Or Body share not soul's deep pondering.
Co-partners they, as air to bird on wing,
Rose to its perfume, bow to arrow's speed,
Water to wave, or star to skies above!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

Southern Nigeria.

"SOUL" AND "SPIRIT."

Mind as the expression of a relation between the soul and the body, necessarily disappears when that relation is discontinued. But a far higher order of intelligence, volition and will-power is manifested by the spirit as soon as it is separated from the physical body. Having then a dual being only, instead of a triple mode of existence; replacing mere mental reason with those higher spiritual faculties whose glimmerings and faint foreshadowings in this life it used to call "imagination"; contrasting more clearly than it could while in the flesh the meanness of the intellectual with the majesty of the moral faculties; appreciating the great gulf fixed between good and evil; limited in its activities neither by the three dimension of space to which it was confined while in the body, nor by the modes of motion then known; the human being has entered upon another sphere of existence by an evolutionary process as natural as that by which he passed from the womb to the world. The transition is probably less abrupt, in most cases, and there is no reason to suppose that the change is any greater. The body does not appear to be any more necessary to the existence of the soul in the other world than is the after-birth to the existence of the body in this one.

From what has preceded it is evident that what I mean by "soul" is not exactly according to the general usage of the word; which usage commonly makes "soul" and "spirit" one and the same. Thus, when we speak familiarly of "a man's soul," we also say it is "his immortal spirit," meaning thereby, anything and all there is to a man which is capable of surviving death. But, as already stated, I draw a wide distinction between "soul" and "spirit." Spirit is nothing if not immaterial, and to "spirit" proper we can attach no significance if we do not consider it as divested of every trace of materiality. Soul, on the contrary, is substantial, and semi-material; it is the "body of the spirit," necessary, so far as we know, to all and every manifestation of the spirit. Spirit cannot act directly upon matter, but only through the intermediation of this soul-substance. A human being, after "death," consists of this substance, acted upon by his spirit, the two together constituting what is ordinarily called his "soul."—

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COONS.

"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion, its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light." But the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

News and Views - Cuttings and Comments.

A correspondent of the "Daily Express" of the 18th inst. tells of the experience of an artist in a sixteenth century house, and states that he has seen a photograph of the sketch referred to. He says:—

On the third night of his visit, after retiring, he [the artist] saw what he thought was a woman standing at the window and pointing out of it. He had the same experience three nights later, and in the morning mentioned it to the owner of the house, who suggested that he make a sketch of what he saw. This he did on seeing the vision a third time.

His host took his sketch and conducted him to an old oil painting of a woman. The features and figure in the artist's sketch agreed perfectly with those in the painting. The owner of the house then stated that the portrait was of a woman who had thrown her child out of the window, by which the artist saw her, some hundreds of years before.

Neither the "subconscious mind" nor even telepathy can explain the happening; nor do hallucinations repeat themselves three times in succession for the convenience of an artist.

* * * *

Reference was made in LIGHT some little time ago, to the visit of Ratana, the Maori healer, to this country. The "Star," of the 18th inst., contains an article, "Cures Examined," as a result of his arrival here. Among other criticisms, the writer of the article offers the following:—

The remainder of Ratana's cures are those of persons suffering from nervous affections. Every medical man knows that there are many men, and still more women, who are not consciously "malingering," but whose ailments depend upon a temporary or permanent failure of nerve-control.

The phenomena of "shell-shock" have brought this condition painfully enough into many homes during the war.

The successful miracle-worker is the man who can administer such a shock to the brain of such victims as will jerk these nerves into place and action as a man throws a belt on to a shafting.

Those who know the character of the Maoris would hardly accuse them of "malingering," consciously or subconsciously; but some explanation must be given to disprove psychic healing, even to imagining a "shock" which may be extended over several days, or a "jerk" which is so gradual as to be imperceptible.

* * * *

Lady Wentworth writes to the "Daily Express" of the 20th inst. to say that she was "asking for trouble" when she wrote her article in that paper on "Horses Who See Ghosts." The result has been, she says, that:—

Psychic bodies offered to take me on as a medium, Spiritualists claimed me as a sister, sentimentalists sent me anti-bearing rein, anti-Rodeo, and anti-docking pamphlets, and I was cordially invited to contribute articles on "The Horse by the Fireside," "The Shire Horse as a Hearthrug Pot," and "Disembodied Spirits in the Stable and Paddock."

Film companies rang me up, clairvoyants threatened to go into trances on my doorstep, and the inmates of half-a-dozen mental asylums wrote me enthusiastically, and even affectionately, to say I was the only person who had ever really understood them and their theories. Various ghost-laying experts offered to exorcise the grey Wentworth ghost mare for a substantial consideration paid in advance.

Those who have had the same experience can commiserate with her ladyship, for the present age requires sensationalism at any cost, a fault from which many Spiritualists are not free. Even holy things can be put to base uses, and "the devil can quote Scripture"; consequently it behoves us to use common sense, as well as "psychic powers."

The "Baptist Times and Freeman" reviews "The Heart of a Father," and after saying nice things about it, damns it as being unconvincing. The critic says:—

The book is written in the mist. It is beautiful, and so appealing to the heart of a father in the agony of grief that one shrinks from offering any criticism. But the work was not published to convince the writer, but for the general public, and it may be that many will be led to make experiments which usually end in disillusionment and often blind unbelief. To one who has travelled the weary path for a number of years, and would love to have been convinced, it is weary reading that leaves the heart warmed and the judgment cold. It is just the same story of blinded grief, vague where it should be explicit; descriptive where it should be reasoning.

These indefinite statements are not convincing. One hears them so often, and it usually means that the speaker has not attempted, or desired, to obtain evidence; especially when judgment is freely quoted as against Spiritualism, while blind belief is required by his own religious views. In the former case, there is no intention to believe, and the reader is reminded of those of whom it was said that though one rose from the dead they would not believe.

* * * *

There is a certain class of clergymen who would rather be without a good thing than that it should come to them through Spiritualism. The Rev. Lionel S. Lewis, the Vicar of Glastonbury, objects to information received from a psychic source; in a letter to the "Morning Post" of the 14th inst., he says:—

But to revert to the stipulation. Most people who have read Mr. Bond's "The Gate of Remembrance" and subsequent writings on the subject, regard Johannes as a very tiresome "familiar spirit." Mr. Bond denies that he is a familiar spirit. Spiritualists hail Mr. Bligh Bond's "revelations" with delight. Churchmen object to such things in connection with their Abbey. Mr. Bligh Bond is entitled to his own psychical views. But he should have been appealed to years ago by "the Trustees," neither in writing, nor in lecture, nor in private conversation to associate such things with our Abbey. But "the Trustees" did not grasp their nettle.

The assumption that the Anglican Church has proprietary rights in "our Abbey" is not far removed from effrontery, this historic pile surely belongs to the nation at large, and the Advisory Committee are trustees for the nation. There should be no quibbling as to the means, as long as the results are good, and Johannes may well have a deeper interest in the matter than even the vicar of the parish!

* * * *

F. F. S. writes to the "Clarion" of the 22nd inst. in not unfriendly criticism of Mr. Robert Blatchford's articles in that paper, and asks for further light on that subject, both for himself and others in like quandary. Putting his point of view, he says:—

It is so fundamental in my conception of things that all human thought has a physical relativity and basis that, even were I able to imagine thought persisting after the physical is shed, that, it seems to me, would not be living, but only remembering, which leads further to the consideration that this short earthly life is such a mere passing mote of brevity in the eternal sunbeam of spirit-time, that its memories would soon become attenuated, remote, and meaningless. And what, then, would the reunion of souls in spiritland be but so many units of consciousness congregated together, remembering, not living.

The writer makes a mistake in supposing that because thought has a "physical relativity" therefore it is only memory. Surely it should be evident to him that we think of things that have never happened, or may never happen, else invention would be an impossible faculty. Besides, all thought is not dependent on physical reality, it can be transcendent and consequently non-physical. "Physical" thought may, and probably would become attenuated, but that is no reason why emotional thought should become meaningless, while "living" may apply to a different degree of substance than the physical matter with which we are conversant here.

W. W. H.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF ANGELS.

AS RECORDED BY SWEDENBORG AND THE VALE OWEN SCRIPTS.

By A. J. WOOD.

Some one hundred years ago, when the devoted followers of Swedenborg were becoming increasingly assiduous in offering his new spiritual lamps, not in exchange for old ones, but free for all those who were willing to accept them, lamps which they believed were brilliant enough to penetrate the dense fogs which had up till then permeated the spiritual atmosphere of men's minds, there was published by a reverend gentleman of Norwich a certain Anti-Swedenborg pamphlet.

Pamphleteers in those days, be it said, were not too scrupulous in their methods; and this particular one was not overburdened either with modesty or intelligence; hence his production made curious reading. It was meant as a sort of sledge-hammer to make short work of the aforementioned "new fangled" and dazzling illuminants, but it failed to achieve his purpose; and the reverend gentleman only succeeded in exposing his incompetency as a critical and literary smith, as well as his rancour. He was particularly severe on Swedenborg's doctrine of an immediate resurrection at death, and poured ridicule on the idea that angels had any such employments as enumerated by the Seer.

The reverend critic is now forgotten, but his spirit still crops up in various places to gladden the hearts of spiritual obscurantists; and to provide amusement, not unmixed with sadness, for those who can see a little deeper into the eternal verities. One does not forget, for instance, the scorn and ridicule which a noted prelate (now deceased) poured on the Vale Owen Messages when they were first published in the "Weekly Dispatch."

A RATIONAL HERRAFTER.

That angels and spirits should live in houses, follow various employments, and otherwise comport themselves like rational human beings, seems altogether foreign to these critics' ideas of a spiritual existence. And yet the odd thing is, they apparently have no definite ideas themselves as to be of but little interest or value to serious enquirers. If you put before them definite information, they reject it with scorn, and declare it untrue. They are quick to destroy, but slow to construct.

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The author of "The Wonder of Lourdes" declares that "no man, whether hale or sick, having experienced Lourdes, can ever lose the sense of it entirely. The actual cures are few compared with the number of patients who come seeking them. In 1921 there were here eight hundred thousand pilgrims and seven thousand sick; and the cures numbered only eighteen. The total number of registered cures in the last sixty years is something over four thousand, not counting nervous and allied cases." The ordeal for registration of cure is very severe; but the records show restorations of sight, hearing, and speech, cures of tuberculosis, spinal disease, lupus, cancer, even of broken bones suddenly rejoined, etc. The spiritual wonders are no less astounding. Everybody should read this remarkable little book.

W. B. P.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF ANGELS.

AS RECORDED BY SWEDENBORG AND THE VALE OWEN SCRIPTS.

By A. J. Wood.

Some one hundred years ago, when the devoted followers of Swedenborg were becoming increasingly assiduous in offering his new spiritual lamps, not in exchange for old ones, but free for all those who were willing to accept them, lamps which they believed were brilliant enough to penetrate the dense fogs which had up till then permeated the spiritual atmosphere of men's minds, there was published by a reverend gentleman of Norwich a certain Anti-Swedenborg pamphlet.

Pamphleteers in those days, be it said, were not too scrupulous in their methods; and this particular one was not overburdened either with modesty or intelligence; hence his production made curious reading. It was meant as a sort of sledge-hammer to make short work of the aforementioned "new fangled" and dazzling illuminants, but it failed to achieve his purpose; and the reverend gentleman only succeeded in exposing his incompetency as a critical and literary smith, as well as his rancour. He was particularly severe on Swedenborg's doctrine of an immediate resurrection at death, and poured ridicule on the idea that angels had any such employments as enumerated by the Seer.

The reverend critic is now forgotten, but his spirit still crops up in various places to gladden the hearts of spiritual obscurantists; and to provide amusement, not unmixed with sadness, for those who can see a little deeper into the eternal verities. One does not forget, for instance, the scorn and ridicule which a noted prelate (now deceased) poured on the Vale Owen Messages when they were first published in the "Weekly Dispatch."

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The author tells what he has seen, without pretence of understanding it. Last year, between April and September, there were in addition to the normal population of nine thousand, a million of visitors—roughly forty thousand each week; yet no epidemic has ever been known in Lourdes. There are no police, nor any disorder. The new Lourdes has arisen out of the mystical visits, to the little shepherdess, of the child's beautiful Lady. It is all described with fascinating simplicity. The Brancardiers (stretcher-bearers) run the whole mighty organisation, mostly men of position, many titled, of the *haute noblesse* working without a thought of reward. Ladies of position serve at the women's baths, many of them also titled, devoted to their nauseous work. In this little book are many vivid pen-pictures of the life at Lourdes, supplemented by sixteen reproductions of photographs. Describing one of the Processions at the Blessing of the Sick—no less than sixty thousand men present on one occasion—Mr. Oxenham says:—

Their utter absence of self-consciousness, their absolute surrender to the devotion of the hour, their intense fervour, the spiritual exaltation, which obviously, for the time being at all events, lifts them right up above the things of this world, are impressive beyond words. The sight and the sound of it all grips you by the heart. An American friend there said to me, "The first time I was here it knocked me right over. I went away among the trees and cried like a child, and I'm not ashamed of it." And if I could have got off the Rosary steps, I probably would have done the same myself. When the procession ends, the churches are packed until they cannot hold another worshipper, and the remainder crowd into the town, every little shop a buzzing hive. "We go back to tea and ices, the music of a basque quartette, on the terrace of our hotel overhanging the swift rushing waters of the Gave, pale green laced with white, and cold from the Pyrenean snows." In the evening, "away up in the dark sky, on the summit of the Pic de Jer, nearly three thousand feet high, there shines out a great cross of fire, as though to focus the multitudinous thoughts and experiences of the day on the central fact of all human experience. And all night long that great cross sheds its steady beam on the darkness of the world below."

The author of "The Wonder of Lourdes" declares that "no man, whether hale or sick, having experienced Lourdes, can ever lose the sense of it entirely. The actual cures are few compared with the number of patients who come seeking them. In 1921 there were here eight hundred thousand pilgrims and seven thousand sick; and the cures numbered only eighteen. The total number of registered cures in the last sixty years is something over four thousand, not counting nervous and allied cases." The ordeal for registration of cure is very severe; but the records show restorations of sight, hearing, and speech, cures of tuberculosis, spinal disease, lupus, cancer, even of broken bones suddenly rejoined, etc. The spiritual wonders are no less astounding. Everybody should read this remarkable little book.

W. B. P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LIFE OF SAINT JOAN.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—When the life of a great saint and medium is written by one enthusiastic expert and translated by another, it is matter for congratulation; and I am sure that many of your readers will like to have their attention called to "The Mystery of Joan of Arc," by Léon Denis (author of a previous book called "Here and Hereafter"), now made accessible in an English version by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. So much evidence is now available about Joan of Arc, by reason of her first trial, the rehabilitation, and the ultimate canonization, that she has become better known of late years than ever before; and the admirable play of Mr. Bernard Shaw has brought the incidents of her career before the public in a most vivid and interesting form, though without full recognition of the truth of her psychic powers which are so fully apprehended and enforced by M. Denis. He uses them, indeed, as a text for appending a discourse on psychic phenomena and on the unseen world, with a vivacity which to some may seem to go beyond the ascertained facts, but with a confidence based on his long study of the subject which must entitle him to a respectful hearing.—Yours, etc.,

OLIVER LODGE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AND SPIRITUALISM

SIR,—Your excellent satire on the whimpering clerical voice suggests the following quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Divinity-Student had plaintively feared danger in certain discussions:—

Danger to what? I enquired.

Danger to truth, he replied, after a short pause.

I didn't know that Truth was such an invalid, I said. How long is it since she could only take the air in a close carriage, with a gentleman in a black coat on the box?

The same distinguished author said, "You don't know what plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology. It is Spiritualism. While some are crying out against it as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysterical folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been and are still accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community, to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of."—Yours, etc.,

ALBERT H. WILKERSON.

SPIRITUALISM, SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

SIR,—Since your contributor, W. H., has approached the above subject from a mystical standpoint—the only one possible to a writer in a journal such as LIGHT—may I point out that the Parable of the Vineyard teaches distinctly that all who laboured got the same reward?

Moreover, before Christianity became corrupted by contact with the Roman Empire we are told that its adherents had all things in common.

Much false reasoning comes from the fact that people confuse equality with similarity. In fact natural inequality can only show itself fully under a system of economic equality.—Yours, etc.,

L. K.

SPIRIT MINISTRY: THE JUNCTION OF TWO STATES.

SIR,—The following psychic happening, as experienced by my sister-in-law, Mrs. Smoot, impressed me as being worthy of a place in your columns. The lady in question is not a Spiritualist, and, as far as I know, has never studied the subject to any extent. Nevertheless, she possesses an unusually normal and well balanced mentality. The incident, which I will now relate, occurred several years after the death of Mrs. Smoot's father, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, a prominent Maryland physician. Mrs. Smoot says:—

One morning, just before dawn, I awakened somewhat earlier than usual, and while lying in bed, in a calm, meditative frame of mind, I perceived my father walk into the room. Somehow his return appeared natural and I experienced no fear. His countenance was exactly as it had been during earth-life. After looking at me he walked slowly toward the adjoining chamber where my child, who had been ill, was resting. As he disappeared my husband commenced talking in his sleep and said: "Emma, your father is calling you." "What does he want?" I enquired in as soft a tone as

possible, for fear of awakening him. But he was aroused immediately by the sound of my voice and had no recollection of the occurrence.

This peculiar incident would seem to indicate that my sister-in-law's husband was functioning on the etheric plane, when he addressed her, having temporarily forsaken the physical structure. The departed father had made his presence known in the effort to convey a message to his daughter. That she should have seen him at precisely this moment seems a most singular coincidence. Evidently the departed physician had sought to administer aid to his sick grandchild.

Incidentally, the child showed marked improvement the following morning, and her complete recovery was soon accomplished.

Although I am not a Spiritualist I am led to believe that the etheric plane interpenetrates our own, and under certain conditions may be explored. Furthermore, experience of the order of the one related would, to my comprehension, prove the truth of the fundamental teaching of Spiritualism, viz., that life exists "apart from, and independent of, the material organism."—Yours, etc.,

EDMUND K. GOLDSBOROUGH.

The Rochambeau,
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.
August 6th, 1924.

A VOICE FROM BEYOND.

SIR,—The following incident appeared in the Milanese paper, the "Corriere della Sera," recently, the information coming from Trieste. Bianca Buduer, a girl of 17, was returning from the cemetery, having been to place some flowers on her mother's grave. As she left, some friends, noticing her agitation, approached, asking her its cause. She replied that shortly before, while kneeling on the grave, she felt seriously indisposed, so much so that she nearly fainted. While in this state she distinctly heard her mother's voice pronounce the word "Vieni" ("Come"). With a great effort she was able to leave the cemetery though scarcely able to walk, a prey to the presentiment of her own approaching end. Later it was ascertained that barely had she reached the door of her house than her uncle appeared, gun in hand and shot her dead. He had suddenly become insane. The whole circumstances have created a deep impression at Sussale and Fiume where Bianca Buduer was very well known.—Yours, etc.,

CLAUDE TREVOR.

Florence, Italy.

THE PREVENTION OF WAR.

SIR,—I desire heartily to endorse your correspondent's plea in this matter and to urge Spiritualists to organize groups and take part in the "No More War" demonstrations. These are being held throughout "Peace Week," September 14th to September 21st.

War with all its attendant evils of hatred, diversion from truth, and its ghastly carnage, is indeed diametrically opposed to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The demonstrations are to be international. The Great Beyond is surely "international," and I contend that Spiritualists must likewise be. Let us endeavour to bring the Great Human Family together into an international understanding of goodwill and fellowship. I suggest that the various Spiritualist headquarters should send out circulars to all societies urging them to take part. The man "unknown" and known warriors who have passed on surely call to us to see to it that there shall be no more War.—Yours, etc.,

H. H. TATE.

78, Gladsmuir-road,
Highgate, N.19.

THE MAGICIAN AND THE PROPHET.

SIR,—I see that a book entitled "A Magician Among the Spirits," by Houdini, the famous wizard, has been reviewed by Mr. Brander Matthews, in the "Literary Digest Book Review," in an illustrated article, under the heading, "Houdini as Inspector of Spooks."

We are informed that Mr. Houdini would like to make a clean sweep of Spiritualism, by attributing the whole of its phenomena to trickery and deception; and when we consider the nature of his calling we are not altogether surprised. To the cobbler there is nothing like leather, and to the juggler there is nothing like tricks, and to most men there is nothing like their own particular point of view from which to gauge every situation.

When Mr. Houdini goes back to the year 1818 and accuses the Fox Sisters of fraudulent mediumship, he will interest Spiritualists in a degree no greater than that in which astronomers would be interested in a controversy as

to whether Galileo really saw the moons of Jupiter, or only pretended to see them. What does it matter, in either case? The moons are quite visible to-day, and the psychic phenomena of '48 are constantly recurring at the present time. As a matter of fact, Spiritualism possesses excellent historical evidence, but such evidence is not at all necessary to maintain a belief that is continually receiving fresh proof.

The magician and the prophet have ever been at variance. It will be remembered how, on a noteworthy occasion, Simon, the Magus, showed his lack of appreciation of the true nature of spiritual gifts, by offering to purchase them of St. Peter. Evidently magicians are predisposed to believe that all unusual phenomena are but tricks that can be purchased at a price. For which reason it is a mistake to suppose that magicians are especially competent to judge of spiritual phenomena. They are good judges of their own methods, no doubt, but where there is no trickery they are too apt to take it for granted. Therefore, Spiritualists will not feel perturbed because Mr. Houdini is unable to accept what they know to be the truth, for they will realise that his views are coloured by his occupation, or in the words of Shakespeare his "nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Less excusable, however, is the lack of common courtesy shown by the reviewer, Mr. Brander Matthews, when dealing with a subject which he cannot but know is held sacred by a great number of people. But Spiritualists will have the good sense to understand that scurrilous terms such as "the noxious tribe" (referring to Spiritualistic mediums as a whole) as well as stupid terms like "spooks" and "spookical" used throughout the article for "spirits" and "spiritual," always miss their mark, and serve merely to show forth the mind of the man who uses them, and the character of the publication in which a place is found for them.

As a popular pastime the baiting of mediums came into fashion about the time that bear-baiting and witch-burning went out. The three sports have had this in common, they have afforded opportunities for undeveloped humans to give free rein to their natural impulses of cruelty and spite, without incurring any personal risk. Mediums have had no legal standing, and for seventy-six years they have been the butt of every witless boor who has wanted something safe to abuse.

But to-day a better feeling prevails in the community, so that contemptuous or unmannerly references to mediums, as a class, have almost disappeared from the pages of the daily Press; and there really is no reason why the magazines should be less responsive to the demands of an improved public taste.—Yours, etc.,

B. M. GODSAL.

San Diego, Cal.
August 4th, 1924.

BELGIUM REVISITED.

I had the pleasure recently of visiting Belgium again to continue a work which was started last year at the International Congress, as I had promised the Belgian Spiritualists, if possible, to visit them again, and as the Congress had only touched Liège, the representatives of the societies of other Belgian cities asked me to visit them.

We started with a meeting in Antwerp on Friday, July 11th, which town I had visited many years ago. There were about 250 people present in a rather large hall, and everyone was pleased with the proofs offered of spirit-return.

Afterwards, on July 13th, I visited Mons, where I was the guest of Monsieur and Madame Alfred Vilain Equeter. M. Equeter was converted to Spiritualism by a very practical demonstration. He was suffering from tuberculosis of the bones which had affected his right arm and the bones of his rib. After undergoing more than one operation the professors had given him up as absolutely incurable. He met a Spiritualist healer who, by his medical mediumship, absolutely cured him. I saw the arm which bears several large wounds made by the surgeons, and there is no trace now of tuberculosis.

My meeting at Mons was held in a small hall at the back of an auberge, "Le Chien Vert." My audience was unique even in my experience. It was composed of people who were peasants and mine-workers. They were a very earnest, practical, and warm-hearted people. Many were in tears when the meeting was over. They have asked me to return again.

After Mons I went on to Liège, and attended a meeting in the large hall where we met for the Congress last year, renewing old friendships and forming new ones.

Spiritualism in Belgium has come to stay. The men and women who are at the head of the movement are very much in earnest, and their meeting with the British Spiritualists last year has strengthened their hands; they do not now feel so isolated. I hope next year to visit them again.

All the Spiritualist societies wished me to convey fraternal greetings to the friends in England.

A. V. PETERS.

THE A.B.C. OF SPIRITUALISM.

GUIDANCE AND COUNSEL FOR INQUIRERS.

Conducted by "Lieutenant-Colonel."

There are many Spiritualists who are too anxious to put everything down to "the spirits"; they would reduce man to a creature of the senses, with rational judgment of normal sense-perceptions, but otherwise a strict inhabitant of the body, and entirely confined to it, and its limitations during his life-time. Anything beyond his known normal powers is put down to spirit-action of some kind, and they expect these "spirits" to advise and assist them, even in every-day matters, as if spirits were some form of lesser Providence existing for their special benefit.

It is wise to remember that man is a spirit, here and now, and, as such, has to undertake spirit responsibilities, and to some degree can, and does, exert spirit powers. His body is limited by time and space, but his spirit is not so limited, except in as far as it is attached to his body during earth life, and an excessive use of those powers might break the attachment. It is impossible in some forms of phenomena to say how much depends on the power of the medium, and how much on assistance from other sources; possibly the best method is to judge whether it is more improbable to ascribe the result to extended human powers than to spirit assistance, or whether it is partly, if not entirely, our own doing. Telepathy, for instance, is an indisputable fact; a mind can, somehow, communicate directly with another mind, either incarnate or discarnate. This appears to be the method of communication used by spirits, and consequently is in some degree within our own powers as incarnate spirits.

But accepting a message from, and reading, another mind are two different things; there is no evidence that a man has ever been able to read another man's mind, or to learn any of his thoughts which he did not wish to disclose. He may be able to read a facial expression, but that is physical evidence—an expression of the face—and the face must be visible; it would be impossible if the face were hidden.

If a medium supplies information which is unknown to those present, and which he could not have obtained by normal means, then that information is evidence of external intelligence; even if it were known to those present, but not actively in their thoughts, it is improbable that it was obtained from them; the "subconscious mind" theory does not explain matters in this case, for if it could do so, no secrets would be possible.

On the other hand, if the medium had access to the information, however indirectly, it becomes suspect; not that this implies fraudulent intervention, but a vast store of information is carried in the subconscious mind, and the medium has full access to his own mind, especially in any condition of trance, and apparently cannot, while in this condition, discriminate between interior information or that received from external sources. Even if the source be external, it may be incarnate telepathy. The onus of judging the source of information rests entirely with the sitter, and a definite decision is often difficult, unless the information contains evidence which points indisputably to the source whence it was obtained.

Another phenomenon which is commonly ascribed to "spirits" is that of materialisation. Ectoplasm is apparently the vehicle of life, and is in constant use, constructing or repairing the physical body; in the normal conditions, it is under personal control, and acting slowly it produces a fairly permanent result. It is difficult to place in the physical order, for it is invisible, and intangible until it has collected a certain amount of matter, upon which it operates, forming organic organs, or using the matter as a prolongation of physical control.

As long as there is no evidence of external mentality, there is reason to suppose that this is the action of the medium's own mentality, a supernormal power which he possesses, but of which he is not consciously aware. But if the materialisation shows a personality or mind distinctly separate, and of a different nature to that of the medium, then clearly another personality is at work. The medium provides the means, but another personality provides the cause. All phenomena should be judged on the same lines: whether it would be possible for the medium, as a spirit, to know, or do, whatever may be the result obtained; or whether there is evidence of another mind—not of the sitters—which is a necessary explanation of the result.

Spiritualists should not be less critical of these things than outsiders, but with their knowledge of the subject should be able to arrive at more reasonable decisions.

NOTE.—The Editor invites questions of general interest for this page, under the conditions mentioned on page 221 in the issue of April 6th.

RAY'S AND REFLECTIONS.

I was, the other day, spending an agreeable evening with a gathering of literary people, which included a number of journalists. Some of them were celebrities, people whose names are widely known, but quiet unassuming persons, for the pushful and self-assertive characters are usually those who are not celebrities, but ardently desire to be. The talk ranged over many themes, but Spiritualism was very much to the fore. It got sandwiched between politics and the drama. It cropped up in a discussion on the Church. It was elbowed aside to make way for conversation on the latest novel, but it "bobbed up serenely" once more, when that was disposed of. In fact, it was, vulgarly speaking, "all over the shop."

You cannot have people like Conan Doyle, Dennis Bradley, Robert Blatchford, and a round dozen other persons more or less conspicuous in the worlds of Literature and the Press, coming into Spiritualism without the fact creating a strong impression in the circles to which they especially belong. Some of the people present were old friends who were in other years wont to ply me with pleasant jibes or to smile with indulgent amusement over my addiction to "spooks." But that phase had entirely passed. The theme had now become a serious one. It had passed from the theoretic into the experimental stage, and in a few cases, for some of those present, into the region of proved fact.

Stories of psychic experience and passages from the great literature of psychic evidences were told or quoted. The comments and criticism were notable for their acuteness, and there were favourable judgments where the evidence was regarded as sound. Able minds were at work, and the flimsy stuff which appears sufficient to convince the unthinking, if it had been paraded as proof, would have had short shrift.

It was very gratifying to see how the old barriers of ignorance and bigotry had been broken down, and a new "psychological climate" created. I could remember the days when such a subject at such a gathering would have been banished by general consent as unworthy of serious discussion. Its material was then in the raw state, and raw things are never pleasing to the artistic mind. Advocacy of the subject was unnecessary, and indeed would have been out of place on the occasion. Most of the company had become interested in it. They had their own material and their own observations. If I was appealed to, it was only to answer some question, provide some needed bit of information, or furnish an illustration. Some of the people present were convinced but quiet adherents of the "New Revelation"; others were making it a serious study. Those who knew little or nothing of the matter must have felt, I suspect, a little "out of it." What a change compared with even ten or twelve years ago!

We have more than enough to do in giving attention to the sane and sensible side of Spiritualism and there is very little time to bestow on the nonsensical elements. But it is necessary sometimes by way of an "awful example." I dealt last week with some absurdities from America in which "Abdullah the Great" (whoever he might be) was mentioned as the designer of the Pyramids. But I omitted to quote from the Chicago psychic journal to which I alluded, the passage in which the surprising information is set forth.

Here it is:—

"While Abdullah was the designer of the pyramids, he was not the architect nor the builder. Angelo was the architect and Cheops was the builder. Evidently Abdullah is as great a designer now as he was in the long ago, and unquestionably is the foremost spirit of the age, if not all the ages. He has encountered space, time, and eternity, and has conquered death."

Abdullah and Angelo as ancient Egyptians! It reminds me of a foolish book, put out some years ago, containing supposed reincarnation revelations from an Egyptian priest of the time of the Pharaohs. His name was given as Cedric. It might with equal probability have been stated as Augustine or Hardicanute. But anachronisms are trifles to the enthusiastic novice.

D. G.

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A story of a man who marries beneath him and finally makes good through another woman.

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By the author of "The Blue Lagoon," "The Garden of God."

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CYRIL WESTON

The story of an Englishman and his Chinese friend who meet with adventures in quest of their object.

MORRY

ROBERT ELSON

THE AMBER SUNK

MARY E. & THOS. HANSHEW

THE HOUSE BY THE WINDMILL

AGNES EDWARDS ROTHERY

X Hutchinson X

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—August 31st, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. Drinkwater.
 Wednesday, September 3rd, 8, Miss L. George.
 Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—August 31st, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mr. Horace Leaf.
 Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham.—August 31st, 11, open circle; 6.30, service. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road.
 St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—August 31st, 7, Mrs. Collins. September 1st, 8, spiritual developing circle. September 4th, 8, Miss Maddison.
 Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—August 31st, 11, public circle; 7, Mr. Chambers. Thursday, September 4th, 8.
 Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—August 31st, 11.30 and 7, and Monday, 3, Mrs. Tina Timms. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. 8, Podmore.
 Bowes Park.—Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—August 31st, 11, Mr. Wm. Mooring; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mdm. Anderson.
 Worthing Spiritualist Mission, Mansfield's Hall, Montague-street (entrance Liverpool-road).—August 31st, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. Redfern.
 Central.—144, High Holborn.—August 29th, 7.30, Mrs. F. Kingstone. August 31st, 7, Mrs. G. Davies.
 St. Paul's Christian Spiritualist Mission.—5a, Dagnell Park, Selhurst, S.E.—August 31st 7, Miss Blanche Dixon. Wednesday, 8, service and clairvoyance.
 St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. August 31st, 6.30, Service, Holy Communion and Address. Healing Service, Wed., September 3rd, 7 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVICE.—We suggest that you join the London Spiritualist Alliance, read up the subject from their library, and then you can obtain information and advice as to mediums.
 DR. EUGENE R. CORSON (Savannah, Georgia).—Thank you very much for your letter and the cutting which we appreciate very highly and are using.

L. P. FLETCHER.—The experience you relate is certainly curious, but it would be necessary to have the beads for experimental observation before any opinion about their properties could be offered.

E. A. S. (Eastbourne).—We think you have rather missed the point. The reflections in the article were upon the cowardly type of person who raises alarms without knowing exactly what he is alarmed about. They were in no way intended to refer to people of good sense who acquire a knowledge of the true nature of things and so become aware of what are their real dangers and act accordingly. It was simply a plea for a sense of proportion.

O. W. NEWCOMB.—Thanks for your letter, but you will see the matter has been already dealt with. No doubt the explanation is as you suggest.

J. W. T.—We forwarded your letter to Mrs. Leaning, who writes: "The words quoted from Mr. Reinheimer are not wrested from the context in any unfair way, but represent the kernel of his position. I consider that in the eager pursuit of his argument he has followed it on to ground which is not logically defensible, and I aimed at showing that by a parallel line of argument. I do not think that method is likely to be misconstrued by any persons of good sense."

L. B. ROBERTS.—We have received several communications, and are publishing some on the same subject. We do not think it necessary to add your letter to these, and moreover, you have written on both sides of the paper, which is against the printer's rules. Still, we thank you for and appreciate your letter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"Royal Magazine." September.
 "Anella's Share: An Indictment of Sex Antagonism." Anonymous. Hutchinson and Co. (18s. net.)
 "Silhouettes of Spirit Life." Compiled by "Amicus." With a Foreword by the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Hutchinson and Co. (2/- net.)
 "Twelve Years of Prison Life." By Ullaskar Dutt. The Arya Publishing House, College Street Market, Calcutta. (2/4 net.)

THE LATE MASTER OF BALLIOL.—Information reaches us that in the contribution respecting the late Master of Balliol (LIGHT, May 3rd, 1924, p. 284), Exeter College should have been given, in place of Merton College, as the residence of the Rev. James Wodehouse.

EXPERIENCES DURING SLEEP.

Hudson Tuttle in his "Arcana of Spiritualism," quotes the following case—amongst many others—of what he terms mediumship during sleep, as related by a clergyman of distinguished ability and truthfulness:—

I was engaged at that time in pursuing theological studies with the Rev. Mr. G., in a village in the vicinity of Boston. During the night, I seemed to enter a place which I had never before seen. I walked up the main street, which was shaded with large trees, noticing the prominent buildings as I passed them. It seemed to be Sunday evening, the shops were closed, and all business suspended. The street led me to a large building containing a hall. I saw horses and carriages in great numbers standing near. Entering the hall, I found a large audience gathered. It was a meeting for religious purposes. At last the preacher rose up, and his features impressed themselves upon me, and his very words, although he seemed an utter stranger. The vision made a deep impression upon my mind. It seemed not a dream, but a reality.

"On the Sunday evening ensuing, I walked with a friend to attend a religious meeting in a neighbouring village where I had never been. On entering the street, it seemed familiar to me, and I remembered it to be the place I had seen in a vision a few days preceding. Anxious to see if my dream would correspond with the reality throughout, I pursued the path which I seemed to have taken before, till it led me to the building, which I at once recognised. Entering it, the hall was familiar; and, when the preacher arose, I knew him at once. The street, building, and preacher corresponded, in every particular, with those impressed on my consciousness during the previous vision.

In a trenchant footnote, Hudson Tuttle says: "Ah! Materialist! What have you to say to this? Is the mind asleep more active than the mind awake?"

L. H.

We learn that Mrs. Susannah Harris, now Mrs. Susannah Harris-Kay, and her husband, Mr. Kay, have arrived in London.

"ANNALES DES SCIENCES PSYCHIKES."—We learn that after a long suspension of the publication of the "Annales" and the failure of an attempt to transform it into a more popular journal, it has been decided that the balance of the subscriptions received will be devoted to sending the subscribers of the journal the "Revue Metapsychique," and the publication of the "Annales" will be definitely discontinued.

"SHADOWS IN THE MIRROR," by Mrs. Bessie A. Forbes (A. H. Stockwell, 2s. 6d.), is a series of stories based on the idea of reincarnation. There is no indication of the manner in which they were communicated but they are not lacking the element of romance. There are changes of relationship in numerous reincarnations, as from husband to son, wife to daughter, etc., also changes of sex, and the reincarnation of a dog as a black slave girl! Reincarnationists may find the little volume a veritable feast, but the average reader will think that these "Shadows in the Mirror" are in truth seen as "through a glass darkly," or as the Revised Version more aptly puts it, "in a mirror darkly."—A. A. C.

"HEALING THOUGHTS."—The little book under this title by "Heather B.," author of "Counsel from the Heavenly Spheres," has a foreword by the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, from which we may take the following: "From the depths of my soul I wish the readers of this book to follow its wise counsel. In doing so they will help in forming that 'Union of Souls' whose aim is not only to better humanity but also to rebuild the missing link between the earthly and the spiritual planes." The book itself is a collection of many fine thoughts which may well have a healing effect upon troubled minds. In her preface the author says: "I think that every Spiritual Centre throughout the world would have a Concentration 'Absent Healing' Circle did they know of the good it could do not only to the sick but also to those who are unselfish enough to join such a circle or class." The book is published by L. N. Fowler & Co. at 2/6.

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THE BOOK-MARKER.

Bits from Books, Old and New.

Readers are invited to send us for inclusion in this column any striking passages which appeal to them and which have some bearing on the subjects dealt with in LIGHT. The name of the book and author should be given in each case.

DEATH AND THE PHARAOHS.

Death, as we watch it around us, is the black menace of the heaven which darkens every man's day; Death coming to our neighbour, puts a period to our merry-making; Death, seen close beside us, calls a halt in our march of pleasure. But let those who would wrest her victory from the grave turn to a study of the Past, where all is dead yet still lives, and they will find that the horror of life's cessation is materially lessened. To those who are familiar with the course of history, Death seems, to some extent, but the happy solution of the dilemma of life. So many men have welcomed its coming that one begins to feel that it cannot be so very terrible. Of the death of a certain Pharaoh an ancient Egyptian wrote: "He goes to heaven like the hawk, and his feathers are like those of the goose; he rushes at heaven like a crane, he kisses heaven like the falcon; he leaps to heaven like the locust"; and we who read his words can feel that to rush eagerly at heaven like the crane would be a very fine ending of the story. Archaeology, and especially Egyptology, in this respect is a bulwark to those who find the faith of their fathers wavering; for, after much study, the triumphant assertion which is so often found in Egyptian tombs—"Thou dost not come dead to thy sepulchre, thou comest living"—begins to take hold of the imagination. Death has been the parent of so much goodness, dying men have cut such a dash, that one looks at it with an awakening interest.—From "The Glory of the Pharaohs," by ARTHUR WEIGALL.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ATOM.

Exploration of the structure of the atom is a quite recent quest. Fifty years ago we did not suspect even that the atom had a structure. It seemed a hard, unbreakable, exactly-patterned geometrical solid, like "a manufactured article." Twenty-five years ago we doubted this, but still had no idea what the structure was. Now we analyse it into a regular group of points or specks, each having a definite small mass and an equally definite but great electric charge. These specks, of which the structure is not yet known, have great inter-spaces between them, and we apply to the motion of those specks, in the comparatively vast space inside the atom, the laws of astronomy; modified, it is true, by that at present mysterious limitation or condition—the quantum—about whose real meaning we are still in the dark. The brilliant attempts at further analysis of the atoms of all the chemical elements, so as to deduce their properties—the full beauty of the atomic astronomy which is now unfolding before the eyes of enthusiastic experts—has been little more than touched upon in this explanatory volume. We have dealt with the most secure and salient features. Further developments of the theory are at present too com-

plicated and tentative, and would require for exposition a more advanced treatise. It must suffice to say that we are living in the dawn of a kind of atomic astronomy, which looks as if we were going to do for Chemistry what Newton did for the Solar System.—From "Atoms and Rays," by SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

THE ZANCIGS AND THEIR POWERS.

I was sitting in or about the tenth row from the front and Madame Zancig was on the platform. I handed to M. Zancig an envelope, not sealed. He held it up and asked, "What is this?" The reply came, "A letter." This was a guess. He then opened it with a little start, on finding the fruit of the "Chinese Ling." It is smooth, but wrinkled like a walnut, with two large pointed horns. I had put the name *Trapa bicornis* on it on a paper slip, but the is had got tucked into a depression. On the envelope was Chinese Ling. . . . He carefully examined print and read the word Chinese. He then asked his wife what it was, and she said instantly, "A Chinese fruit with two horns, called Trapa." I asked for the other name. M. Zancig looked again, and she called out "Bicorn." He had not noticed the final *is*. The reader will scarcely trace any probability of collusion here as Madame Zancig was at least fifty feet away, and it would be difficult to translate *Trapa bicorn* into a code by only asking, "What is this?"—From the "Truths of Spiritualism," by the REV. PROFESSOR HENSLOW, M.A.

A STORY OF MILLAIS.

One curious thing Browning told me. He dropped in one night to see me, after dining at a house where Millais, the painter, had been one of the guests.

"Johnnie Millais told me an odd thing to-night," he said. "He's constantly seeing figures appearing and disappearing on the face of the canvas he's working upon."

"What sort of figures?" I asked.

Browning shot out his cuff.

"Here they are. I knew you'd be interested, so I took them down for you. Better write them down for yourself, but don't mention the subject to him or any of his family."

I fetched a piece of paper and copied from Browning's cuff, "13. 1. 8. 9. 6. The figures don't always come in that order," he said, "but more often than not they do. The 13 always comes up as 13, but he's seen 9. 6. 1. 8. What do you make of it?"

"At present nothing, but the future may throw light upon the phenomenon," I answered.

I never mentioned this occurrence to anyone, and, indeed, forgot all about it till some years after Millais' death when I came upon my notes in an old box. I then realised that the great painter had been looking upon the dates of his own death. He died on August 13th, 1896.—From "Ghosts I have Seen," by VIOLET TWEEDALE.



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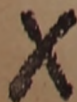
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